# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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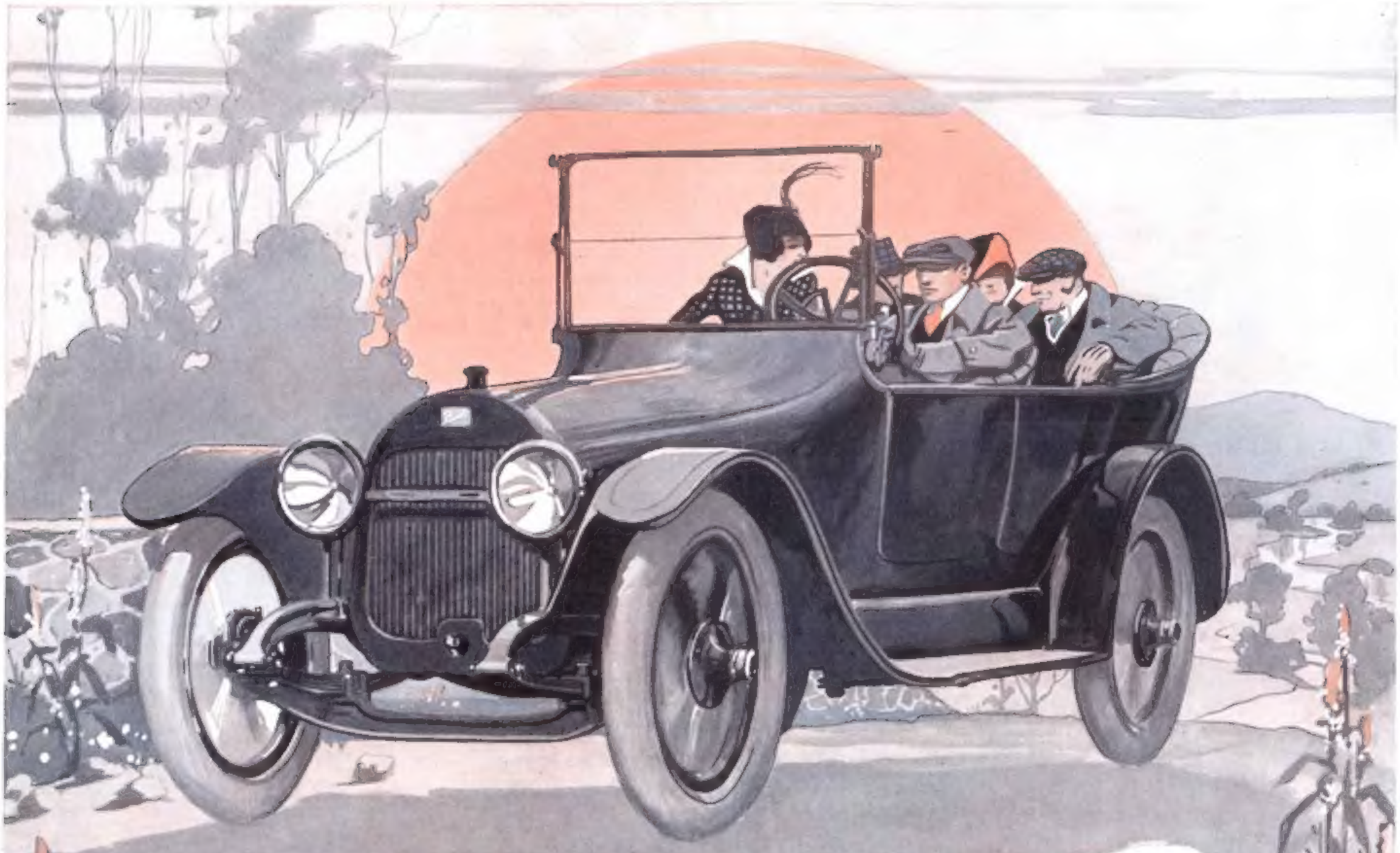
Founde[illegible]y Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 5, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

Leslie Thrasher

IN THIS NUMBER: Frederick Irving Anderson—Will Irwin—Dr. Woods Hutchinson
Arthur Train—Samuel G. Blythe—Fannie Hurst—Peter B. Kyne—Edwin Balmer



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Made in Chicago by
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*Send for Fashion Panel Booklet of Correct Styles*

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**¾ cupful sugar**
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**½ teaspoonful lemon extract**
**2 whites of eggs**
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**Milk**
**2 teaspoonfuls baking powder**

*(Level measurements)*

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar into bowl. Put whites of eggs into measuring cup, add Crisco, and fill cup with milk. Add to dry mixture with extracts and beat vigorously six minutes. Pour into small Criscoed and floured cake tin and bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes. Cake may be frosted if liked. Sufficient for one small cake.

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# THE MAKESHIFT

## By Frederick Irving Anderson

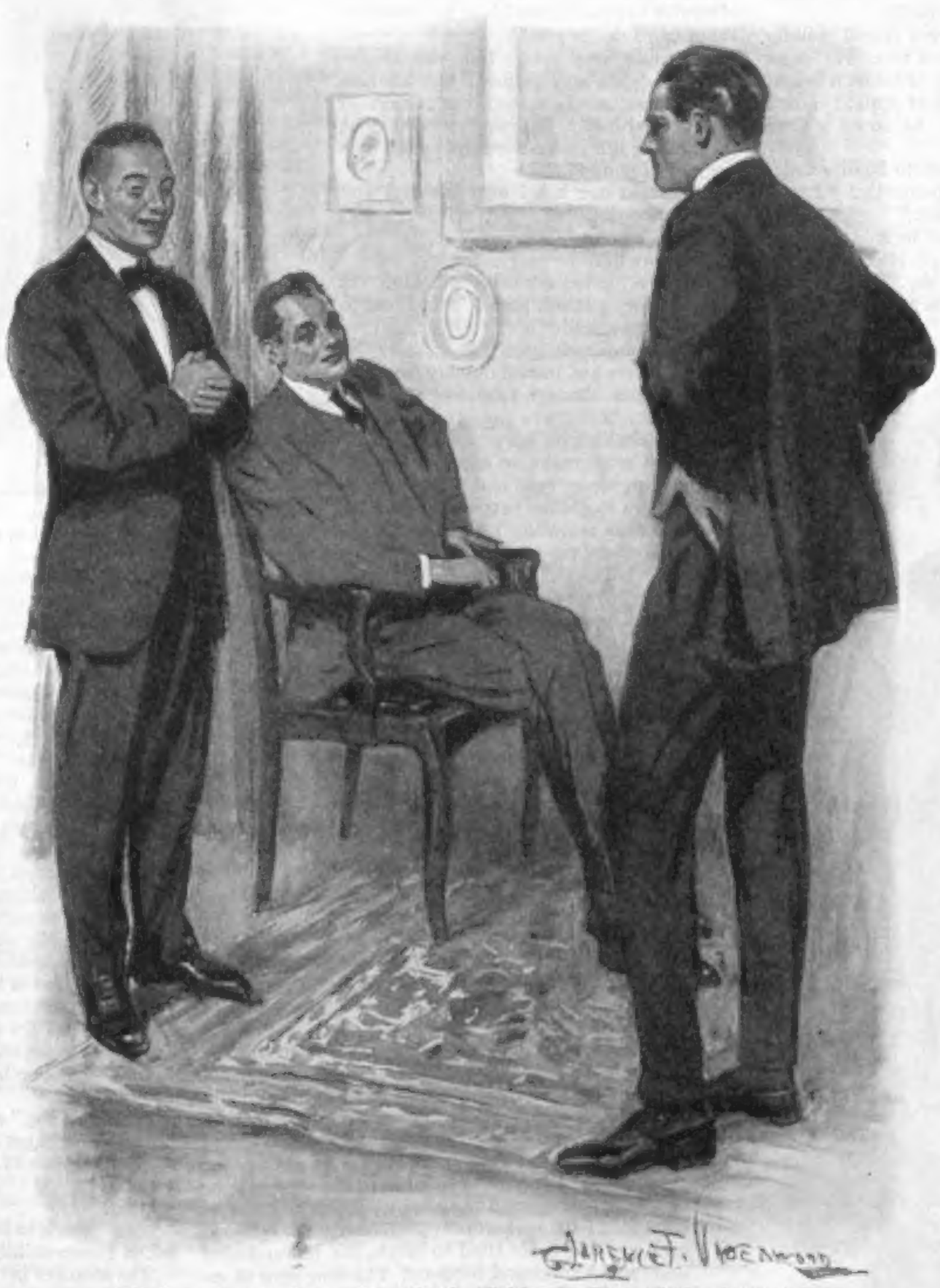
ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

AT NINE-SEVENTEEN o'clock everynight now—excluding Sundays—for seventy consecutive weeks Jason Peters had folded Jane Whitcomb in his arms and kissed her on her rosebud lips. She was the last person in the world for him. She was the last person in the world he would voluntarily have chosen to kiss on the lips four hundred and twenty nights in succession; but she had a fine carriage and a wonderful voice, and red hair; and she had a way of slapping his face after that damnable kiss that invariably brought down the house. She knew how to play up to the star; indeed, at the end of seventy weeks she was almost as big a star as Jason Peters himself. So he kept her and kissed her, enraptured with the actress and detesting the female with a growing irritation.

As the weeks dragged on into months and the months into a year, and finally The Makeshift rolled into its second season on Broadway, the momentous things became warped into trifles and the trifles grew into mountains. The principal thing of all—the mechanics of emotion—had long since worn a smooth bed in its bearings and ran as sweet and true as a chronometer.

So this tremendous emotion play came in time to be to Jason Peters merely a series of epochs, and the vague mass of staring faces out in front merely an element, to boil and surge under impulses that seemed actuated by the hands of the clock. That clock came to possess a weird fascination for the star. A mind cannot school itself to function in precisely the same groove for three hours night after night for nearly two years without developing idiosyncrasies.

For instance, there was the invariable overstrung fool in the top gallery who, at precisely ten-eight, would cry out, "Shut the drawer!" when it seemed that the hero must be discovered in the act of theft; and again, at ten-thirty-three, when Peters slowly turned that massive head of his and listened intently for the repetition of a sound off-stage, a gasp would come floating over the footlights from that vast, vague pit of terror. It was terror he projected—by mechanics.



*Both Men Were Smiling at Him Silently, Waiting for Him to Make the Next Move*

But it was not the ten-eight nor the ten-thirty-three period of the clock that interested him most. It was that kiss at nine-seventeen. He knew he had reached his height with the house, but not with this red-haired woman. There must be some surcease to that horrible monotony of perfection. He found it in the woman. He had come, as he clasped the ravishing creature in his arms, to take a fiendish delight in whispering little asides in her ear—asides that stung like a wasp. It had begun as a joke when the long run of The Makeshift reacted on his nerves; but no sooner did he perceive the effect he achieved by this cruel humor than he seized on it as a spur.

She was only a puppet to him—as he must be to her; so in that cloying embrace he whispered unthinkable insults in those waxen ears, one eye on the clock. And every night the beautiful woman rebounded from his arms with flaming cheeks and, in the pulsating silence of the house, delivered that famous blow with a fury that both knew well could not be simulated.

Then again, when in the last act she came fluttering into his arms, he would put his cheek against hers and stare out into the house, which invariably began to sniffle and blow its nose. The first kiss was one of unbridled passion; the embrace just before the final curtain was one of infinite tenderness, of unfathomable pathos, which sent the audience home to bed dreamily wondering whether it were true or only a stage picture manipulated by that cleverest of artists, Jason Peters.

The author had written this play for a woman; and Peters had secured the most finished woman that he knew—curbed her cruelly; made her transcend herself in a part beside which the original conception of the author became puny. And in this play, written for a woman of her type, her lines polished beyond the possibilities of the man who originated them, Jason Peters walked on the stage and took the star rôle away from her by tricks—his tricks—that first embrace, in which he goaded her to fury, and that last embrace, in which he held her, with her back to the house, like a bag of meal, and took the scene himself. No one, not even the veriest tyro in the gallery, was deceived when he pushed her out for the final curtain call. Jason Peters had the center of the stage; and, notwithstanding her name faced his in the electric lights on Broadway, people would say, not "Have you seen The Makeshift?" but "Have you seen Peters?" and, "How he handles that woman!"

At eleven-eight this evening Peters accepted his hat and his stick from his man. Thirty seconds later he said good night to the doorman and stepped out into the street. As usual he looked at his watch, a split-second repeater. There was snow on the ground from a fall earlier in the evening; and in this little side street, where it had not yet been beaten to a path, it crunched musically under his step. He would walk. He was a little more pleased with himself than usual this evening. In the kiss he had whispered to her that she was to head Number Two Road Company in two weeks; and that her understudy—who had never yet had opportunity to go before the house—would take her place. She had gone white this time as she sprang away from him; she had stared at him with wild, unbelieving eyes, and withheld the blow so long that for a moment he feared she had missed the scene altogether. It was wonderful! He would call her for a rehearsal of that scene to-morrow.

"Gad! She blew her nose!" he exclaimed half aloud as he strode on. When a woman blows her nose she is really crying.

He picked his path to Broadway, still jammed at this hour by double lines of carriages for Tristan und Isolde, at the Opera across the way. Otherwise the street was deserted. A few blocks farther uptown the night life was beginning to swing in full measure. A few blocks to the south, beyond the slowly moving line of vehicles, everything was dead.

Jason Peters, the envied of all stars as the hero of five hundred nights on Broadway, thus saw this greatest thoroughfare in the world. Only the fact that a long opera held

the carriages until this hour gave the quarter semblance of life now. Usually it was wrapped in slumber when he emerged from his stage door. Early in the evening the actor was accustomed to travel in his electric coupé, to avoid the inconvenience to which foot passengers are subject when the whole town is moving toward the various box offices. It is said that one hundred thousand strangers with money to spend enter the city of New York every day between dawn and dusk. At night they seek what Broadway has to offer.

Jason Peters paused on the first corner and leaned on his stick. He was not thinking of that hundred thousand; they had long since ceased to be more than a blank wall of faces to him. He was thinking that he was very tired; and he was thinking dully of her—blowing her nose. A wan smile flitted across his features. He started forward across town again.

As he reached the opposite curb one of the one hundred thousand gently plucked him by the sleeve. The famous star stopped abruptly and turned a face of annoyance on the brazen person. This was one reason—the best—why he could not trust himself to walk alone in the streets of the city. Women whose letters he did not answer; actresses who wished to explain to him why Jane Whitcomb failed where they might succeed; out-at-elbows playwrights—it is said that the members of this tribe sleep in Bryant Park—and dozens of others, even to the idiots with autograph albums for him to sign, made the road rough.

Peters drew his face into hard lines and stared stolidly at the individual who had dared to accost him. He found himself looking into the eyes of a person of his own height and build. The instinctive mental reflex of combat caused him to note this feature first; second, he noted a good voice. The voice was speaking:

"I am a stranger. Pardon me! I wish to be directed." The man made a slight gesture, half apologetic. "I take it," he said, "that you are a New Yorker."

Peters wheeled round. For a moment he said nothing. His eyes traveled up and down Broadway. He brushed the snow from his sleeve. He looked at the sky. To the north it hung luminous over the lights. In the street, opposite, the electric carriage-sign was beginning to wink its hieroglyphics; and the double line of vehicles was crowding forward briskly to the accompaniment of smothered shoutings, panting motors and the soft scurrying of feet.

It was the most wonderful sight of the night, the Opera emptying itself of its crowds—bare necks gleaming, the occasional flash of jewels under furs, and men in dull black. Peters drew an involuntary sigh.

He was recalled by the voice at his elbow.

"I take it," repeated the stranger, "that you are a New Yorker."

This man did not recognize him. This man was innocent of wrong intent. Peters smiled to himself.

"I was," he said grimly, making figures in the snow with his cane. "I was a New Yorker up to—oh, say a year and a half ago. Since then I have been too busy watching the hands of a clock to note anything else. I am afraid the city has run on ahead of me. However," and he laughed outright at his whimsical train of thought, "I am still enough of a metropolitan to be of service to you. You wish to be directed? What can I do for you?"

The man was eying him narrowly—suspiciously, it now seemed; but his face gradually assumed a vacant expression, and he stared stupidly, first at Peters, then at the buzzing life under the ornamental carriage awning opposite.

He passed one hand over his eyes and seemed about to fall. Peters sprang forward and caught him.

"You are ill?" he said anxiously.

"No, no!" cried the other quickly. "It is momentary. It will pass." And then, to the snow underfoot: "Ah, my nerves are completely gone!"

Peters had passed quickly from annoyance, through tolerance and amiability, into grave concern. The man was shaking off his lethargy.

"I must make an effort," he said, talking very fast and decidedly as though to get the better of some idea that was crowding his brain. "It is—very simple. A thousand pardons! I remember now. It is Number Thirty-five." He looked at the lamp-post. "In this street."

Peters started. He himself lived at Number Thirty-five in that street.

"East or west?" he inquired.

"Ah—east! Yes, I—I am sure it is east. A house with—with ugly stained glass in the vestibule. I am sure it is east."

Peters ran a supporting arm through that of his companion with an easy laugh.

"You have picked," he said assuringly as he drew the man forward into step, "one man in five millions; or, to be more exact, let us say five and a quarter millions. Gad! How do they all live? Better now? That's good! I, sir, am going to that same house myself. I have my quarters there."

This information did not rouse the stranger. He kept step weakly at first; but soon they were striding along with a free swing, the strong arm of the actor supporting the other firmly. No more was said until they had reached the end of the block. Then the unknown began talking commonplaces, such as one is apt to give voice to in a casual meeting.

"Here we are!" said Peters at length, stopping in front of the building that housed his own establishment. The stranger looked up at the door as though surprised that the way was so short. At sight of the ugly stained glass that ornamented the vestibule he gave vent to a sigh and dug into his pockets for his keys.

"I took lodgings here only yesterday," he explained apologetically. He tried to laugh, but he succeeded poorly. "A thousand pardons! The long arm of coincidence. I look forward to our better acquaintance." And he opened the door and stood aside for his guide to pass.

Then the seizure suddenly came on again. He staggered, caught himself against the wall and buried his face in his hands, moaning. The fathering instinct caused the star to slip his long arm about the man's waist.

"What flight?" he asked anxiously. "I will help you. You are in a bad way, man."

The man mumbled something. Peters caught the word "Fourth."

"The devil you say! And the elevator has stopped for the night! When you are more used to our metropolitan ways," he went on lightly, "you will follow my example and seek ground-floor lodgings. Come, sit with me until you are yourself again. I'll call a doctor for you. I am sure you need one."

So saying he drew the sick man in, shut the door and, half carrying his burden, made his way to the library, where he deposited the limp figure in a big chair. He turned to press a button to summon his Japanese manservant. A harsh, throaty laugh sounded from the chair. Peters wheeled. The man who a moment before seemed dying from some shock of the brain was now doubled up with laughter.

The actor's finger was still on the bell; he pressed it again and again impatiently. He glared wrathfully at the man in the chair. Had he befriended a lunatic or a crook? Footsteps came down the hall—the patter-patter of the little Jap. Peters, without looking up, said:

"Throw this lunatic out, Jino! If he makes a disturbance turn him over to the police."

He turned on his heel, his dignity unimpaired. Had it been a scene on the stage the great actor could not more effectively have carried it off. He was entirely satisfied that Jino was equal to the situation; but no word came from the servant. According to precedent Jino should have said "Yess, sir!" But Jino did not say "Yess, sir!"

Now Peters turned angrily. He found himself looking into the face of a Jap—but not his Jino.

"Where is my servant?" he cried—in a rage now, for both men were smiling at him silently, waiting for him to make the next move.

The late apoplectic was the first to speak.

"Tell him!" he said to the Jap.

"Jino, he gone!" said the grinning Jap. "I take him—take him good! Oh, very, very good!"

"He gone!" mocked the other, rising to his feet and slipping his hands carelessly into his pockets. "You go now, Jino Two. Don't come until I ring. Oh, Peters, Peters!" he cried as he wagged his head from side to side, his face expanding in a pleased smile. "You have been away from the metropolis for a year and a half watching a clock, eh? My dear man, you have come back rusty! But you can be of service to me, nevertheless."

The pain in the head had entirely vanished. So had the vague look. The man narrowed his eyes and forced his lips together until his cheeks seamed in wrinkles. Something about the voice struck Peters as curiously familiar. Yet the face was one he would have sworn he had never seen before.

"You are not," said the man malevolently as he rose on his toes and came down hard on his heels, "going to kiss Jane Whitcomb at nine-seventeen to-morrow evening!"

"No?"

"No!"

"And who is to have the pleasure if I am not permitted?" asked Peters sulkily.

The stranger bent forward in a bow.

"I am to have the pleasure," he said.

"Indeed?"

"Indeed!"

They surveyed each other for a moment, taking stock. Peters broke the silence with an easy laugh. He liked combat. His chief asset was that devilish assurance with which he met any situation on or off the stage. He liked melodrama—until it ran into its second year on Broadway. The other did not laugh; nor did he move when the stalwart star advanced. His face grew rigid and white, his eyes glittered. His lips curled. Hatred burned in every line.

"I have studied you night after night!" he said. "I know you like a book—you and your tricks, Peters!" His voice was a husky whisper. "I am a madman! You hear?

*She Was Almost as Big a Star as Jason Peters Himself*

*She Was the Last Person in the World He Would Voluntarily Have Chosen to Kiss*

I am a madman! Two nights ago, when you turned that puppy face of yours to the house you were a dead man! A crook of my finger and—psst!—you were done! But I did not crook my finger. I have come here instead. And to-morrow night," he cried, his voice rising exultantly, "I shall be in your place on the stage. I will take that which is mine!"

"And in the meantime," said Peters, "I shall be ——"

"You will be in the hands of Jino Two—gone!—gone good!"

The man's face cracked in a smile as he imitated the words and accents of the new Jap.

"Humph!" said Peters contemptuously.

"Stay where you are! Listen!" ordered the other sharply.

He moved a table and several chairs quickly into position; he stepped into the corridor and clapped his hands in simulation of a cue call. Then he strode into the room as though on the stage. He picked up Peters' lines in the middle of the second act, reflecting word and gesture to the life. In spite of the situation and his undoubted belief that he was in the hands of a lunatic, the star could not help watching, spellbound.

The scene progressed. At a dramatic pause—the great actor was long on those pauses and played them to their full worth—Peters himself, in sheer deviltry, took up the lines of the red-haired woman. The scene rushed forward, give and take. In another instant they would be plunged into the kiss. In another instant they were in the kiss! The lunatic sprang forward with the ferocity of a tiger; and, before Peters could resist, the man had the star in his arms and crushed him close to his breast.

"She is mine! She is mine, I tell you!"

He fairly shrieked the words into the ear of the actor; then, with an exaggerated gesture, he thrust the star from him. In an instant the madman had brushed his hand across his forehead and snatched from his head the toupee, with its long, curling lock, which had foreshortened his face.

"Now you know me! Yes—your understudy. I, a genius—I have suped for you, puling a wretched three-line part while you trod the boards in the limelight. I have waited five hundred nights for my chance! Now I am taking it!"

The astounded Peters lunged forward. It was the blow—but not the blow in the lines. It had murder behind it. It went wild and the lunatic cackled shrilly from a corner.

"Now I bid you good night. Until to-morrow night at this hour!" he said—and was gone.

II

HIS understudy! The man who for five hundred nights had been his smooth valet in the piece—the man whom he had unconsciously come to regard in the light of a servant! Jason Peters gathered his scattered wits. It was unthinkable that an able-bodied Samaritan entering his own home, a stone's throw off Fifth Avenue, should find himself a prisoner with such fantastic circumstance. Nevertheless, such was the fact.

No sooner had the lock clicked on the late apoplectic than the star applied the test—to Jino Two. Jino Two was diminutive, and Peters felt compunctions of a chivalrous nature when he found the little Jap, who looked all teeth, confronting him; but Jino Two, it turned out, possessed an excruciating knowledge of applied anatomy—applied with the finger tips in unheard-of geographical regions in the neck and the small of the back.

"Him good! Him very, very good!" said Jino Two, putting the tip of a finger on a spot in the left armpit where it seemed a stick of dynamite lay concealed just under the skin. Jason admitted it was good—very, very good. He paused to cogitate, Jino Two meantime moving about as slippery as a cat, setting the room to rights. With the soft touch of a nurse the man had the star's feet in slippers. Like a ghost he was gone, and came back with Scotch and soda. Peters looked at it dubiously.

"Him good!" Jino assured him earnestly.

"Him devil! Take um 'way!" retorted Peters with a wry smile.

He did not care to experiment with concoctions out of the mysterious East. He wanted to think.

"All right!" responded the Jap, like the little Jap equilibrist at the top of a pole in the circus.

One thing was certain: Peters was here—and probably would remain here for some time to come. He might throw a chair through a window at the risk of maiming a passer-by; but there was Jino! He might telephone—but, no; the telephone was cut—a ragged end of wire lay on the table. He might fire off his pistol—but, no; his pistol lay empty in an open drawer. He might—— But what was the use? This thing had been done—and done brown, as the saying goes.

What was the true meaning of it? Was the man mad? Or was he merely playing mad, throwing madness on and off, like a chauffeur with a high-speed lever? Maybe the understudy was insane over that red-haired female who was kissed so roundly every night at nine-seventeen precisely. Or possibly the understudy, obsessed with his ambition to play the great part, had become a hysterical paranoiac. Peters had heard of such cases of inflated egotism gone wild; but the idea now was preposterous. Even with Peters lost, it would take a rash man indeed to run the gantlet at the theater.

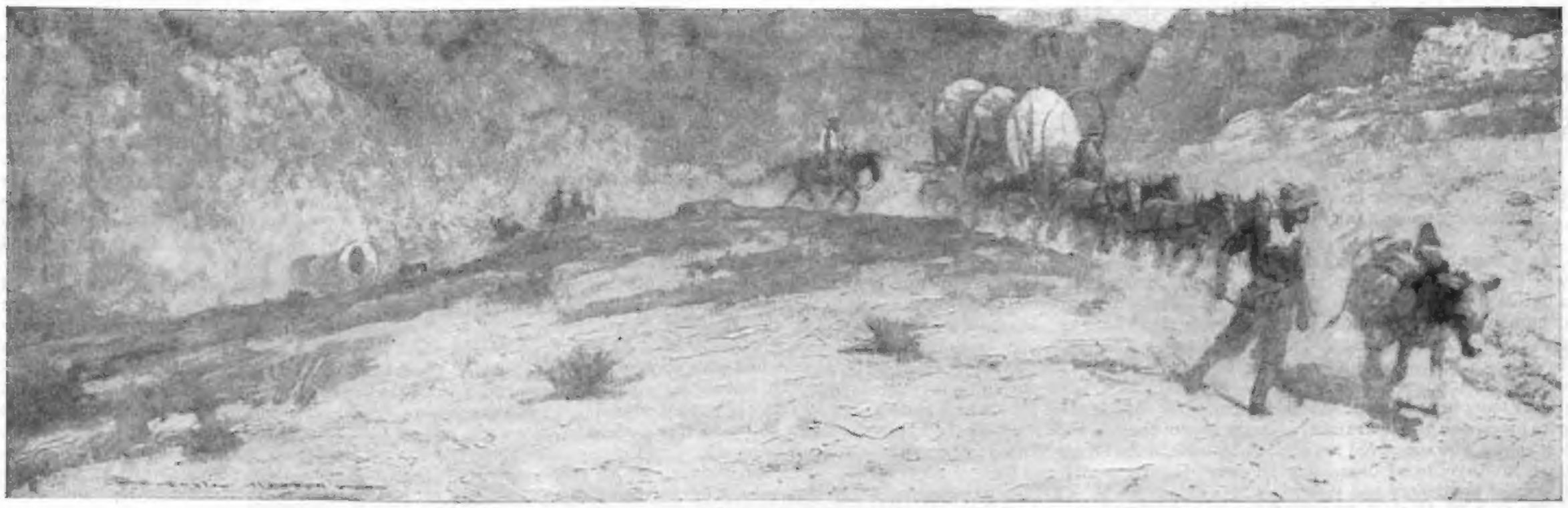
There was Heinemann, for instance, the owner of the house and the manager—Heinemann, the great Heinemann, with his famous wart of wisdom riding one nostril. Heinemann was as careful of Peters as though the star had been a race horse—a Sysonby or a Uhlan. He did everything but rub Peters down every night before the curtain went up. No impostor, however clever—and Emory the understudy was known to be a past master in the art of make-up—could face that inevitable interview with Heinemann.

Peters looked up at the clock. One thing was certain, only one! It was lacking five minutes of twelve-thirty; and, no matter what happened, he must keep to his routine. The star rose and went to his elaborate bath. He stripped to the waist. Jino Two was there to catch the discarded garments, like a ubiquitous clotheshorse. Peters drew on the gloves and punched the bag steadily for fifteen minutes. At the crack of the last punch he was accustomed to turn and find the real Jino at present arms, the arms being eight-ounce gloves.

There was Jino Two! One drive on the point of the chin, thought Peters, and there would be sleep for Jino Two. Jino Two was a shadow, however; Jino Two was a breath of wind; he danced like a snake; he was everywhere—but he was nowhere when Jason's eight-ounce glove arrived. Jason paused for breath. Jino Two began picking out the actor's muscles and cords and assorting them nicely, so gently that Peters went to sleep, like a horse, on his feet.

*(Continued on Page 46)*

# A MOTION TO ADJOURN



*The Outward Hegira Had Commenced and All Was Over*

## By Peter B. Kyne

*ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS*

PSYCHOLOGIST and divine will tell you that all men are endowed with a capacity to rise to sublime heights of virtue or sink to abysmal depths of general cussedness. Lafe Darby chose to exercise the latter of these two natural faculties.

The medical fraternity, adding its boresome mite to the lore of science, gravely informs us that the prolongation of human life depends upon certain functions of metabolism and nutrition; these latter demanding in relative proportion certain fats, proteids and carbohydrates colloquially designated as grub. Though there is no doubt that the doctors are right in the premises there is, nevertheless, an exception to every rule, and if you search diligently you are bound to find it. The exception to this particular rule might have been found in Kelcey's Wells in the person of Lafe Darby.

With Mr. Darby grub was a secondary consideration. What he desired, required, and to a certain extent acquired was very powerful whisky of a blend known in the parlance of Kelcey's Wells as "rattlesnake juice."

We say "to a certain extent." This qualifying phrase is inserted for the reason that all the fire-water in the world would have been deemed by Lafe as insufficient for his needs. In the absence of unlimited capital his source of supply was limited to the bartender's mistakes at the Stagger Inn and the straight goods purchased outright from the earnings of his patient, industrious and very much better half, the proprietor of a laundry in which handwork was a specialty.

For in addition to his distinction as the town drunkard of Kelcey's Wells, Lafe was an ultra-feminist. He believed not only in the equality of woman in the field of human endeavor, but in her superiority, carried to the logical conclusion of the complete elimination of the male from the realm of labor. Harboring as he did such radical sentiments, it followed, therefore, that whenever manual labor or any synonym for the same was suggested in his immediate vicinity Lafe promptly became a disinterested spectator. Work was as repulsive to him as is an *r* to a professional Southerner.

As for water, Mr. Darby regarded that uninteresting fluid merely as a chemical formula. It was $H_2O$ to him—a generally colorless, tasteless, odorless liquid designed by nature to run under bridges, used by women for the laundering of clothes, by children for the Saturday night bath, and by tenderfeet as a "chaser" for the liquor of grown men.

Kelcey's Wells was an ideal habitat for one with Lafe's aversion to the fluid that neither cheers nor inebriates. In any direction other than the perpendicular it was sixty miles to water—sixty miles of brown, burned, aching desert desolation, where a man must know his landmarks and keep well within the limits of his physical endurance, beware the heat that enervates and the alkaline dust that dries the lungs and burns the eyes, until one walks in an

ever-narrowing circle, and chokes and curses and weeps and prays and at last lies down and holds his peace forever.

At the time Lafe Darby ceased drinking—in fact for some two years previous—Kelcey's Wells was at that ultimate stage of mining-camp desuetude known as "quiet." Mining camps with a glorious past never die while one of the original boosters remains on the ground to challenge libel. You meet such a citizen and you say to him: "Well, Bill, how are things over in Eden?" You know the camp is considered absolutely "dead"—in fact, that it has been so considered for several years; but Bill—may his tribe increase!—will answer cheerfully: "Wa-ll, Eden's a little bit quiet right now." Thus, without detracting from his reputation for veracity, he nevertheless manages to create the impression that until about ten days previous Eden was the hub of the universe.

Kelcey's Wells had such a citizen in the person of Doctor Samuel Bleeker. The worthy doctor had arrived on the crest of the boom wave that swept the usual assortment of big men, little men, beggar men and thieves into Kelcey's Wells—the floating population that comes with the boom and with the boom departs. The boom in Kelcey's Wells had tarried briefly, in conformity with custom, and had passed on to Toquina City, leaving a row of drab tent houses and false-fronted pine shanties clutching the hillside and straggling down the gulch, as if they, too, had heard the call to virgin fields and fain would follow.

Midway of Kelcey's Wells ran Mizpah Avenue; midway of Mizpah Avenue the Stagger Inn, bravest of all the haunts of Terpsichore and Bacchus, still held forth, hopeful of a return engagement of the olden, golden, godless days; and midway of the long bar of the Stagger Inn one might be reasonably certain of finding Lafe Darby, his right foot elevated to the brass footrail, his right hand clasping his favorite brand of nutriment. Behind the bar one might also have observed a snappy, black-eyed, alert disciple of John Barleycorn, known in Kelcey's Wells as Jimmy the Cricket. Over alongside the wall, with his generous paunch bulging into the concavity of a faro table, sat Faro Dan Simmons, awaiting any stray dollars that might roll his way; while at the end of the long room the Butterfly Kid, seemingly grafted to his craps table, fingered the bones whenever a customer entered and softly whistled Beethoven's Menuet in G whether he won or lost. When Doc Bleeker entered the Stagger Inn for his evening's evening and found all of the hereinbefore-mentioned worthies in their appointed places, it was his invariable custom to salute them thusly:

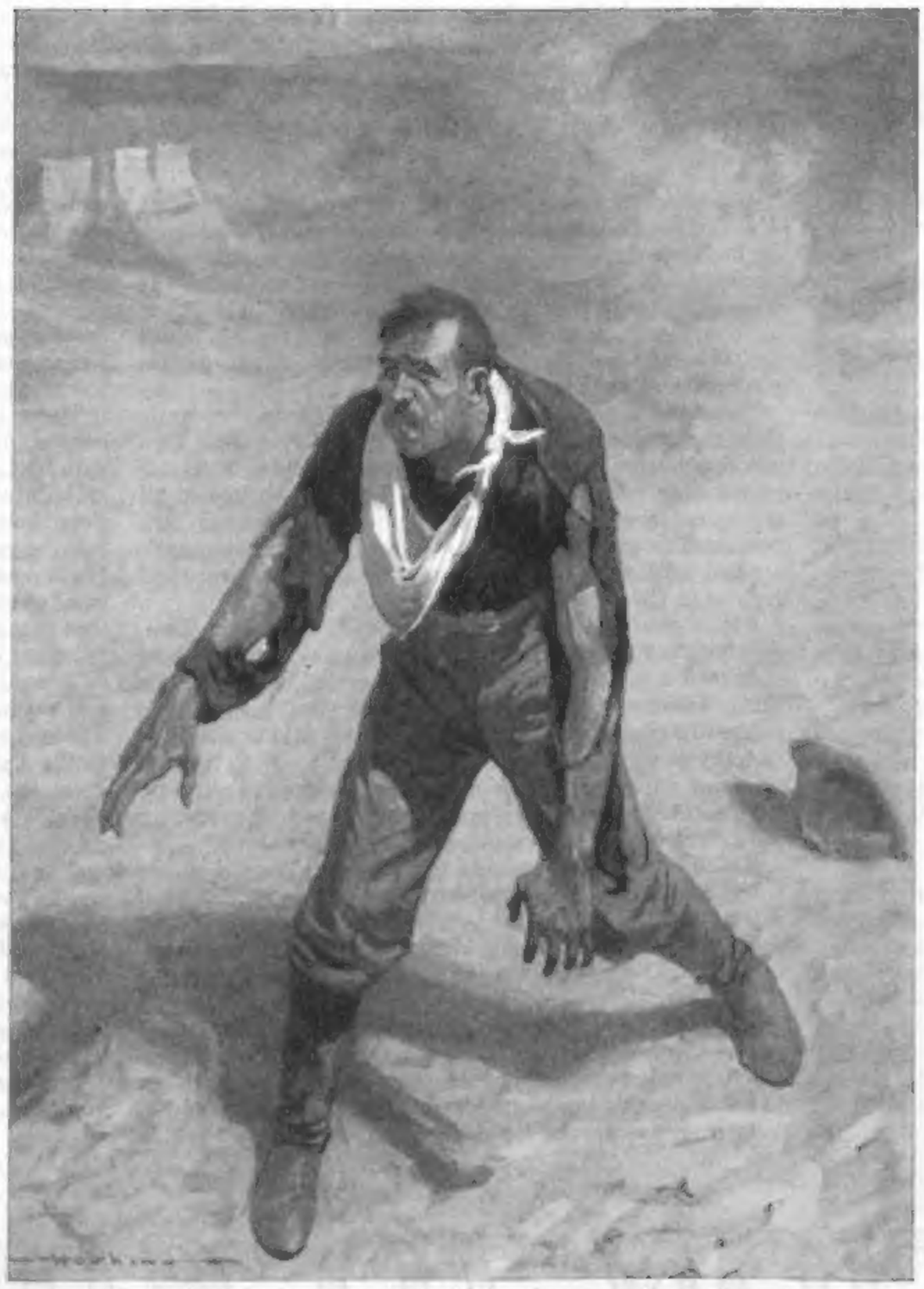
"Good evening, brothers." To which he would receive this reply: "Evenin', brother."

And thereby hangs a tale with a moral. Let us to it.

In a boom mining camp in the Western desert the man with an imagination is a municipal asset, particularly if, in addition to his imagination, he is the proprietor of a sense of humor, for sooner or later such an individual is bound to give birth to an idea that will make for the joy of living. In Kelcey's Wells and similar camps the man with a new, whimsical, innocent, crazy formula for extracting the deadly monotony from life will not lack disciples to promulgate his gospel, and it was even so in the case of that nameless genius who conceived the idea, away back in the boom days in Rhyolite, of organizing an uproarious fraternity known as the Ornery and Worthless Men of the World.

The O. & W. M. O. T. W. was the *ne plus ultra* of democracy. The dues and initiation fee were nominal, books, records, minutes, finances, regular meeting places, annual conventions, and so forth, were dispensed with, leaving the entire fraternal structure to rest upon a whimsical and wholly enjoyable ritual of local authorship and peculiarly suited to the sense of humor of the average male citizen. In short, the Ornery and Worthless Men of the World was merely an excuse for a "time." The charter members went forth into the highways and byways, signed up a sufficient number of acolytes, initiated them, and forthwith spent all moneys realized from the initiation fees and first year's dues in goodly food and drink. Once a man became a member forthwith he had earned the right to do a little proselyting on his own account, in the knowledge that the succeeding class of initiates must pay for his pleasure.

Doc Bleeker had taken a trip to Rhyolite on some little matter of gallstones in the Wonder King mine, had been promptly seized upon and initiated even unto the seventy-eighth degree, and returned across the desert to Kelcey's Wells with the germ of a brilliant idea already stirring to life in his fraternal being.



*On and On He Went, the Dust Hiding Him From the Sight of Men*

Why not seize upon this whimsy of Ornery and Worthless Men of the World, incorporate it, and make of it a real secret society peculiar to the desert; a benevolent and fraternal organization, with all the ponderous machinery of such, including handgrips, passwords, distress signals, distress words, grand hailing sign, an emblem for the lapel, sick benefits, funeral fund and a uniformed drill corps! Why not, indeed! Such a society, with a membership safeguarded by the most stringent by-laws limiting association in the order to bona-fide desert dwellers, would do much to cement a broad bond of charity, loyalty and fraternity throughout the sovereign state of Nevada.

The Doc was a natural joiner. His was that cheerful, simple, honest nature that finds in a lodge meeting the greatest pleasure in life. He would join anything joinable, provided it was respectable. Once a month he would motor eighty miles to Goldfield to attend a meeting of the Masonic lodge there, and on the way back he would stop over in Yerington to look in on the Knights of Pythias. For fully twenty-five years he had been engaged continuously in a mysterious operation known as "going through the chairs," and was the possessor of numerous gold badges studded with chip diamonds to prove that he had negotiated many of these difficult courses successfully.

He knew everybody—and loved them. If he met a stranger wearing an emblem of one of his many lodges forthwith the worthy fellow would advance the grand hailing signal and exchange cards. By this means he came in time to know many horse thieves. In his coat lapel he wore the Hello-Bill button with the clock that has stopped at eleven o'clock, and any time that fateful hour struck with Doc Bleeker in the Stagger Inn he silently drank a toast to the departed brethren. He belonged to the Moose, the Owls, the Red Men, the Foresters, the Masons, the Native Sons of the Golden West, the Odd Fellows, the Eagles and a dozen others. His monthly dues and fraternal insurance kept him poor; his kindly person was a perfect arsenal of teeth, claws, horns and kindred evidences of departed animal life.

In his professional capacity Doc Bleeker was always giving special rates to his fraternal brethren; hence he had a tremendous practice, to fully half of which he never presented a bill and from the other half of which he managed by great industry to collect sufficient to enable him to keep pace with his assorted fraternal incubi. On the whole he was the best-loved man in Kelcey's Wells, because he was absolutely truthful in all things, unselfish and generous in his service, and possessed withal that vast underlying sympathy which is a doctor's greatest asset. He was never so unhappy as when he lost a patient, and never so happy as when, in lodge assembled, he drew up resolutions of regret for the benefit of the widow of a departed brother.

There are hundreds of thousands of people like Doc Bleeker. Without them fraternity, loyalty and charity would be at a low ebb and books on our vanishing wild life would have no sale to speak of.

The longer Doc Bleeker thought over the idea of organizing a secret society all his own, the more feasible and dazzling did the proposition seem. Also, since he was brother to all men, it happened that in the simplicity of his nature he took the matter up one dull day in the Stagger Inn when the only persons present were Lafe Darby, Jimmy the Cricket, Faro Dan and The Butterfly Kid. They listened respectfully, and their approving silence spurring the doctor on to greater flights of oratory and ambition, the latter finally concluded a glowing verbal prospectus with this remark:

"Gentlemen, what's the matter with incorporating Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, Ornery and Worthless Men of the World? There are five of us present—just sufficient for purposes of incorporation. I'll write the ritual myself and frame up the by-laws and constitution."

The Butterfly Kid looked at Faro Dan, both looked at Lafe Darby, Lafe looked at Jimmy the Cricket and Jimmy the Cricket set out five glasses.

"By common consent it's a go," said Faro Dan. "And," he added humorously, "barrin' yourself, Doc, I shore don't know where you could find four more ornery or wuthless men than me an' the Butterfly an' Lafe here an' the Cricket."

"What'll be the initiation?" Lafe Darby queried anxiously. He was desirous of joining but feared a prohibitive tariff.

"Whatever it is I'll pay it for you, Lafe," the Butterfly Kid assured him. "You're too doggone ornery and worthless, you sot, not to sit in this game. You'll add a heap o' tone to the order."

Doc Bleeker downed his customary refreshment—a thimbleful of brandy of a quality not elsewhere obtainable in Kelcey's Wells and imported by Jimmy the Cricket for the medico's exclusive use—and rushed off to his office, there to batter out laboriously with one finger the Articles of Incorporation and a constitution and by-laws for Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, Ornery and Worthless Men of the World. He culled liberally from his umlimited source of supply in the literature of other orders, fixed the initiation fee at twenty-five dollars and the monthly dues at two dollars and a half, with sick benefits of twenty-five dollars a week and death benefits of two hundred and fifty dollars to the widow of the deceased brother, payable immediately upon proof of death, said proof to be satisfactory to the order.

For two days he neglected his practice while he toiled at this labor of love, after which he had a public stenographer put it into shape and called a preliminary meeting in the back room of the Stagger Inn. Here the five incorporators signed the articles of incorporation—there was no capital stock—put the seal of their approval on the by-laws and constitution, levied an assessment of twenty-five dollars each, and sent the articles of incorporation, together with Doc Bleeker's check for the corporation tax, to the secretary of state at Carson City. Then, while awaiting the receipt of their charter, they returned to their individual vocations.

The boom tide was at the flood in Kelcey's Wells when that charter arrived. Doc Bleeker had some literature ready and he, Faro Dan, the Butterfly Kid and Jimmy the Cricket let no guilty man escape.

The idea was voted a winner, but not, we grieve to say, on its merits. To the mercurial public of Kelcey's Wells there was something attractive in a lodge of Ornery and Worthless Men of the World. The name itself interested them, for the desert is the natural home of whimsical nomenclature that delights in paradox and irony; but what really did the work was the personality of the five charter members. Consider these worthies for a brief paragraph:

Doc Bleeker has already been explained. Faro Dan and the Butterfly Kid were square gamblers. Beyond the pale they were, but square. And who, may we ask, ever met a square gambler that didn't under the acid assay more pure gold to the ounce than all the smug guardians of a brother's morals that ever decried the Goddess of Chance? Echoes answer "Nobody." A square gambler off duty is the gentlest, kindest, most charitable institution in life, and generally he belongs to that lodge whose motto is "Charity

without ostentation"; most generally still he is one of the few members to conform to the motto! As for Jimmy the Cricket, he was a bartender and knew himself for a nobody; wherefore he desired to be somebody and fixed his longing gaze on the regalia of Senior Warden! Lafe Darby, headed downhill for the Gates of Oblivion, did not, in his own classical language, care a damn, but it did please Lafe and his fellow incorporators to reflect that in lodge at least they were the equals of all men!

To see these worthies, with all the assurance of a quintet of deacons, organizing and running a secret society conceived in charity, loyalty and fraternity, tickled the sense of humor of Kelcey's Wells. Kelcey's Wells was making its money fast and easy—money is round and made to roll, and it was said that Faro Dan as Worthy Chaplain of the Ornery and Worthless Men of the World was alone worth the price of admission. Ergo, Kelcey's Wells, desiring diversion, laughed, paid its money cheerfully and took a chance.

Within six months Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, O. & W. M. O. T. W., had a membership of one thousand—a membership that included mine owners, prospectors, gamblers, barkeepers, millionaires for a day, swampers, dance-hall proprietors, mining engineers, bankers, brokers and bookkeepers. The slogan of the order was charity, loyalty and fraternity, and it required thirteen blackballs to deny an applicant membership. Nobody was ever blackballed.

They made Lafe Darby Junior Warden and stationed him in the anteroom to receive the countersign on lodge nights. There was some discussion as to the wisdom of this course, but Doc Bleeker said it might put some backbone into Lafe should he be given a position of trust and honor, particularly since the appointment carried with it Lafe's pledge not to get drunk on Thursdays, in order that he might not appear to disgrace the order on lodge nights. The Doc argued that by starting Lafe in at the lowest rung of the ladder that way and treating him as a human being, the lost one might be fired with an ambition to go through the chairs, and since sobriety and decency must go hand in hand with such a vaunting love of glory, eventually the Ornery and Worthless Men might justify their existence by snatching this alcohol-soaked brand from spontaneous combustion.

After receiving a brother in the anteroom on lodge nights it was Lafe's duty to lift a little wicket in the lodge-room door and whisper hoarsely to the Senior Warden—otherwise Jimmy the Cricket: "Brother So-and-So, with (or without) the countersign!"

Quite naturally these two offices fell to Lafe and the Cricket, it being thought best to couple them in the betting as it were, for when Lafe's alcoholic breath came wheezing through the wicket when announcing a brother it had no effect on the Senior Warden, whom long association had rendered immune to that sort of thing.

The Butterfly Kid was the organist. He could play the piano passing well, in consequence of which the organ held no terrors for him. What he did not know he faked. Faro Dan was the Worthy Chaplain, opening and closing the lodge with prayer. A Cornish shift boss from the Big Princess was the Grand Marshal, a consumptive telegraph operator named Slim William was financial secretary, for the reason that the position carried a salary of twenty-five dollars a month and Slim William needed the money. Moreover, according to Doc Bleeker, he wasn't going to last long anyway. Billy Cathcart, the cashier of the First Bank and Trust Company, was Worthy Senior Potentate, a fly-by-night stockbroker was the Worthy Junior Potentate, and Doc Bleeker, lovingly alluded to as the Father of the Order, was Worthy Supreme Potentate.

At the first meeting of the order one hundred Ornery and Worthless Men presented themselves for initiation. The real initiation was a solemn and a holy thing, as conducted by Doc Bleeker; but when the candidates were turned over to the Committee on Side Degrees, with the big Cornish shift boss as master of ceremonies, a new and vital interest was certain to be aroused.

That was a true philosopher who stated that a new broom sweeps clean, even though he did expound the obvious. The new order was a success from the start. It was a new note in life, and since man is naturally an adventurous animal it followed that within three months Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, O. & W. M. O. T. W., had a membership of five hundred, at which point Doc Bleeker, as foxy an organizer as ever lived, closed the roll of charter members and raised the initiation fee to fifty dollars.

Now, in the desert, as elsewhere, man is human. Probably more so. He buys on the principle that if it comes high it must be good. If he is denied the privilege of buying the denial merely serves to stimulate the desire for possession. Doc Bleeker organized a whirlwind membership campaign, rented the Opera House, and held a monster initiation of two hundred and thirty-seven candidates. It was an open meeting, to which the ladies of the camp were invited and permitted to glimpse all of that portion of the ritual not sacredly secret. After the ceremonies a dance followed, and after the dance there was a midnight supper at the Palace Hotel—price five dollars per couple.

In accordance with a decree issued by the Worthy Supreme Potentate all of the officers wore dress suits, and that was the knockout blow. What if Faro Dan, the Butterfly Kid, Jimmy the Cricket and Lafe Darby had never worn a dress suit in all their adventurous lives? Nothing. Doc Bleeker had a local tailor measure them and sent those measurements to a dress-suit rental parlor in Reno, which did the rest.

Lafe Darby was so proud of himself he stayed sober practically all of Wednesday and took only half a dozen drinks on Thursday. In this unaccustomed mental state he remembered he had a wife, and suggested that she lay off from the tubs early on Thursday and come up to the Opera House to see him in his dress suit and his new regalia as Junior Warden. When the poor, worn little creature saw Lafe that night, her broken heart fluttered with something of the old girlish thrill that had been hers in the days when she had first met Lafe, a joyous follower of boom camps and not yet claimed by the bottle imp. Doc Bleeker found her crying for joy in the alley outside the stage door, whither she had retreated to be alone with her ecstasy, so he hunted up Lafe and gave him five dollars together with orders, under pain of expulsion from his office of Junior Warden, to take his wife down to the Palace Hotel for supper following the free dance after the initiation.

Doc Bleeker knew that anything the women approve of is predestined to success, and the master stroke of diplomacy recorded above put the seal of social approval on Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, Ornery & Worthless Men of the World. After that night, if you didn't belong to the O. & W. M. O. T. W. you were a nobody. It was a sign of social degeneracy.

To Doc Bleeker's credit be it recorded that his strenuous efforts to establish the order were not founded on a selfish desire to enlarge his acquaintance and consequently his practice. He was actuated solely by a desire to express his unusual accumulation of good feeling toward his fellow man and gratify that soft streak in his nature that had ordained him from birth a natural joiner.

The Ornery and Worthless Men of the World, Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, had accumulated, therefore, approximately a thousand enthusiastic members and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash along in the autumn of 1907, and there was some talk of erecting a building on Mizpah Avenue. The Building Committee recommended a four-story stone building, to cost approximately two hundred thousand dollars, to be paid for by bonds sold to members. There were to be lodge rooms for rent to other societies on the fourth and third floors, club rooms for the Ornery and Worthless Men on the second and a department store on the ground floor.

For some weeks, however, there had been disquieting telegraphic reports from Wall Street, and the local stock exchange had been slowly taking on the appearance of a mortuary. Men talked in large figures as before, but to Doc Bleeker, a fairly keen student of human nature, their talk seemed to lack some of its former enthusiasm.

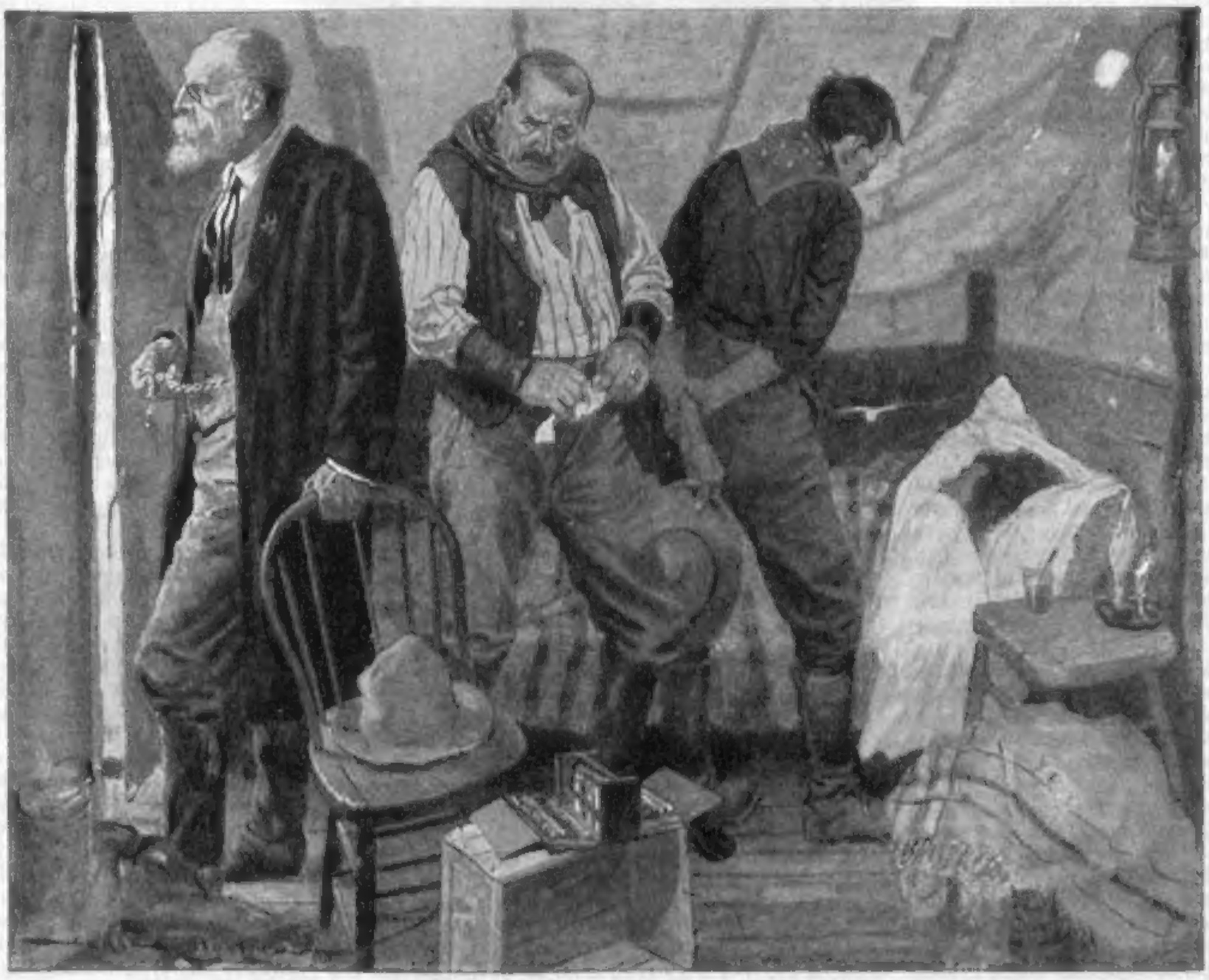
Doc's first hint of panic came when he called on his lodge brother, Billy Cathcart, the cashier of the First Bank and Trust Company of Kelcey's Wells, for a five-hundred-dollar loan to meet a note on an automobile he was purchasing on the installment plan. To his surprise and grief his request was declined, with the statement that money was very tight and the bank was making no loans.

Forthwith Doc Bleeker had an inspiration. If his friend the cashier, who was also Worthy Senior Potentate of the O. & W. M. O. T. W., and, therefore, a brother, declined the loan, something must indeed be wrong, and it was characteristic of him in that moment to think, not of his automobile, but of the funds of his order. He leaned across the cashier's desk, transfixing him with his index finger.

"Billy," he said impressively, "on your honor as an Ornery and Worthless Man of the World, are the lodge funds absolutely safe in this bank? I know you don't own stock in it, Billy, so if you tell me the money is safe I'll believe you."

"Doc," said the cashier miserably, remembering his oath as an Ornery and Worthless Man of the World, "I'm a dummy director. I've got one share of stock."

"Thank you, Billy; I knew I could depend on you," the doctor answered, and forthwith hunted up Slim William, the financial secretary, to whom he issued orders to draw a check to Cash for all of the funds of the order on deposit in the local bank. Since Slim William's salaried position as financial secretary and the prolongation of his life as an individual depended upon Doc Bleeker's sufferance, he drew the check without question and signed it. Then Doc signed it as Worthy Supreme Potentate and took it round to the Stagger Inn for the signature of Faro Dan, who, being a square gambler, had by common consent been elected to the office of treasurer. Faro Dan was a blessed individual. He never asked questions. He signed, without even reading the amount of the check, and Doc Bleeker took the check to the bank, withdrew the funds in shining twenty-dollar gold pieces, carried them



*Faro Dan Took the Check From His Vest Pocket and Slowly Tore It Into Bits*

across to the express office, expressed them to San Francisco and followed on the same train. In San Francisco he cached the coin in a huge safe-deposit box, returning to the locus of his labors in Kelcey's Wells in time to discover that life is filled with quite a number of things.

To begin, the panic had arrived, and the First Bank and Trust Company was in charge of a representative of the state bank examiner, who stated that, owing to the number of loans made on lithographed paper of little or doubtful value, the bank might possibly pay ten cents on the dollar. Whereupon Doc shook hands with himself until he discovered that his automobile had been replevined for failure to meet his note. Simultaneously the ore bodies in the Big Princess had petered out, a San Francisco paper house had attached the press and the gas engine of the local palladium of liberty, black pneumonia was abroad in the camp, the outward hegira had commenced and all was over.

The suppression of the Kelcey's Wells Argus was a distinct blow to Doc Bleeker, inasmuch as it deprived him of the opportunity of informing the Ornery and Worthless Men of the World that the funds of the order were safe. He had planned a front-page story that would have made him the idol of all Ornery and Worthless Men, and the lack of opportunity irked him sore.

Accordingly he sought the recording secretary, who presided over the membership records, being minded to suggest to that functionary the advisability of a circular letter notifying the brothers of the ability of the Ornery and Worthless Men to weather the storm.

Alas! the recording secretary, late timekeeper on the day shift of the Big Princess, having seen the handwriting on the wall, had emigrated. Interest in his own affairs had been paramount, so he had merely turned over his records to Slim William and departed, no man could say where.

"Maybe Slim William can give me the names from his ledger accounts," the doctor thought, and forthwith turned his steps toward Slim William's lonely tent house on the outskirts of the town.

He found Slim William dying and delirious.

"Slim William," he called into the deaf ears, "what have you done with the records of the lodge?"

Slim William opened his big blue eyes and gazed at the doctor solemnly.

"Worthy Supreme Potentate," he gasped, "the recording—secretary left. I—got a—another one—of—those damned—hemorrhages—and I took—everything—to—to—ah, doc, I'm dying ——"

For an hour Doc Bleeker labored to keep Slim William alive, to bring him out of his delirium for a period sufficient to enable him to relate what he had done with the books of the order. Eventually he thought he had succeeded, and once more he put the all-important question. Slim William smiled, for he was about to leave the desert where tuberculosis had claimed him, a poor prisoner of fate, for three years, and Doc bent to hear him answer:

"O Lord—we give Thee—thanks that—Thou hast permitted us—to assemble once—more in council—to pro-mul-gate the spirit—of—charity—loyalty—and fraternity. As we go—hence, we beseech Thee—O Lord—to—guide—our—erring—footsteps—in the paths—of righteousness. Grant—us—O Lord—in the end—a haven of rest—in green fields, where—lulled to sleep—by running water and—the drowsy drone of—bees—we shall await in—the heavenly chapter—on high—reunion with our brethren—of Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1—Order—of—Ornery—and—Worthless ——"

He was repeating the closing prayer of Faro Dan, Worthy Chaplain!

When Slim William was gone Doc Bleeker searched his poor shack, but found no trace of the lodge records. He would have liked to have had a public funeral for Slim William, with services in the opera house, had not his common sense indicated to him that such a funeral would be something of a social frost. Events of a dubious nature were happening too fast in Kelcey's Wells for the Ornery and Worthless Men to forget their own affairs long enough to fuss over Slim William, so Doc placed the late Worthy Financial Secretary in a light auto truck, and he and Faro Dan, the Butterfly Kid, Jimmy the Cricket and Lafe Darby followed in a rented touring car.

Doc was a sentimental old chap. He insisted upon bumping Slim William over one hundred and fifty miles of desert and mountain to a haven of rest in a green field down by the clover-laden banks of the Walker River. He had a quartet come down from Reno to meet the funeral cortège, and they buried Slim William in style. They read the Ornery and Worthless Men's burial ritual over him and Faro Dan rendered the invocation. They had some flowers. All realized that the expense was going to override the constitution and by-laws, but as the Butterfly Kid remarked sincerely, if a trifle profanely: "T'ell with that." They were not men who did things on the half shell.

Upon his return from Slim William's funeral Doc Bleeker was summoned to the home of Lafe Darby. Mrs. Darby had presented Lafe with twins, and Lafe forthwith proceeded to drown the memory of this dual misfortune in strong drink and fought an inoffensive citizen. He was jailed for battery and vagrancy and cost the doctor ten dollars for a fine in the local law mill. Then measles came to assist the black pneumonia in the eradication of Kelcey's Wells, and all in all Doc Bleeker was such a busy man for the succeeding three months that he was unable to attend a single meeting of the Ornery and Worthless Men. Since it seemed somewhat sacrilegious to convene without him, by common consent the weekly meetings were abandoned until matters should adjust themselves somewhat.

When eventually Doc Bleeker found time to turn from his professional and personal affairs and devote some attention to his fraternal duties his discoveries frightened him. The only records of the order extant were a carbon copy of the constitution and by-laws, which the worthy doctor discovered in his desk, and the articles of incorporation, which were on record in the archives of the secretary of state. Even the great seal was missing. They had to order a new one.

Now, Doc had been keeping to himself, for weak human purposes of self-aggrandizement, the news that the funds were safe. He had looked fondly forward to the day when he should find time to pass the word for a big rally of Ornery and Worthless Men, and in a ringing speech tell them all. He had planned a banquet on the first anniversary of the installation of the order, but now that the membership records were lost he realized that a calamity had overtaken Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1.

However, he issued a verbal call for a meeting, and on a certain Thursday night the lodge met. Alas! the old

*Doc Bleeker Found Her Crying for Joy*

reckless spirit of joyous abandon that characterizes the boom mining camp failed to respond to that call, for Kelcey's Wells had run its race. No longer was it the greatest boom camp on earth, but a little, sordid, neglected desert village, which with the passing of a few years would disintegrate and disappear entirely.

To anybody but an optimist like Doc Bleeker the sight of the dozen Ornery and Worthless Men who slouched into the hall that night merely to while away a dull evening would have been productive of at least a suspicion that the ancient law of the survival of the fittest was about to operate in the case of Kelcey's Wells. But Doc was a true Argonaut. He would not—could not—believe that the blight was aught but a mere passing depression. He was long on Big Princess stock and believed that the lost lead would be found again. Hence, since the wish is ever father to the thought, Doc Bleeker believed, as all fanatics believe—because they believe!

"Things are a little quiet now, brothers," he explained, after announcing the news that the funds of the order were intact and receiving as a reward a meager and unenthusiastic hand-clapping, "but they'll pick up in a little while and we'll begin hearing from the brothers again. This money flurry has frightened a lot of weaklings, but the Ornery and Worthless Men of the World are not easily frightened, and we shall save at least half our membership. When times begin to pick up a little we'll take a degree team over to Rhyolite and install another chapter."

But things did not pick up as the doctor prophesied. He inserted advertisements in the leading Nevada newspapers, advising all Ornery and Worthless Men of Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, of the miraculous salvation of the bank account; that owing to the panic six months' dues had been remitted, and that any wandering brother who would forward the countersign by mail would, in the absence of the lodge records, be deemed a member in good standing and retained as such, provided he continued to forward his monthly dues.

Many of the brethren read this advertisement, but none replied to it. Kelcey's Wells was a pricked bubble, and now that they were removed from the atmosphere of hysteria that surrounds a boom camp they wondered how it had happened that they had ever been so foolish as to throw away twenty-five dollars for the privilege of being foolish! Pay their dues? It was to laugh! Throw more good money away after bad, and money, good or bad, as scarce as hairs on a lizard? Not if they knew what they were doing—and they did. Moreover, fully half of those who read the doctor's advertisement had forgotten the countersign! A few could not afford the monthly dues, or the price of a journey to Kelcey's Wells for the purpose of campaigning for a reduction, while others declined to believe the doctor's tale of salvage and marveled that one ordinarily so decent and dependable should stoop to such a palpable bunko game wherewith to glean the price of a ticket out of a dead camp.

While waiting for his advertising campaign to reunite the Ornery and Worthless Men, Doc Bleeker took heart of hope, reorganized the lodge, elected new officers and did a little proselyting—this latter, however, without success, for Kelcey's Wells was, in truth, "gone bust." Doc couldn't seem to realize this. He merely complained that money was pretty tight and things pretty quiet, but they would pick up, see if they didn't.

Of course they did not. Slowly but with deadly certainty the population of Kelcey's Wells continued to wane, taking its quota of Ornery and Worthless Men with each new hegira, until the chapter was reduced to the extremity of meeting once a month. Came a time presently when but for Doc Bleeker, Jimmy the Cricket, Lafe Darby, Faro Dan and the Butterfly Kid, who resolutely refused to give up the fraternal ghost, the chapter would beyond doubt have suspended its meetings entirely. The proprietor of the Stagger Inn had flitted, and Jimmy the Cricket, who coveted a business of his own, had bought him out on the advice of Doc Bleeker, who assured him the camp was bound to boom again. Naturally Lafe Darby retained his old position at the Stagger Inn bar, for he believed in patronizing a fraternal brother when he had any money to spend. Moreover, when in the financial doldrums the distress word and the distress signal would often work on Jimmy the Cricket.

Faro Dan and the Butterfly Kid had long since emigrated to Toquina City, sixty miles distant, for as the needle of a compass points unerringly to the magnetic north, so Dan and the Butterfly followed the cash. Nevertheless, they were loyal to Kelcey's Wells and Doc Bleeker. Once a month they would fold their respective layouts and come across in the auto stage to Kelcey's Wells to attend the meeting of the Ornery and Worthless Men.

Eventually, however, came a time when even Doc Bleeker's optimism was not proof against the indubitable evidence that Kelcey's Wells was, in Faro Dan's terminology, a white chip on a dead card. This evidence arrived in the shape of the financial secretary's report at a time when the chapter had on its roll of membership fifteen Ornery and Worthless Men. At a certain monthly meeting the financial secretary reported that owing to nonpayment of dues nine of the fifteen were up for expulsion!

"Let 'em go," growled Doc Bleeker passionately. "They haven't any more loyalty than a pack of coyotes!"

Faro Dan moved their expulsion. Lafe Darby seconded it, and membership in Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, Ornery and Worthless Men of the World, had dwindled to the five original incorporators and the former Worthy Junior Potentate, the fly-by-night stockbroker, who had long since flown to other and more fruitful fields, but who, nevertheless, had maintained himself in good standing, although he had not attended a meeting since before the panic. He was a shrewd little Jew, by name Milton Selinsky. With the financial acumen of his race he had looked into the future, foretelling to himself the very motion which Faro Dan now proceeded to make. That ornery and worthless individual rose in his place as Senior Potentate, saluted with the sign of the order and addressed the Supreme Potentate as follows:

"Worthy Supreme Potentate! Three years ago the brothers here present conceived this here order in charity,

(Continued on Page 61)

# FOLLOWING OUR NOSES

## By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

THERE are more things in a nose than e'er were dreamt of in our philosophies. A keen sense of smell is the beginning of wisdom and a sniff in time saves nine—five colds and four colics. The meaning of smell goes deep.

Able and artistic smelling has become one of the Lost Arts under civilization. It is one of the proudest accomplishments of the savage, and the nose of a clever shikari tells him almost as much as a wolf's does. It is small wonder that our powers of smell have weakened and faded; the marvel is that we have not lost them altogether. From our earliest infancy there is a veritable conspiracy of silence and suppression against our olfactory powers. Don't sniff, don't smell at your food, don't turn up your nose at things or people! All our other senses are honored and coddled and assisted in their development in every possible way.

We have colleges of music and schools of elocution and oratory to train and develop our sense of hearing, and every slightest departure from euphony or good form in our accent is carefully and persistently corrected. Fully two-thirds of our education is devoted to the sense of sight—training our eyes to distinguish variations of light and shade, of color and outline, and to interpret the meaning of those extraordinary little crooks and scrawls we term writing and printing. The higher harmonies of vision, under the name of art, occupy a whole kingdom of our mental and educational activities, and the tortures inflicted on the young in the form of drawing lessons and five-finger exercises would make angels weep; but who ever heard of a class in nasal training or a Professor of Olfactory Æsthetics?

Yet a keen and well-trained sense of smell would protect us from as many dangers as any two of our other senses, is as valuable a guide to conduct, influences our likes and dislikes, and is a source of as much enjoyment and æsthetic delight as either our much-praised eagle eyes or Wagnerian ears. Humiliating as it may be to our pride of intellect and culture, fully one-third of what we are pleased to term our thinking is done with our noses, and we literally smell our way to half our judgments of either character or condiments, foods or friends.

One reason why that state of suspended animation which we call "good form" and repose of manner has decided to ignore the evidence of the first of our senses is that it is afraid of it. Its messages are so vital and fundamental, our instinctive responses to them are so moving and irrepressible, that unless we figuratively close our mental nostrils to them they will smash to smithereens the silly little goldfish bowl of conventional, lukewarm emotions within which we prefer to swim.

### Shakspere Improved

THE nose is the expert taster and official tester for our entire commissary department—food, air, water—to say nothing of our fellow man; and its prominent position in the very forefront of our countenance is no mere accident. It juts forward, craglike, in that dangerous prominence which renders it such an easy and shining mark for the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"—especially when poked into other people's business—solely that it may overhang the mouth and be in a position to pass judgment on every spoonful of food shoveled into that aperture. Worse yet it has to lead a double life, for we taste as well as smell with our nose, and our luckless "beak" harbors two out of our five senses.

It is our most advanced and important outpost in our lifelong fight for food and air, has as keen a scent for corruption of any sort as a graft-investigation committee; and few and far between are the unsound foods or unwholesome drinks that can get by without evoking its ringing challenge. To paraphrase one of the most familiar quotations that are reverberating about us:

*To thine own nose be true,*
*And it must follow, as the night the day,*
*Thou canst not then be false to inner man.*

*By the Mercy of Heaven, Pomades are Now Looked On With Horror*

*"Camel, Pure Camel, One Whiff of Which Is All Arabia!"*

However, we ignore so many of our faithful sentry's warnings that it is little wonder, after twenty or thirty years of what we are pleased to term civilization and education, if he gets discouraged and may even fall asleep at his post. Three-fourths of the difference between the scent of civilized man and of the savage, between that of man and of the animals, is due to the neglect and even contempt with which we have treated his challenges.

Since the craze for the new psychology, with its reaction and perception tests, set in, various squads of savages have been bribed to submit themselves reluctantly to the ransackings of its incomprehensible curiosity. And though the conclusions they would draw from certain musky and marshy and smoky smells would be far more informing and accurate than those of the average European, yet when it came to actual delicacy of sense of smell and quickness of discrimination between strange odors they showed surprisingly little fundamental superiority to the scenting powers of civilized man in good health and surroundings. Civilized man not infrequently responds to more smells and discriminates more accurately between them than the savage, because he has been accustomed to a greater variety of smells, both pleasant and unpleasant, than his savage compeer.

In fine, there appears to be no reasonable doubt that the olfactory equipment with which the papoose and the tenement-house baby start out in life is practically identical; and if given the same degree of training is capable of equally remarkable feats.

The question of superiority or inferiority between our sense of smell and that of the animals is more difficult to determine—first, because it is difficult to be sure just how to interpret the responses we get from animals to various odors and sounds; second, because smells and their reactions play so much more powerful and fundamental a part in the life of animals than they do in our own. It is not too much to say, for instance, that the whole basis or groundwork of the dog's mind and consciousness, or whatever approach to these he may have, rests on smells and the memories connected with them. All comparisons to him are literally "odorous" in the original sense we so habitually misquote.

Yet, curiously enough so far as actual tests of scenting power are possible, there are very few feats of canine scenting and trailing that cannot be duplicated by man. The Bushmen of Africa and the Gonds of India can puzzle out and follow the trail of a zebra or giraffe or panther in a way that no breed of hunting dog is able to equal.

It is only fair to say, however, that some of this superiority depends on their keener and better-trained sense of sight and the wider deductions they are able to draw from what they see. Though so far as can be gathered from their actions on the trail—which they follow bent almost double, with their noses only a couple of feet from the ground, snuffing like a beagle and when at fault getting down on all fours and literally nosing out the spoor—and from what they themselves say, they depend quite as much on their sense of smell as on that of sight.

Not only so, but it is no uncommon thing to find many white huntsmen and trappers who can scent a wolf or a fox at a considerable distance, or who will even be able on a foggy morning to tell where a fox, half an hour previously, has crossed the road along which they are walking.

With the animals, recognition and discrimination of individuals by the sense of smell has been developed into an exceedingly important and influential part of their mental mechanism. Any one who has noticed the repeated and prolonged sniffings and snuffings with which a horse or a dog or a deer will approach any strange object, living or dead, cannot fail to be struck by the enormous importance they attach to the report of their olfactory sense.

One of the chief means by which animals recognize members of their own or friendly species, and even members of their own immediate family circle, is their sense of smell. And certainly nothing will more quickly provoke the hostility or fear of an animal than an unpleasant, disagreeable or disturbing odor; and, on the other hand, nothing will so quickly win its confidence and approval as an—to it—agreeable or attractive scent. To take such a very fundamental question as the recognition of a calf or a lamb or a baby by its own mother, smell, though not the most important, at least holds a veto over the evidence of any other sense.

In my boyhood days I delighted to be out with the shepherds in their spring shelters during the lambing season. Whenever, as not infrequently happened, the lamb of one ewe died, while another lamb either had lost its mother or was one of triplets, and hence in search of a foster mother, if the bereaved mother could not be coaxed or cajoled into accepting the foundling as her own it would be taken away and rubbed carefully over its back and crown with the head and fleece of the dead lamb in order to flavor it with the odor of the mother's own offspring. This usually was sufficient to secure adoption; but in cases where it failed a real Jacob-and-Esau trick was resorted to by carefully removing the skin of the dead lamb and covering the living foster child with it as with a jacket, tying it on firmly under the neck, chin and body so that every inch of surface the mother could sniff would yield the familiar smell of her departed offspring.

### Smells as Weapons of Defense

NOT only is the recognition of a familiar smell from the general surface and hair glands of a furry coat of great importance, but there is a most curious and elaborate series of pouchlike structures running through almost the whole animal kingdom above the aquatic forms, known as scent glands or scent pods, which contain a more or less oily secretion giving off a very pungent and characteristic odor. They appear to serve no useful function in the economy except to afford a means of recognition by other members of the species. Each species has its own specially scented pomade or hair oil.

Some of these singular structures have actually come into commerce, such as the famous pods or scent glands from the hocks of the musk deer, from which the once popular but now regarded as rather primitive and vulgar musk and a score of perfumes derived therefrom are made. Others, like castor, the hair-lubricating gland of the beaver, have been utilized for a crude and rather cruel purpose—the smearing of traps and deadfalls in order to lure other members of the species to their doom.

Others again, like the famous spray glands of *Mephitis mephitica*—which the Indians term *Chiquaqua*, whence came the name of the great metropolis of our inland seas, and which the man in the street calls skunk—have been turned into a means of protection and defense by their possessors.

A curious left-handed survival of the days when the extract of the beaver's gland was a regular article of commerce and was used as a lubricant, a pomade for the hair and an unguent for the skin, remains to this day in the transference of its—until then—harmless and respectable name to that terror of our childhood days—castor oil. This was originally introduced as a toilet article—a cheap vegetable substitute for the expensive, true castor; but one unlucky day its power of working when swallowed—as the grandmother in Kipling's Kim expressed it, "like a devil unchained"—was discovered, and it was elevated to the bad eminence of the medicine shelf.

Though, by the mercy of Heaven, strong perfumes and pungent scents are going out of fashion in refined circles and the highly perfumed bear's grease and other pomades with which the rural swain once delighted to anoint his

rebellious locks, so as to slick them down to the glossy, oily smoothness he so much admired, are now looked on with horror, yet it is astonishing what a steady demand for perfume-producing substances of various sorts still exists. Not one-tenth of the musk of commerce could possibly be derived from the limited genuine source—the slight, graceful-looking, gazellelike little animal that inhabits Northern India and Tibet. Some is derived from flowers or certain musky-scented plants; but the bulk of it comes from such at first sight improbable sources as that loud-smelling varmint of India and South Asia, the civet cat, and even—dreadful to relate—the polecat and the skunk. These, after treatment with acids and other methods of denaturizing, are said to yield a product that for fragrance and pungency is far superior to the original variety.

It is actually declared—though on how good authority I know not—that nearly all our innumerable and poetically named varieties of perfumes and scents are derived from six or seven original basic scents of most plebeian origin, of which animal musk is the most important and widely used.

Cologne is not the only place where delicate perfume is derived from Seven Smells. Some of our most beautifully named and exquisitely distilled perfumes never got any nearer the flowers whose names they bear than the lovely pictures on the bottles, but trace their real origin to some of the most loud-smelling cages in the Small Cats' House at the Zoo. All credit, however, to the chemist, who can turn plain Extract of Civet Cat into the delicate perfume of Pussy Willow!

Though the civet cat, the musk deer and the beaver have played the leading parts and furnished the trade names, the scent glands of a vast number of other animals have been pressed into service by both savage and civilized man, so that between these and the vegetable gums and oils or seeds which are capable of yielding fragrance, nearly one-fourth of the Oriental and tropical trade of the Middle Ages was made up of various perfumes. Spices formed one of the principal stock-in-trade articles of the bazaars, the marts, and the traveling peddler; in fact, the French name for a grocery, *épicerie*, is simply a softening of *espicerie*, or spicery. And, to step into a more transcendental atmosphere, our dignified and technical biological term species comes from the same root, as spices were among the first things to be carefully classified and accurately discriminated between.

One of the most singular and vivid demonstrations of the real fundamental power over us of our sense of smell is the extraordinary demand for and traffic in perfumes, mounting even in this non-scent-soaked and unpomaded age to millions of dollars a year. When one comes to sit down and consider it calmly in the dry, white light of reason, the sums that primitive humanity was willing to spend and the infinite pains it was willing to take simply to smell nice—a quality of no conceivable practical utility or hygienic advantage whatever—are simply astounding.

The prominent and well-nigh universal use of perfume and incense in ceremonials and religious rites of every description points in the same direction. Space, of course, forbids entrance upon that enormous and fascinating subject here, save to point out that the magician, the shaman and the priests have always recognized from earliest times the extraordinary power of fragrant and pungent odors in appealing to the emotions, along with music and stained glass and dancing lights.

We may smile pityingly over the slavery of animals to their noses; but the last laugh would be on us.

### *By Their Smells Shall Ye Know Them*

THESE prominent and powerfully odoriferous scent glands form only a small part of the mechanisms for the production of specific odors in animals. Scarcely a mammal or fur-clad animal is known that has not from one to a dozen groups of glands which, though they assist also in lubricating and keeping glossy the fur, are chiefly useful in furnishing a means of recognition. They are scattered over every imaginable region of the body from head to tail, and furnish the reason for the extraordinarily thorough and painstaking, though highly unconventional and uncultured way in which strange animals, on meeting, will sniff each other over before making up their minds whether to fraternize, fight or run.

Two large groups of these recognition glands occur in rather singular places, where it seems difficult to imagine any possible utility for them save as a means of recognition. One is the large suborbital gland that occurs just under the eye in many species of deer and antelopes. These are prominent and curious-looking pouches or sacs ranging in size from an almond to half the size of a hen's egg. They open by a crescent-shaped slit in the skin and exude a thick, oily fluid. They often have a muscle over them, which by squeezing can press out their contents; so that the step from this to the famous ejaculator glands of the "gen'leman who stole de onions" is not a very long one.

The next time you visit a zoo or a deer park look carefully under the eyes of the deer or antelopes—the smaller the better, for the gazelles show them in their most striking degree of development—and you will see these curious slitlike openings with, at certain seasons of the year, the rounded and bulging outlines of the gland lying behind them.

Another even more common seat for these scent glands is in a fold between the toes or divisions of the hoof, where they occur in many if not most of the ungulates, or hoofed animals—cattle, sheep, deer, pigs and so on. Here they apparently offer the means of tracing the track of the herd by any members that may have wandered away from it; but they have also been used in the most antisocial manner by the Powers that Prey, for secretions from these glands leave the fatal scented trail that may be followed, with the tireless deadliness famous in all literature, by the wolf, the panther or the sleuthhound.

In other species scent glands occur about halfway up the leg on the inner side, which is their situation in the famous musk deer. One of these glands in one of our best-known domestic animals, the pig, broke into literature a decade or so ago in a most unexpected manner.

A sad-eyed disciple of vegetarianism, lifting up his voice in lamentation against the sins of the meat eaters and the shedders of blood and denouncing the utter abominableness and unwholesomeness of pork, cited this gland on the inner side of the foreleg, with its oily, pulpy secretion, to prove that "the whole disgusting animal is simply one

*Some of Our Perfumes Never Got Any Nearer the Flowers Than the Lovely Pictures on the Bottles*

mass of rottenness and decay from head to foot, which fairly oozes out of him through his pores!" When it is simply, so to speak, his scented pocket handkerchief, carried, dandy fashion, in his sleeve, so that his mother and brothers may hunt him up and rescue him from his piglet scrapes whenever they think he has been away from home too long.

A curious feature about fragrant and odoriferous substances, both vegetable and animal, is that so many of them are oils or fats, or mixed with fatty substances. And of those that are not fatty a very large proportion belong to the closely allied group of resins, balsams, terpenes and so-called oils—such as oil of cloves, oil of cassia, oil of anise; and even the delicate and evasive scents of flowers, when distilled down to the uttermost, yield oils—like oil of roses, oil of bergamot, oil of geranium or lavender.

Not only are perfumes often oils, but they have an extraordinary affinity for oils and fats and penetrate them very quickly—a homely illustration of which is furnished by the painful celerity with which butter will absorb the flavor of any strong-smelling substance left near it in the cellar or ice box.

Indeed, we are coming to believe that the sensations produced in the brain by smells are due to their penetration of and combining with the delicate fat—lecithin—which forms two-thirds of the bulk of our nerve cells.

Certain it is that the action of strong anæsthetics, like chloroform and ether, which have a most pungent and penetrating odor, depends largely on their power to combine with and partially dissolve the fat bodies in our nerve cells. And even milder ones, like alcohol and benzine, are powerful fat solvents as well as strongly odoriferous; so that we literally dissolve into unconsciousness when we take ether and are melted rather than "soaked" when dead-drunk.

One of the most unexpected recent contributions to the physiology of odors, in fact, has come from the surgical clinic. Certain anæsthetists, casting about for a pleasing introduction to the smell of ether and a means of inducing children or nervous women patients to begin inhaling freely, hit on the idea of dropping first into the inhaler or on the napkin a little aromatic perfume, and then adding the ether later, drop by drop.

It succeeded even better than they had hoped, for the little patients, having once started breathing in the perfume freely, hardly seemed to notice when the ether began to be added and could be put to sleep without knowing they had done anything but smell hard two or three times at the perfume. Not only so, but much to our surprise the amount of ether needed to produce unconsciousness after this preliminary perfume inhaling was much less than before; and further tests showed good reason for believing that inhaling strong perfumes, particularly of aromatic oils, either had an anæsthetic effect on the nerve centers or greatly increased the narcotic effects of ether.

Possibly some of our intense and rapturous enjoyment of perfumes may be due to a sort of mild narcotization or gentle intoxication which their inhalation produces. And even our fondness for surrounding ourselves with a delicately perfumed atmosphere—scenting our clothing, our linen, our parlors, burning joss sticks and standing rose-leaf bowls about—is perhaps founded on a real sense of drowsy comfort, of gentle *bienfaisance*—like the memory of a good dinner—which their soothing fumes produce in us.

This close connection between oils and perfumes is almost universal in animal scents, all of which, from castor and musk to hoof and hair glands, are of an oily, pomadelike nature. This is true also of the commonest source of all animal odors—the secretion of the sweat glands. Indeed, most of the scent glands seem to be special developments of these. Perspiration consists of about ninety-nine per cent water and one per cent creamy oil, in order to carry out its two chief functions—evaporation of heat and keeping the skin soft, supple and waterproof. This one per cent of oil, which is left on the skin when the water evaporates, has, like all animal fats, a slightly fragrant odor, half aromatic and half acid.

### *Nature's Perfect Coldcream*

THIS natural coldcream is the source of such specific odor as is possessed by the human species; and variations in its make-up give each individual his special aura or olfactory personality—his projected astral body, so to speak.

That the human race, like all other species of animals, has a specific odor is unmistakably proved by the fact that our trail can be followed by bloodhounds—indeed, by most kinds of dogs—as well as by wolves, panthers, lions and tigers. And every hunter knows that he must move heaven and earth to keep down the wind from his game, or the first whiff of his scent will send it flying.

Though we scarcely notice it ourselves or in our customary companions, each variety of the human race complains bitterly of the disagreeable odor of the others—the Englishman of the Chinaman; the white of the negro; and the Eskimo of the Indian. The amusing feature of it is that the complaints are mutual; and each race is quite sure that its own aroma is of the most delicate and fragrant type, while the other's is simply intolerable.

Of course there is a fly in the ointment here, as everywhere else. This natural coldcream, though perfectly inoffensive—indeed, it is rather agreeable when fresh—like other creams and fats quickly sours and becomes rancid if left on the skin, and gives rise to the well-known sour or sweaty smell of unchanged garments or unbathed skins to which the courtier in King Henry IV refers when he chastises the seldom-washed rustic who presumes to come "betwixt the wind and his nobility." This is Nature's gentle and persuasive method of putting a premium on spotless cleanliness.

The glands supplying the skin and feathers of birds possess similar oily odors, as shown by the familiar power of setters and pointers to wind a flock of quail or a covey of prairie chickens two hundred yards away. Certain asthmatics cannot sleep on ordinary pillows on account of the sneezing set up by the odor of the feathers, which is almost imperceptible to the ordinary nostril; but, generally speaking, birds seem to depend on or be guided very little by smell, though pigeons are said to make themselves at home quicker in new cotes if they are supplied with scent balls of clay mixed with oil of aniseed.

The classic fishy smell, by which the finny tribes mark their place on the menu, is due to sticky mucous secretions of the glands, which lubricate and waterproof their skins—"to keep ze fiss from leakin'," as the four-year-old said. Smells diffuse so slowly in water, however, that the nose probably plays a very minor part in placid piscine psychology.

The only other branch of the animal kingdom in which smell plays an influential part is that of the insects. Every one has read of the loves of the bees and the flowers—the powerful way in which bees, butterflies and other insects are drawn to the nectar cups by the wide-flung scent of the blossoms, and the part played by such insects in fertilization. Insects also have body odors of their own, which are

greatly used for recognition and finding purposes; for instance, if a single female moth be placed in a cloth-covered cage out in a meadow on a June night, within an hour there will be a dozen males of the species perched on the outer surface of the cage, though not a single one was in sight when it was first brought out.

This scent attraction is, in fact, most basely utilized by collectors who are anxious to obtain good specimens of a particular species. It was found by Lubbock and Fabre, in their patient and painstaking studies of bees and ants, that the way in which a successful forager brought the news of food to the ant hill or the hive was by the smell of it on her head and body. Every beekeeper is ruefully aware of the extraordinary sensitiveness of bees to odors of another sort; for if once one bee loses its temper and stings while a hive is being handled, instantly the whole swarm becomes excited and follows suit, the exciting factor being the pungent, acrid odor of the formalin ejected by each bee as it stings. The more stings given, the madder they get.

The sensitiveness of bees to odors has another practical application, which at first sight seems almost incredible but which most experienced bee men hold as an article of faith—namely, that the success a beekeeper may have in handling his bees very often depends on the question of whether his charges like his individual perfume or not. The majority of men can get along fairly well with bees simply by keeping perfectly cool, moving slowly so as to avoid injuring or alarming them, and using good judgment generally.

On the other hand there are individuals at one extreme who have a perfectly magical power over these peppery little insects and can do almost anything they like with them, short of actually crushing or injuring them, without provoking any signs of temper. At the other extreme there are luckless mortals who never can acquire even a bowing acquaintance with the inhabitants of an apiary, because every bee they meet stings them at sight—or, more accurately, at smell.

I have heard farmers and gardeners bitterly complain not only that they could not learn to handle bees but that they were afraid to work in the same garden or lot with a hive, as the "pesky insex" would go twenty or thirty yards out of their way apparently for the sole purpose of stinging them. The belief among apiarists is, and it is probably well founded, that it is a question of the odor of the perspiration and skin glands—the magicians having a perfume that is agreeable to the bees, while the Jonahs literally, in the language of Scripture, stank in their nostrils.

Incidentally it might be mentioned that this is not so strange as might be thought at first sight, for it is now strongly suspected that the remarkable success attained by certain individuals, who are not in any way conspicuous for unusual skill or bravery, in taming and subduing either wild animals or vicious tame ones, like savage horses and dogs, is due in a considerable degree to their personal odor's being agreeable to the animals.

### *The Mystery of Cat Dread Solved*

AT ALL events many of these charmers and tamers are particularly careful, when first introduced to an animal, to let him get a good smell of their clothing or hands before they endeavor to touch him or come to close quarters. And some of them will take a leaf out of the old shepherd's book and deliberately rub their hands and clothing with the skin or odoriferous secretions of other animals belonging to the same species as the one they wish to tame.

*Perfumes Have an Extraordinary Affinity for Oils and Fats*

Some of the most distressing catastrophes in which these conquests not infrequently end have been due to the fact that the tamer, grown unduly confident by success, suddenly goes up to or puts his hand on the animal without first giving it an opportunity to catch his scent. The compelling power of the human eye over the lion may be great, but our most persuasive appeal may be to his sense of smell.

"But," says some one at once, "I never noticed any particular difference in the smell of people, either those I do not like or those I do."

One of the singular peculiarities of the sense of smell is that its messages need not become clearly conscious in order to produce their effects of attraction or repulsion. This has been most curiously brought out in our studies of asthma and hay fever. Though some of the milder forms of hay fever, known as rose colds, and so on, are brought about by the odor of flowers, distinctly recognized as such, most of the severer forms are precipitated without any conscious impression on the sense of smell. The mere approach to certain substances—for instance, ragweed, a Navajo blanket, cottonseed cake or linseed meal—which give off emanations to the air, will start the sufferers to sneezing at once, though they are conscious of no smell whatever. Among these sneeze exciters are the odors and aromas of

*The More Stings Given, the Madder They Get*

several animals, especially the horse and the cat. Some asthmatics cannot even ride behind a horse without starting an attack of wheezing at once.

It was long a mystery how individuals who suffer from that peculiar phobia, the cat dread, were able to tell that a cat was in the room, even when it was in a position or situation where they could not possibly see it. Finally Dr. Weir Mitchell discovered that this was due to subconscious impressions on their sense of smell, as proved by the fact that in some cases the first announcement that there was a cat in the room would be accompanied by a spasm of sneezing. Experiments showed that if the animal was brought into the room in a glass case or other air-tight box it could be placed within a few inches of the back of the head of the cat dreader without his suspecting its presence in the slightest degree.

Even the trail of scent left by a cat could be detected half an hour afterward by an ailurophobe, who would insist that his *bête noire* was in the house somewhere and even complain of shortness of breath and begin to wheeze and gasp, though quite unconscious of any "catty" odor.

The curious power possessed by some people of telling when some of their acquaintances are in the same room with them, even though blindfolded, is probably due to similar subconscious olfactory impressions; and possibly the intense depression and discomfort some nervous persons claim to feel whenever a rat or a spider or other smelly insect is in the room may have a genuine olfactory basis.

The so-called aura, or atmosphere of peace and happiness, with which certain individuals are believed to be surrounded, and even the famous odor of sanctity itself, possibly have their origin in olfactory manifestations.

The naturally acute and delicate sense of smell in our children should be most carefully preserved and trained.

*There are Very Few Feats of Canine Scenting and Trailing That Cannot be Duplicated by Man*

Teach them to avoid all odors associated with uncleanliness, fermentation and putrefaction and to revel in the delicate aromas of wholesome, well-cooked food—one of the most delicious smells in the world is that of the crust of freshly baked bread—and the odors of the flowers and the open fields; even the dry, clean, pungent smells of the desert and the naked rocks.

For the detection of insanitary conditions and the suppression of nuisances well-educated noses are the best health inspectors in the world. Train children to use their noses and follow them. They will need little encouragement—only permission—and will make precious few mistakes.

Within the last two million years—the day before yesterday, biologically speaking—our nasal organ has been saddled with a new and almost totally unrelated function—that of breathing. This has enormously increased the importance of the sense of smell by making it pass on the quality of the air that goes into our lungs as well as of the food that goes into our mouths; but it has also exposed it to new and serious dangers.

### *Dampness Essential to Smell*

INSTEAD of a quiet little backwater, into which odoriferous particles floated, turned round a few times and drifted out again, our nasal passage has become a wind-swept funnel through which pass gallons of air, day and night. No matter how hot or cold, damp or dry, dusty or stench-laden this air is, it has to be sucked in and out again just the same, for breath has become a vital necessity; so that, instead of a simple pocket, our nose hole becomes an elaborate triple-barreled ventilation flue, with coils of blood-vessel steam pipes for warming the air when it is cold—then an ingenious evaporator for moistening it when deadly dry, with a complicated series of sieves, and a coating of sticky mucus everywhere to entangle, fly-paper fashion, all particles of dust and lint, as well as flying bugs of forty different varieties. This leaves our unfortunate smell organ as a mere tenth-rate appendage of our breath funnels, a little yellow-colored olfactory area skied right up at the top of the third story of our respiratory opera house, trying to do its delicate discriminatory work up there in the heat and dust and noise of the peanut gallery.

Nor is this a mere figure of speech. It is the painful, practical reason why our modern sense of smell has to struggle against difficulties and is very apt in later life to become distinctly dull. Those bugs that are caught on the wing in their passage through the nose, though they are prevented from reaching the danger spot in our lungs, not infrequently wreak their vengeance on the unfortunate nose by gaining a foothold there and starting one of those numerous forms of choking and snuffling we call catarrh.

This condition is the most serious and permanent enemy of our sense of smell. In early and extreme stages it may so completely block up the nostrils as to compel us to breathe through our mouths and thus put our sense of smell almost completely out of commission. In middle and intermediate chronic stages its secretions may develop an offensive odor of their own, which, rising to the olfactory gallery, will interfere with its recognition and proper discrimination of outside smells.

The most serious and permanent effect, however, is in the later stages, when the acute swelling and inflammation subside and an actual wasting and shriveling of the spongy steam-coil tissues sets in, as is apt to occur in perhaps ten or fifteen per cent of long-standing cases of catarrh. This means that the air, with its contained scents, which passes back into the lungs and rises to the smell region above, is as dry as the outside atmosphere; and this is fatal to the sense of smell.

A curious survival of its aquatic origin in our smell region or olfactory area is that it cannot perceive odors unless the particles carrying these odors are dissolved in water. This is usually accomplished by a delicate watery mucus which bedews its surface perpetually. Just as soon,

*Concluded on Page 54*

# THE DEAD-GAME SPORT

## By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"OF COURSE he isn't—er—precisely what I should have selected for a son-in-law," remarked the Reverend Endicott McGill, with crisp satisfaction poorly concealed in half-apologetic tones of a certain clear hardness, as though he were knitting his words with silver needles; "but he's young, comes of an excellent family, and has—er"—he was about to add "plenty of money," but, suddenly recollecting himself at a glance from the white-haired bishop beside him, changed it to—"an assured future in business."

"Terry" He Was to the Tired, Dusty, Thirsty Army Tramping Across the Fields to the Long Island Railroad

Halfway across the field the subject of his comment, mounted on a frenzied white pony, was at that moment engaged in riding off a member of the visiting polo team, while his forward seized the opportunity to drive the ball with a ringing stroke a clean hundred yards through the enemy's goal posts.

Then the gong rang out the end of the period, and the cheering crowd, knowing there would be no more sensations for at least six minutes, sank back into their seats as the players dashed toward their respective corners for fresh mounts. The two ecclesiastics watched impassively while a small phalanx of nondescripts marched across the slaughtered turf and pounded each fractured sod into solidity.

"Quite so!" replied the bishop, a visitor from the West, who regarded the cosmopolitan rector of St. Ursula's with respect. "A very vigorous young fellow! It was most thoughtful of him to offer us this box. I have never seen a game of polo before. That other young man, on the black horse, made a goal, didn't he?"

"Yes; that was why they rang the bell," answered the rector of St. Ursula's tolerantly if inaccurately, feeling somehow as though the bishop had been guilty of an indelicacy in acknowledging so frankly his ignorance of such a traditionally aristocratic game.

The Reverend Endicott McGill prided himself on being a man of the world in the best sense, and his thirty years as rector of one of the fashionable parishes in the city of New York had taught him that the easiest way to accomplish great things for the Kingdom of God, just as for the Mammon of Unrighteousness, was to enlist the aid of the rich and powerful. One millionaire parishioner could do more than a multitude of just persons in moderate circumstances, however spiritually inclined. He believed confidently—and experience seemed to justify his belief—that economically he could do more to advance the cause of Christ by making himself *persona grata* to the wealthy than he could by a diffuse and scattered personal service among the poor and needy.

The Reverend Endicott was an ascetic-looking man of medium size, with a high-church Oxford accent superimposed on a concise, careful and scholarly enunciation. He was a gentleman of wide reading and culture, who loved music and art, and whose impeccable good taste gave an air of dignity to dinner parties and evening receptions, and made him invaluable as a social asset to the rich laity who composed his congregation. Underneath the solid business principles on which he conducted his vicarage he had an innate regard for the good things of life. He felt himself to be a gentleman and he liked to associate with others like himself.

Though he did not particularly indulge his own nice taste for wine, tobacco or the delicacies of the table, he did not object to others doing so in moderation—"A little wine for the stomach's sake." He liked big houses, enormous corporate charities, smart people, and the importance it gave him to scold them harshly from the pulpit for their obvious failings. After the sermon the properly repentant flock could usually be sure of a genial forgiveness in the vestry. His salary was twenty-five thousand a year.

So, beside the Reverend Endicott, the good-natured, rather shabby peripatetic bishop seemed a bourgeois figure, and the rector swept the brilliant assemblage on the grand stand with a nervous eye. He had not really intended to have the bishop accept his proffered hospitality at all.

A dashing lady, in a purple gown and a hat with a scarlet plume that circled earthward over her left shoulder, caught his anxious glance, flashed a brilliant smile in return, and beckoned him with a slender, bejeweled finger.

"Hello, parson! Where's Ellen? Some riding off, that of Terry's, eh?"

The Reverend Endicott McGill, with a sense of great relief, excused himself to the bishop and joined the lady in her box.

"Ellen's gone over to speak to Terry," he explained. "There she is—in the pink dress on the farther side of the—er—paddock."

"Lucky fellow!" sighed the purple lady, inwardly changing the expression to "Lucky girl!" "Ellen's such a darling!"

On the opposite side of the field Terry Winthrop, his temples athrob, his throat parched and his eyeballs burning, cantered his fourth mount, Falling Star, through the entrance to the paddock and straight to the place where Ellen McGill was waiting for him.

"Hello, little girl!" he cried as he tossed the reins to a groom, leaped to the ground and patted the quivering nose of his pony. "How do you like it? Are we going to beat 'em?"

"Oh, Terry!" she answered, her eyes shining. "You're playing the game of your life! Our men are playing all round them. Of course we're going to win!"

"Their ponies are better," he replied, removing his helmet and wiping his forehead. "I'm going to ride Pensioner next period. He hasn't the weight and he's not quite so sure, but he's faster than Aztec. Aztec's getting a bit old and his wind isn't what it used to be."

He slapped the sweating flank of Falling Star and helped the groom throw a blanket over her.

"Good lass!" said he affectionately. The mare turned and looked at him, showing the big, white, blue-edged crescent of her hazel eye.

Beyond the paddock the great stands quivered with the shifting throngs, who, though they knew little about this, the greatest of all games, nevertheless could appreciate daring horsemanship and brilliant hitting. The breeze bore a low, never-ceasing roar across the field, which occasionally burst into a cheer as some popular player reappeared on a fresh mount and took a practice stroke or two at a hard gallop.

A groom, who had been leading Pensioner up and down before the sheds, now trotted him to hand and unblanketed him; and Winthrop, after running his fingers along the girth, put on his helmet and leaped into the saddle. Ellen stroked the glossy neck of the pony and looked proudly up at the man who was not precisely what her father would have selected for her, and her heart cried out for joy that she was his.

Indeed, it was a strange match, but less so for him than for her. It was not extraordinary that this hot-headed, hard-riding, hard-drinking and heavy-gambling young man about town should have felt the fascination of this retiring, demure and altogether charming girl.

The gong rang. Terry snatched up her warm, firm little hand and, bending over, raised it to his lips. A sudden thought possessed him. Was it the echo of an instinct inherited from some medieval time when his crusading ancestors had led their knights into battle, vowing to build a church in the event of victory? An altar to St. Catharine? A thousand candles for the Virgin? "Look here, Ellen!" he exclaimed. "If we beat those infernal English I'll build that convalescent hospital for your father!" And at her look of surprise he added: "I'm not joking—honestly I will!"

Then he wheeled Pensioner sharply and galloped toward the clump of players jockeying for position in front of the white-jacketed umpire.

II

ELLEN walked slowly back round the field, the thunder of hoofs and the sharp yells of the players contending in her ears with the beating of her own heart. Oh, if Terry could only win! Next to marrying her, she knew the supreme ambition of his life was to thrash those genially arrogant Englishmen! It was that which had kept him in training for ten solid months, had led him to avoid tobacco and alcohol, and to put in three hours every morning in the saddle; so that on this the greatest of all polo days on two continents, if not the crowning day of American sport, he was as trim and hard as a cow-puncher, and his eye was as clear as the blue dome above the turf.

Polo was a good thing for Terry! Ellen was a good thing for Terry! And when she heard rumors of various past follies and recklessnesses of his, and her heart sank a little, she would recall the day when, behind the sheds, where they had gone ostensibly to take a look at the ponies, he—the Bayard of his gay set—had told her awkwardly of his love; and she took courage.

"Little girl," he said, twisting his polo cap in his hands, "I've done a good many crazy things—you've heard of some of them—and I've run with a pretty speedy bunch; you know 'em all. I'm not proud of myself or them. My uncle left me two millions when I was twenty-one, and that isn't good for any fellow. Once I thought I was going down and out, but the Game brought me to my senses. Somehow I think a chap who really loves horses must have a lot of good in him. And then I met you! Now I don't want the things I used to want. I've got something to live for and the other things don't seem worth while. There's nothing I won't tell you about myself if you want me to; but, anyhow, I've paid as I went. I've never knowingly done any man or woman a wrong, and I've cut out the drink. I've done the things that other fellows with too much money usually do; but it's over now. And I give you my word to live straight if—if you'll have me."

Terry's answer was a pair of white arms about his neck, which drew his sunburned face down to hers, to the utter scandal of the carefully brought-up polo ponies.

The Reverend Endicott McGill had achieved an enviable reputation as a raiser of funds for charitable purposes. He was a persuasive and at times an eloquent preacher, and he

could exact vast sums for charity from any congregation that had them to contribute. "Give not out of your abundance!" was the text of one of his strongest and most moving sermons. He had only to exhort his own millionaire parishioners and they would cheerfully surrender hundreds of thousands, and occasionally even more.

He could point with pardonable satisfaction, as the result of his personal efforts, to industrial schools in the Black Belt; to mission hospitals in China and India; to model camps, reform farms, clinics and dispensaries, parks, playgrounds and gymnasiums; to rectories, chapels and churches throughout the length and breadth of the land. Neither had he neglected Europe and Africa, and he had done a little something for the Philippines. He had but to name the object as deserving and the sum required to bring it into existence, and he could inevitably announce on the following Sunday that the work had been made possible through the generosity of some one of the charitable—if comfortable—magnates who filled his red silk-cushioned pews.

Every one of these institutions owed its existence to the propinquity of the Reverend McGill's eloquence to people who had money. And many a heart burdened with secret sin seized this opportunity to make some tangible compensation for the evil its owner had done. How much of this so-called charity was due to the Reverend McGill and how much to the mere fact that the money was right there is an open question; but it is certain that he took all the credit to himself.

His latest project was a convalescent home for invalids, to be built on land bordering on the Hudson River, already dedicated to the purpose by an elderly lady. He had spoken of the matter several times in Terry's presence and had hinted that a small contribution would not be unacceptable. Obviously, however, he had no thought that his prospective son-in-law should bear the entire expense of the princely sanatorium the rector had planned, for with its modern sanitation and appliances its cost was estimated at fully a quarter of a million dollars.

Ellen could not help smiling at the contingency on which Terry's royal offer had been predicated. If certain four husky young men, mounted on four equally husky young quadrupeds, should drive a bamboo ball through a certain pair of upright posts, then the sick of her father's parish would profit; otherwise not.

It took Ellen three full periods to find her way back through the crowd to the western grand stand, where she had left her father and his elderly companion; and when she reached the top of the flight of wooden steps leading down to the boxes a loud cheering from the English section and a roar of applause from round the field told her that the visitors must have scored again. As she came into view of the turf she saw Viscount Roakby, the English forward, cantering back from between the goal posts, while Mayburn, the American back, was careering wildly in the opposite direction.

Something had happened; some one had blundered and the Englishman had had a clear field. A word from a bystander gave her the cue. Captain Ricketts, of the visiting team, had picked the ball out of a scrimmage and driven it far over to the right, with Terry close at his heels on Pensioner. Mayburn had dashed toward the ball in the expectation that Terry would succeed in riding off the Englishman; but the latter, by an unexpected swing of his pony and an extraordinary backhand stroke between its legs, had sent the ball halfway across the field to Roakby, who had taken it, with short, easy strokes, through the goal.

Then, as she stood there expectantly, the gong rang and the period ended. Three and a half to three and a half! And only six minutes to play! Everybody was standing up in both grand stands, and the crowd at the end of the field was threatening to break through the barriers that held it back. Mayburn, the impetus of whose belated attempt to cover his goal had carried him almost to the American paddock, was trotting slowly back toward the center of the field. The others cantered here and there round the umpire.

Terry looked toward the box, waved his helmet, and then galloped off to meet Mayburn. Ellen could see they were arguing violently. Then her heart failed her as she noticed that Pensioner was limping slightly. The sudden stop when Ricketts had shot the ball to Roakby had wrenched his ankle probably. Poor old Pensioner! If he would only last and not go down with Terry under him!

Ellen hurried down the aisle of the grand stand toward her father's box, passing on the way the purple lady, who touched her arm and whispered:

"You dear child! Isn't Terry wonderful?"

The girl detached herself, however, and joined her father just as the teams were forming for the throw-in, directly in front. Mayburn had gone back into the zone of safety, and so had Lord Brockenhurst, the English back. The six other ponies were frothing and snorting in the line-up. Ellen slipped into the seat between the bishop and her father, both of whom seemed very much excited. Pressing his elbow, she whispered in the latter's ear:

"Terry's just promised to build your convalescent hospital—if we win!"

Her father nodded absently. He was watching tensely the cavorting group of trembling horses and their crouching riders.

"Bless my soul!" muttered the old bishop, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief. "Bless my soul!"

The umpire blew his whistle and threw the ball into the middle of the mêlée. There was a rattle of mallets and a furious stamping; but the ball, caught between the front hoofs of Roakby's pony, lay where it had fallen. Then Pensioner put his shoulder to the Englishman's Arab and shoved him sidewise, and Terry, leaning over, got a half stroke that sent the ball rolling out toward Dixon, the other American forward, who, with a superb left backhand stroke, drove it leaping into the enemy's territory.

"Take it, Bob!" shrieked Terry, disentangling himself from his adversary. "After it!"

In an instant the rival forwards were racing after the patch of white, neck and neck, toward the English goal. Back came the ball, however; and for several minutes there was open play and a constant interchange of possession. Then Major Ponsonby, the English "Two," sent the ball spinning toward the western side lines, while Terry, pursued by the omnipresent Ricketts, scoured across the field in a hopeless attempt to reach the ball, which Ponsonby now had all to himself in the west center of the field, with no one between him and the American goal save little Mackay, the weakest man on the team, and Mayburn, who was nursing the posts.

"Hang it!" cried the bishop shamelessly. "There's no one to stop him!"

"You don't know Terry!" almost shouted Ellen, springing on the seat and supporting herself by her father's shoulder. "Watch him come up!"

There was a momentary hush as Pensioner, low to the ground, with Terry standing in the stirrups to ease his back, shot down on the Englishman, who was hesitating whether to rush the ball himself or pass it to Ricketts. Both other forwards were well out of the play, toward the English goal. The three had the game to themselves, with America outnumbered two to one; and because everything hung on this single play it seemed as though whole minutes passed before anything occurred.

The verdant field stood out sharp and distinct to Ellen's vision; the cool breath of the lazy afternoon, laden with the tonic smell of earth and the scent of rice powder from the grand stand, blew softly through the loose hair on her forehead; and the sun seemed to smile gently down on the silent crowds of thousands of little people, watching so desperately a tiny man in a white helmet, on a tiny horse, go riding toward another tiny man on another tiny animal.

*"Stop Grinning—You Blasted Heathen Idol!"*

The thud of Pensioner's hoofs on the sod was the only sound heard by that packed multitude. Yet Pensioner was soaring toward the Englishman with a velocity almost equal to that of an aëroplane. For an instant it looked as though he was going to be carried clean up into the western stand.

Then Ponsonby spoke sharply to Ricketts and gave the ball a short stroke across Pensioner's nose to the English forward, who had fallen back to receive it; while Terry, pulling frantically on Pensioner's mouth, careered over the side boards, reining in just in time to prevent annihilation against the lower boxes.

Ellen's heart stood still. Terry could never get back in time to save a goal, and there was nobody between the Englishmen and victory but little Mackay and Mayburn! A minute to play!

Again the field seemed to stand still to Ellen. Again all was silence save the pound of four little pairs of iron legs. Again the sweet breath of the sod rose to her nostrils. Ricketts was taking the ball in easy, swinging shots straight for the American goal, while Ponsonby shot ahead to ride off little Mackay. There was the sound of a dull concussion and Mackay's pony slipped and almost fell, while Ponsonby staggered sidewise for a fraction of a second and then, with a yell, dashed on toward Mayburn, who was awaiting the onslaught thirty yards in front of the goal.

Ellen closed her eyes, waiting for the roar that would tell her the shot had been a true one. Poor Terry! Then she heard the shout she knew so well, and opened her eyes to see him following hard on the heels of the two Englishmen, who were just about to overwhelm Mayburn.

For an instant they hung before her, a triangle of ponies and riders, with Ponsonby in the lead. Mayburn was a heavy man on a heavy pony, and his play was totally unexpected and perhaps equally unpremeditated. Viscount Roakby had ridden up from the rear and was covering Ricketts for his shot for the goal.

Thus, the three Englishmen were rather close together when Mayburn jerked his pony swiftly to the right and threw himself against Roakby with a thud that was heard all over the field. The impact was terrific, as the Englishman had counted on Ponsonby to ride Mayburn down. Roakby's pony was tossed almost bodily off its feet and caromed into Captain Ricketts, who was in the act of driving for the goal. His mallet struck the flank of Roakby's Arab and all three riders and ponies became involved in an inextricable tangle, with Ponsonby out of the game down by the American goal and the ball rolling helplessly after him.

This was Terry's chance. He was not more than twenty feet behind Ricketts; and, though he had the entire length of the field to go, there was nobody between him and the enemy's goal except Brockenhurst, the English back. Moreover, Dixon, his own forward, and Mackay were now within distance.

*There Was a Chance for America to Win—and Half a Minute to Play!*

There was a hush like that before a thunderclap, and then thirty thousand tongues gave voice in one mighty yell:

"Terry! Terry!"

People climbed over each other in their efforts to see what had happened and what would happen.

"Dear me! Dear me!" gasped the bishop. "Do you think any of them are hurt?"

No one paid any attention to his inquiry, however. There was a chance for America to win—and half a minute to play!

"Terry! Terry!! Terry!!!" yelled the grand stands.

"Go on, Pensioner!" whispered Ellen. "Go it, old fellow!"

Oh, if the ankle would last! Half a minute and almost the length of the field to go! Dear Pensioner! Good old Pensioner! And now, while the three riders jerked their ponies apart, Terry had captured the ball and, with a swift glance over his shoulder along the turf, had started at a ringing gallop for the English goal. There was no one to intercept him except Lord Brockenhurst, the English back—just as a moment before there had been no one but Mayburn between the enemy and victory; and Terry had Dixon riding with him and a clear field.

Brockenhurst turned back, close to his goal posts. His only chance, barring an impossible accident, was to block the ball at the last stroke; though Major Ponsonby, at the American end of the field, had checked his pony, turned, and was coming on at whirlwind speed.

Ellen wrung her hands. If Terry should miss a stroke! If Pensioner's ankle should give way! But Terry did not miss. Clean, true, hard-ringing, he drove the ball before him. She knew his intention: No long shot! Straight up to the goal, and then aslant to the left!

"Oh, Pensioner!" moaned Ellen, aware that Terry was totally ignorant of his pony's weakness and would ride him to the limit. Indeed, it was necessary; for Ponsonby had a fast mount and was bearing down rapidly. He was now within forty yards of Terry and going at a terrific pace.

Twenty seconds to play! Ellen strained her eyes after the scurrying patch of white that was Terry. A hush descended over the entire field. Brockenhurst saw that Terry intended to rush the goal and started to meet him; and then instantly, and only then, Terry swung and struck—a straight forehand blow that cracked like a musket shot, driving the ball a few feet above the ground just to the back's left, and through the English goal. Simultaneously the bell rang and from thirty thousand throats burst one mighty yell.

"Oh, father!" gasped Ellen, clasping him tightly round the neck.

"Hooroo for Terry!" shouted an Irish groom, executing a jig on the side lines and tossing his cap high in the air.

"Terry! Terry!" thundered the grand stands.

The old bishop heaved a long sigh.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed in evident excitement. "I didn't realize it was such an exciting game. Who won?"

Ellen hugged her father again.

"The Americans have won!" she cried hysterically. "And father's going to have a new convalescent home," she added with a little laugh.

### III

AMONG the books yet to be written in their entirety are assuredly two—concerning what it means to be a missionary bishop, and what it takes to make a player on a winning All-American Four. Perhaps in their fundamental thesis they are not so very far apart. Anyhow, as they left the crowded field the wondering bishop had a warm spot in his wearied heart for the boy who had won the game. He was thinking, as he had often before had cause to think, that what brings out all that is finest and strongest in a man is having a Cause. And it made so little difference what the cause was, so long as one believed in it!

The bishop had always had a Cause—all his life—ever since as an eighteen-year-old lad with curly brown hair he had kissed his young mother good-by at the gateway of their Virginia home and ridden off to join Forrest's Rangers. He had seen many peoples and many lands. The tropical sun had tanned his cheeks and faded his eyes in China, India, the Philippines and on the West Coast; and the winds of the world had blown through the thinning locks about his temples, albeit they had blown caressingly, until to-day they were snow-white and spare.

However, the bishop still had work to do; and he kept on, known and beloved by the miners of Colorado and Montana, the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, the stripped and glistening stokers of Leviathan, and their brothers amid the fiery blasts of the rolling mills.

And each year, though his nights on the sleepers wearied him more and more, and it became harder for him to read small print, and it seemed as though he had less and less to give away, while the outstretched hands multiplied into countless millions, his faith in the Cause grew stronger and the lines about his mouth and eyes grew more and more kindly; even the tones of his voice were more tender.

Now, as he followed Ellen and her father to the latter's motor, his heart was proud of his country and that country's sons. He was very fond of Ellen, whom he had known since tiny girlhood, and he was proud and happy that she was going to marry a young fellow who had the right stuff in him, even though, so far, it had been utilized only to make a good polo player.

Ellen's eyes were sparkling and she carried her head high. One hand rested lightly on her father's arm, in its carefully tailored and spotless sleeve, and the other was thrust through the shiny and threadbare one of the old bishop; but her thoughts were only of Terry and dear old Pensioner.

And, though hundreds turned to look at her exalted, smiling face between the somber shoulders of her two elderly companions, she saw them not. Terry would be at the house in half an hour! Half an hour! Terry!

Meantime that young gentleman, after being properly congratulated by the captain of the English team, had been grabbed by several hundred enthusiasts and borne, vigorously protesting and most uncomfortable, round the field on the shoulders of his friends to the clubhouse. "Terry" to all of them he was; "Terry" to the tired, dusty, thirsty army tramping across the fields to the Long Island Railroad; "Terry" to the great American public jostling in front of the newspaper bulletins and eating up the extras. From Montauk to Seattle this slender structure of pliant bone and elastic muscle, differing only by the millionth part of a millionth part from any one of a million others of his age and mold, was an individual known by a nickname—a hero—a god almost—Terry!

Lowering him to his feet on the clubhouse piazza, the privileged slapped him on the cramped muscles of his back, gave three cheers and reluctantly departed; while their victim surrendered himself to McGinnis, the rubber, and the needle bath.

From the first moment the boy could toddle, his uncle, the grizzled Forty-niner who had made the sturdy little lad his heir, realizing that sport is the vocation of aristocracy the world over, had insisted on his being brought up among dogs and horses. The old fellow had been wise in his generation. A decade later the boy had the entrée to the society of two continents.

By well-directed stages his sporting career had progressed through the sailing of thirty-footers to the racing of full-grown yachts; from the pursuit of quail through the grueling mud of South Carolina wheat fields and the half-frozen waiting for ducks amid the sleet of the Eastern Shore of Maryland to the sticking of the boar in the Auvergne and the hunting of the man-eater in the Punjab as the honored guest of a rajah.

Then he had come back, a man at eighteen, to row bow on his university crew at Yale, and ultimately to graduate into the somewhat tamer activities of the business and social life of America's metropolis.

On the whole he had come out pretty well, considering. And though in general he had taken his moral tone from whatever well-dressed circle he happened to be in—had done in Rome and London as the Romans and Londoners were doing—he had imbibed, from the first day he had wiggled a little brown-gaitered leg over his pony's back, certain underlying conceptions of what is expected of a gentleman, which later he had found to be universally accepted the world over among those worthy to be called by that name.

How far this code approximates to what is known as Christianity has perhaps something to do with our story. And at least one thing can be said for a sanction that may present certain limitations otherwise—and that is that the gentleman never is in doubt as to what he should do. The cost is never reckoned. The choice is instantaneous. Essentially it is a doctrine of self-sacrifice; for self, no more than monetary advantage, stands between a gentleman and his supposed duty. As the old French chronicler says of the two boys who died so uselessly in the forefront of the battle: "They were very noble; they cared nothing for their lives!"

Rightly or wrongly, the virtues that Terry found to be most highly prized among those of his kind throughout the civilized world, whether at the officers' mess at Peshawar, the hunting fields of Market Harborough, the college club, or the shooting box north of the Highlands, were and are physical bravery, unselfishness and sincerity.

The six-bottle men of Fox's set, swine though they may have been—I do not gainsay it—recognized that divine something which, away from card table and the sideboard, made for righteousness. They called it Honor. With all their wine and gambling they may have been less brutal and less earthy than we think. For is there not something spiritual in a code that regards life as valueless without respect, or that esteems the man who treats mere possessions so lightly that he is ready to stake them all on the throw of a die or the turn of a card? Think ye that wisdom shall die with us?

At any rate, whatever freedom in personal affairs was permitted by the code which governed the conduct of Terry and his friends it was true, as he had told Ellen, that he had never done any man or woman a wrong; that he had paid as he had gone; and that he spoke the truth. For the sake of such a one the Recording Angel will often doubtless be guilty of a loss of memory. Yet, because of the game, the conscience of the Recording Angel was not overtaxed on Terry's account, which, in the moral ledger, showed a clear preponderance of assets over liabilities.

Active by nature, he was unwilling to lead a life of leisure without any interest to take him among his fellows; so, as a matter of course, he went down into Wall Street and organized a firm for the buying and selling of bonds. He and his young partner were both optimists—bulls on the country's future; and they took chances in underwriting that older and more experienced men would have refused; but luck had been with them and their house was rated A1 in both Dun and Bradstreet.

About six months before they had become interested in the damming of the Okersee River, which would, it was thought, provide light and power for several large cities, and had underwritten a three-million-dollar issue of bonds for the construction company engaged in the enterprise. The work was nearly completed and they had held the bonds, which were at six per cent, with the intention of offering them only when the dam was finished and the giant turbines were sending the current over the wires. By so doing Terry believed that the bonds could be marketed at an advance of nearly a dozen points.

Then when his partner—Post—had pointed out that it would require almost their entire capital to put the deal through, Terry had answered lightly that there was no use in sharing the profits with anybody else; that the proposition was a big one, bound to benefit a lot of people; and that he was willing to plunge on it.

When the partner still held back, Terry announced rather impatiently that if the other had any doubts about

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"Oh, Terry! You're Playing the Game of Your Life!"

# FRANK LANE—WESTERNER

## A Conversation on Conservation With the Secretary of the Interior

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ON A TIME a most distinguished statesman from a New England state, now resting snugly—mayhap smugly too—with the Pilgrim Fathers, made a resounding speech in the United States Senate, choosing for his topic: The Needs of the West.

I heard the speech and it struck me that the distinguished statesman was a bit vague about the West, albeit he had most definite ideas about the needs of that territory. So, after he had pointed out what must be done and how, I waited in the corridor for him; and when he came along I asked with due humility, for he demanded that:

"Senator, have you ever been West?"

"Yes, sir; I have been West," he replied rather tartly.

"How far West have you been, senator?"

He answered with exceeding dignity.

"Some years ago," he said, "I visited the thriving municipality of Steubenville, Ohio."

That meant the West to him. And Chicago meant the West to many other Eastern statesmen—especially statesmen from New England, who for years controlled the destinies of and, what is more potential, the appropriations for the West. One of the most powerful men who ever sat in the Senate never was farther West than Kansas City, and did not get that far until a year or so before he retired from public life.

Many and many a man who has legislated for and spoken about the West in Congress had no Western experience, or any but second-hand knowledge—except, of course, those patriots who in 1892 did get as far as the wilds of Minneapolis, because they happened to be renominating President Harrison there that year. It is better now, but not much.

The East legislated nationally for the West for many years, because the West was new and the East had the congressional advantage of long service by its representatives and the consequent power and place. Occasionally a man came out of the West who attained position by reason of service, which is so essential to legislative usefulness, but not often. And the wants of the West were attended to by men who knew little of what is out there, save that they once discovered gold in California and that somewhere along the way there is a mountain called Pike's Peak.

I was talking with Frank Lane about this very thing one afternoon—with Franklin Knight Lane, the present Secretary of the Interior. Lane is a Californian and I vote in Montana; and, as each state is approximately a thousand miles long, we have a joint and several knowledge of the expanse of territory anyhow. I was talking with Lane because Lane in my opinion is one of the men in Washington best worth talking to, and because we both like the West and live in it as much as we can, and for various other reasons

*Lane is a Sane Progressive, a Rational Reformer, a Farseeing Constructionist*

### The Farseeing Constructionist of the Cabinet

THERE is no denying the fact that, when it comes to picking men, the President of the United States, Mr. Wilson, is not so proficient as he is in some other lines of endeavor. He has picked some whose picking makes one wonder what could have been the basis for selection. And some have been picked for him who force the opinion that perhaps the basis for selection did not have so much to do with it as the selection of the base. At that, a President oftentimes is forced to take what he can get, for he frequently is unable to get what he wants to take.

The President delayed a long time before making his choice for Secretary of the Interior; and no wonder! The sundry persons he had before him for that place might, if skillfully amalgamated as to good points and as skillfully bereft of their deficiencies—fused, so to speak—might have made a passable assistant secretary. Then the President had a hunch, if a President can be said to have a hunch: He reached into the Interstate Commerce Commission and picked Franklin K. Lane, and thereby acquired for his Cabinet the strongest man, intellectually and as a public servant, of the lot.

Moreover, he needed just such a man for the Department of the Interior. The people of the East, where land and irrigation and conservation and other similar problems were settled long ago, or never existed, have small notion of the tremendous scope of the Department of the Interior and its vital relation to the welfare of the Republic. Let me catalogue its various operations for you:

The Secretary of the Interior has control of all the public domain, of the Patent Office, of the Pensions, of the Indians, of the Bureau of Education, of the Geological Survey, of the Bureau of Mines, and of the far-reaching Reclamation Service, with its tremendous irrigation and conservation projects. He controls Alaska, the National Parks, the distribution of appropriations for agricultural and mechanical colleges in the states and territories, and has various powers and duties in relation to territorial affairs. Every acre of public land is under his direction, and much of the water power.

He is a sort of emperor. Take that enormous stretch of territory in Alaska, for example—to say nothing of the millions of acres still remaining in the public domain; and when you get West a bit he is far more important to the people than any other Cabinet official, or all of them, for he deals with the things that are vital out there—the soil and the water—the elements of productivity.

However, Lane is no emperor; nor has he imperial tendencies. He is a big, broad-shouldered, two-fisted citizen, who was a power on the Interstate Commerce Commission, where he served for six or seven years, because of the clarity of his mind, the clearness of his vision and his profound knowledge of the fundamentals of the law; and he is a power in the Interior Department for the same reasons. He is a sane progressive. He is a rational reformer. He is a farseeing constructionist. He retains his sense of perspective. He is modest and not declamatory, and he is as husky a person in a fight as you ever saw. He has the courage both of his convictions and of his conversation.

His big room in the stone building that houses the Interior Department on F Street, between Eighth and Ninth, has on its walls pictures of some of his predecessors in the place, including the picture of Thomas Ewing, who was the first Secretary of the Interior, in 1849, when the West was what a good many Easterners think it still is—a vast expanse of unsettled land. There is a big map of Alaska on one wall, and a bas-relief model of that wide expanse of land and water on another.

Lane gives you a sort of spherical impression. His head is round, and his eyes are round, and his body is round; but do not think because he presents this view that there is a lack of angles and corners. There is a very determined mouth, and those round eyes can narrow to hard oval ones. Moreover, it is unwise to hold a man as cherubic merely because he happens to be cherubical. This man Lane is as set as he is sane when he has laid a course; but he does not let his sense interfere with his sensibilities. He has imagination, which is well, for the literal-minded never did accomplish anything. He has the broad view and the grasp. As may be gathered, it is my opinion that Frank Lane is one of the very few really big men in Washington.

We were sitting in his room at the Department one afternoon not so long ago and had been talking of many things.

"Have you been out West lately?" he asked me.

"Just came back from the Pacific Coast," I said, "and I'm going again next week."

### Untraveled Statesmen

LANE puffed a few puffs at his cigar and looked out on Eighth Street. Then he swung back in his chair.

"Wouldn't it be a great thing," he asked, "if the Government would set aside about fifty thousand dollars each year to give certain statesmen you and I know extended trips across the country? There are a few people who know all this country. I wish we could send all those who have to do with legislation for a bath in the United States. Most of them need it."

He stopped and puffed again at his cigar. I knew something was coming and I waited patiently for it. After a time he continued:

"One can't govern by divine inspiration, you know, though that seems to be the idea some people have. They seem to think that, inasmuch as we have erected a certain form of government, some benignant Higher Power will give to indolence and incapacity and ignorance a revelation by which our paths will be straightened and our work directed and done. I am constantly having men urged on me for office who never had a real thought and never have done a real day's work. Both their sponsors and themselves seem to think they can run a sort of wireless tower up into the air, send out a C. Q. D. or an S. O. S. and receive full instructions from some vast somewhere that will enable them to hold their jobs."

"Dismissing that," I said, "which means that the pork and place hunters have been laying down on you this morning, there is an idea in what you say about compelling representatives to go out over their country. How would it do to prepare a bill entitled: 'An Act to Make it Obligatory on Every Man Who Legislates for This Country to Visit All Parts of Said Country Before Endeavoring to Make Laws Governing the Needs of Any Section, and for Other Purposes'?"

"What other purposes?" he asked suspiciously.

"Oh, such other purposes as keeping them in the Bad Lands or the Mohave Desert, or in some suitable place, after they get there."

"Don't jest," said Lane. "I'm serious about this. What is needed in this capital is foresight—foresight; and the only way foresight can be had is by obtaining accurate knowledge of what it is essential to be foresighted about. We do not want guesses. We want vision based on conditions. Foresight is the basis of all philosophy. It implies imagination—ability to see one's self to-morrow. It is the

foundation of morals and our whole political, social and industrial life. It does not imply that the thing done to-day must be done as it was done yesterday, as is usually the case; but that the thing done to-day is to be done so that it shall be valuable to-morrow. It implies a willingness to wait, to sacrifice to-day in order to get something to-morrow that is needed and desired. It implies vision—vision; and we are woefully strabismic."

"And that doubtless means conservation?" I said.

"It does."

"Well, what does conservation mean?"

Lane leaned forward.

"I don't know," he said earnestly. "What does any word mean? Just what you think it means. What does socialism mean, or inspiration, or personal liberty? Each means what your personal interpretation means to you; but it may mean something vastly different to another. And if your interpretation isn't in line with accepted standards or conventions it may mean a lot of things to you that you do not anticipate when interpreting." He stopped and laughed. "We're getting away from our mutton," he said. "Do you want to know what I think conservation means or what the general public thinks it means?"

I did not answer. Instead, I gave him another cigar, for I knew he was in his stride. He lighted the cigar, drew a few whiffs of smoke through it, looked to see that it was burning evenly, and began:

"I take it that conservation means this: Know where you are going. Stop, look and listen, but don't stand at the crossing forever. It means we shall not treat land as land if land is really water, which it may be if it is a reservoir site or a dam site. Don't call it land if it really is coal, or phosphate, or oil. Don't say that water is water if it really is peaches, or alfalfa, or apples, or nitrates, or electricity. If you have an Old Master—a Rubens or a Titian—don't dispose of it on the theory that it is a chromo.

"If you have coal in Alaska don't keep it there to boast of, but give it to the world generously; spend freely—like a gentleman, not like a profligate. If you have water and desert, which separately will always remain just water and desert, but which when married will yield oranges, beefsteaks and plum puddings, of course every one should be in favor of the wedding, except the man who is grazing a few cattle on the desert and watering them at the river."

### *The Privileged Sons of Mary*

"WHEN I was a boy, studying law in California, I wrote a series of articles protesting against the application of the doctrine of riparian rights to arid country. The stand-patters of that day desired that the old English idea should obtain in conditions to which it was foreign. California would still be a country of wheat fields and cattle ranges almost exclusively if we hadn't changed the law and given the water to those who could put it to the highest beneficial use."

His cigar was out by this time, and he used it for a baton, beating time as he said:

"Use! Use! Use! That's the word I emphasize—use! We have too much land that is not used, and too much water, and too many people who think they belong by divine right to the class Kipling describes as 'the Sons of Mary.' The world and the things therein belong to the people who use them, not to the people who want to speculate with them or to monopolize them, and to allow their own personal fortunes to be the one test as to when and how they shall be used. There is no real objection to monopoly if monopoly is the public servant and not the public dictator. The greatest wrong thing in our life to-day is the feeling of the workers that they are not really working for themselves. They get no response from their work except the pay envelope at the end of the week.

"We have too much long-range fighting. We don't see our shots hit. I went out with the fleet last year and we shot at an imaginary enemy that was nearly out of sight. It was a long time before we knew whether we had hit. That is modern warfare of all kinds. The imagination will have to expand a great deal before that kind of fighting is popular. That is the reason why monopoly, even if regulated, must be held down, because there are a whole lot of us who want to see our shots hit, who want to get some direct comeback from our work, and want to feel some of the thrill of the producer, whether artist or artisan.

"If we take from men the satisfaction of seeing their completed work and treating with it as their own—which modern industrial life does—we must expect demands for substitutes; for guaranties against poverty and sickness; for short hours of labor; for plenty of time for the expression of the individual in sports and other things. If work is to be deprived of imagination, initiative and human interest we must supply other fields for the play of imagination, initiative and human interest. That's all there is to it!

"The conservation of a man's pride in his work is the best kind of conservation; and the land law or the commercial system that kills or dwarfs that pride is inimical to the best interests of the race. We are in a period of change. No one can tell with precision just what the condition of our society will be in another generation or two; but that is no reason for standing still and refusing to permit the development of water power, the reclaiming of lands, or the fullest utilization of our resources. No one can be sure he is always right. Only the adventurous succeed. I am against that conservation which ties the hands of the present because of its fear for the future. I am for that kind of conservation which means a reasonable utilization now, without putting too big a mortgage on the future.

"If it so happens ——"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "Light your cigar and let's get that thought concretely. Make it specific."

"Well," said the Secretary, "what I mean is expressed in the water-power bill now before Congress. The Government has saved a few good dam and reservoir sites on its public lands, though most of the readily accessible ones have gone into private hands. We wish these good sites used. We wish their waters turned into nitrates, as in Sweden, or into power, or put to other industrial uses; but, for example, electricity is still in its infancy. Indeed, it is only a-borning. No one can tell what will be the value of this water fifty or a hundred years from now; but we cannot wait until science and time have proved what may be its highest worth. This country won't stand for a dance that is all hesitation. So we have provided for a fifty-year lease. At the end of that fifty years a new arrangement may be made if it shall appear best that the lessee shall continue to hold the property.

"It may be, however, that the states or the municipalities will want to go into the power business themselves by that time; and if so we shall be ready for them. Money that is invested must be returned. The person who is relieved of the plant at the end of fifty years should recover for the value of the works, for the investment. The land itself, which the lessees acquire for use, should be bought back at its original cost. The people must not be required to pay for the growth of the country, or should not. What will be the value of a right of way five hundred miles long and a hundred feet wide fifty years from now, when the country has two hundred million people? It might then be so valuable that it would be impossible for a municipality or a state to recapture the plant. Consider the present value of railroad terminals in the cities and their original values. We now have a law under which none but a revocable license may be granted for public lands; and under the operations of such a law money cannot be raised for the establishment of these enterprises. The demand of the West is that we shall substitute a definite term and make reasonable conditions; and if we get such a law we have ample assurances that the power industry, which practically has stood still for years, will rapidly advance."

"What will the Government get?" I asked, giving Mr. Lane a chance to relight the cigar.

"The Government is not primarily interested in revenue from its resources or for them. What the Government is interested in is the making of homes; the giving of opportunities for farms, industries and cities. What may be obtained for revenue is a secondary matter; but—and this is the main point—if we act wisely we can make the West develop itself, and make the resources of the West bring in large revenue to the various states. The water-power bill, and the oil, coal, phosphate and gas development bills, which are now before Congress, provide that the revenues resulting to the Government in the way of royalties shall be used first for the development of irrigation projects; and on the return of these moneys fifty per cent shall go to the states from which the revenue has come, and fifty per cent shall be used in the further development of arid lands."

### *Make One Hand Wash the Other*

"CONSIDER this for a minute. What would California's revenue be if she had even five per cent of the value of the oil that is taken from her ground? She would have no need of bonding herself for good roads or other improvements; or, if she did, there would be a certainty of repaying the bonds out of a fund that would embarrass no one. It would be so with the coal in Colorado; the oil in Wyoming; the phosphates in Idaho; the water power in Washington and Oregon; the minerals in Montana. The West is by far the richest part of this country if we take stock of her resources and use them wisely, making one hand wash the other.

"Congress is the business manager of this nation; and the duty it recognizes is to take stock of resources and put those resources into the hands of the people in such a manner as to insure their best and widest use. That's why I think it would be a good thing for all of us here in Washington to go out over the country once in a while to see its resources and sense its spirit. It might not be a bad idea to have a summer capital out on some shoulder of the Rockies, from which we could look back over this great Eastern country and see also, on the other side of the range, our magnificent Pacific Coast."

The Secretary walked over to the topographical map of Alaska that hangs on the wall.

"Come here," he said, "and let me show you and tell you something about Alaska. We have taken five hundred million dollars out of the mines and fisheries of this empire, and all we have really done for that territory is to import twelve hundred reindeer from Siberia. Let me suggest this question to you: If Alaska has yielded half a billion dollars without care or conservation or development or consideration, what will Alaska do if we develop that territory wisely and scientifically? The sum is too great for comprehension."

He held the cigar—out again—to trace some of the rivers, valleys and plains, and stabbed the towns with it.

"Alaska has been locked up," he continued, "and our first duty has been to open the door. The key to the door of every new country is a road. Cæsar made wagon roads. We build railroads. We are planning a trunk line now. Thirty-five million dollars have been appropriated. The surveys are being made. Behind that railroad, and because of it, there will be farms, cattle ranges and mines, and all these should be made to work together for the upbuilding of the country. The railroad won't pay for years, of course. No railroad that went into a new territory ever did pay at first. England and France and Germany have not waited in building railroads in South Africa

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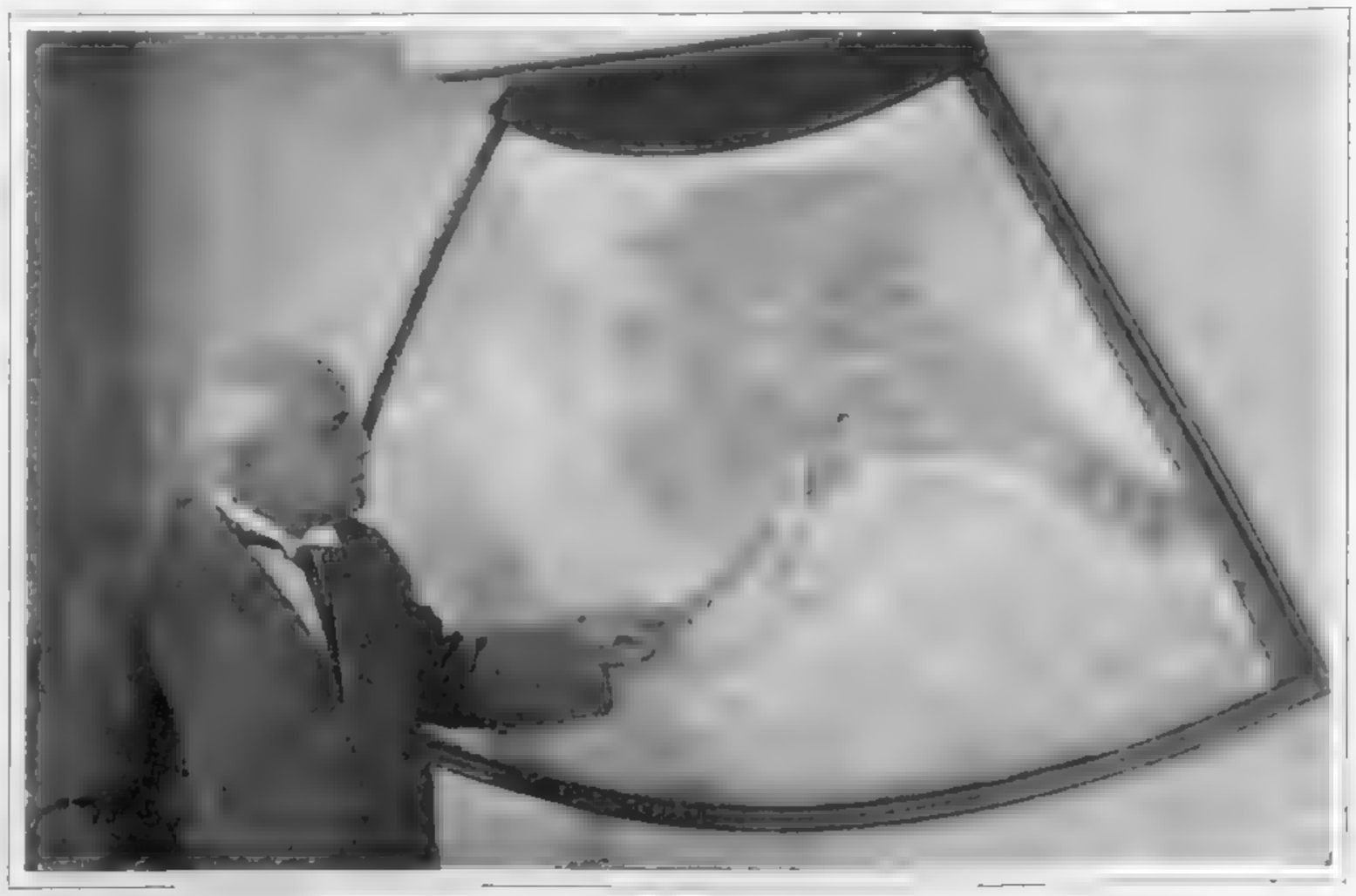


"Come Here," He Said, "and Let Me Show You and Tell You Something"

# THE PARADISE TRAIL

## By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Hello!" He Whispered, Extending Both Hands and Smiling at Her Until All His Teeth Showed. "Hello!"

AT FIVE o'clock the Broadway store braced itself for the last lap of a nine-hour day. Girls with soul-and-body weariness writ across their faces in the sure chirography of hairline wrinkles stood pelican fashion—first on one leg and then on the other—to alternate the strain.

Floorwalkers directed shoppers with less of the well-oiled suavity of the morning; a black-and-white-haired woman behind the corset counter whitened, sickened and was revived in the emergency room; the jewelry department covered its trays with a tan canvas sheeting; the stream of shoppers thinned to a trickle.

Across from the notions and buttons the umbrella department suddenly bloomed forth with a sale of near-silk, wooden-handled umbrellas; farther down, a special table of three-ninety-eight rubberette mackintoshes was pushed out into mid-aisle.

Miss Tillie Prokes glanced up at the patch of daylight over the silk counters—a light rain was driving against the window.

"Honest now, Mame, wouldn't that take the curl out of your hair!"

"What's hurtin' you?"

"Rainin' like a needle shower, and I got to wear my new tan coat to-night 'cause I told him in the letter I'd wear a tannish-lookin' jacket, with a red bow on the left lapel, so he'd know me when I come in the drug store."

Mame placed the backs of her hands on her hips, breathed inward like a soprano testing her diaphragm, and leaned her slender body against a wooden spoolcase.

"It is rainin' like sixty, ain't it? Say, can you beat it? Watch the old man put Myrtle out in the aisle at the mackintosh table—there! Didn't I tell you! Gee! I bet she could chew a diamond, she's so mad!"

"She ain't as mad as me; but I'm goin' to wear my tan if it gets soaked."

Tillie sold a packet of needles and regarded the patch of window with a worried pucker on her small, wrenlike face.

"Honest, ain't it a joke, Til?—you havin' the nerve to answer that ad and all! You better be pretty white to me or I'll snitch! I'll tell Angie you're writin' pink notes to Box 25, Evenin' News—Mr. Box 25! Say, can you beat it?"

Mame laughed in her throat, smoothed her frizzed blond hair, sold a paper of pins and an emery heart.

"Like fun you'll tell Angie! I got it all fixed to tell her I'm going to the picture show with you and George to-night."

"Before I'd let a old grouch like her lord it over me! It ain't like she was your sister or relation, or something—but just because you live together! Nix on that for mine!"

"She don't think a girl's got a right to be young or nothin'! Look at me—a regular stick-at-home! Gee!—a girl's got to have something!"

"Sure she does! Ain't that what I've been tryin' to preach to you ever since we've been chummin' together? You ain't a real old maid yet—you got real takin' ways about you and all; you ought to be havin' a steady of your own."

"Don't I know it!"

"Look how you got to do now—just because she never lets you go to dances or nothin' with us girls."

"She ain't never had it and she don't want me to have it."

"Say, tell it to the Danes! She ain't got them snappy black eyes of hers for nothin'. Whatta you live with her for? There ain't a girl up in the corsets that's got any use for her."

"She's been pretty white to me, just the samey—raised me and all when I didn't have no one. She's got her faults; but I kinda got the habit of livin' with her now—I got to stick."

"Gee! Even a stepmother like Carrie's 'll let you have fun once in a while. It's her own fault that you got to meet 'em in drug stores and take chances on ads and all."

"I'm just answerin' that ad for fun—I ain't in earnest."

"I've always been afraid of matrimonial ads and things like that. You know I was the first one to preach your gettin' out and gettin' spry—that's me all over! I believe in bein' spry; but I always used to say to maw before I was keepin' steady with George: 'Ads ain't safe!'"

"I ain't afraid!"

"Lola Flint, over in the jewelry, answered one once—'Respectable young man would like to make the acquaintance of a genteel young lady; red hair preferred.' And when she seen him he had only one eye and his left arm shot off."

"I ain't afraid! Say, if Effie Jones Lipkind can answer one, with her behind-the-counter stoop and squint, and get away with it, there ain't no reason why there ain't more grand fellows like Gus Lipkind writin' ads."

"Come out of the dark room, Til! Effie had two hundred saved up."

"I ain't ashamed of not havin' any steadies. Where's a straight-walkin' girl like me goin' to get 'em? Look at that rain, will you!—and me tellin' him I'd be there in tan, with red ribbon on the lapel!"

"Paper says rain for three days too. Angie's an old devil all-righty, or you could meet him in your flat."

"He's goin' to wear a white carnation and a piece of fern on his left coat lapel; and if he don't look good I ain't goin' up."

"What did he call hisself—'a bachelor of refined and retirin' habits'? Thank Gawd!—if I do say it—George is refined, but he ain't over-retirin'. It's the retirin' kind that like to sit at home in their carpet slippers instead of goin' to a picture show. Straighten that bin of pearl buttons, will you, Til? Say, how my feet do burn to-night! It's the weather—I might 'a' known it was goin' to rain."

Tillie ran a nervous finger down inside her collar; there was a tremolo in her quail-like voice:

"A fellow that writes a grand little letter like him can't be so bad—and it's better to have 'em retirin'-like than too fresh. Listen! It's real poetry-like: 'Meet me in the Sixth Avenue Drug Store, Miss 27. I'll have a white carnation and a piece of fern in my left buttonhole and a smile that won't come off; and when I spy the yellow jacket I'm comin' up and say "Hello!" And if I look good I want you to say "Hello!" back.'——The invisible hairpins only come by the box, ma'am. Umbrellas across the aisle, ma'am.——That ain't so bad for a start, is it, Mame?——Ten cents a box, ma'am."

"You got your nerve all-righty, Til—but, gee! I glory in your spunk! If I was tied to a old devil like Angie I'd try it too. Is the back of my collar all right, Til? Look at Myrtle out there, will you—how she's lovin' that mackintosh sale!"

"Water spots tan, don't it?" said Tillie.

At six o'clock the store finished its last lap with a hysterical singing of electric bells, grillingly intense and too loud, like a woman who laughs with a sob in her throat.

Tillie untied her black alpaca apron, snapped a rubber band about her cashbook, concealed it beneath the notion shelves and brushed her black serge skirt with a whiskbroom borrowed from stock.

"Good night, Mame! I guess you're waitin' for George, ain't you? See you in the mornin'—I'll have lots to tell you too."

"Good night, Til! Remember, if he turns out to be a model for a classy clothes haberdashery it was me put you on to the idea."

Tillie pressed a black felt sailor tight down on her head until only a rim of brown hair remained, slid into her black jacket and hurried out, with an army of workers treading at her slightly rundown heels and nerves.

Youth, even the fag-end of Youth, is like a red-blooded geranium that fights to bloom though transplanted from a garden bed to a tin can in a cellar window. A faint-as-dawn pink persisted in flowing underneath the indoor white of Miss Prokes' cheeks—the last rosy shadow of a maltreated girlhood, which too long had defied the hairline wrinkles, the notion counter with the not-to-be-used stool behind it, nine hours of arclight substitute for the sunshine on the hillside and the shade of the dell.

At the doors a taupe-colored dusk and a cold November rain closed round Tillie like a wet blanket. She shrank back against the building and let the army tramp past her. The column of girls dissolved into the stream like a garden hose spraying the ocean.

Broadway was black and shining as polished gunmetal, with reflections of its million lights staggering down into the wet asphalt. Umbrellas hurried and bobbed as if an army of giant mushrooms had suddenly risen; cabs skidded, honked, dodged, and doubled their rates; home-going New York bought evening papers, paid as it entered, and dangled from straps all the way to Bronx and Harlem firesides.

The fireside of the Bronx is the steam radiator. Its lullabies are sung before a gilded three-coil heater; its shaving water and kettle are heated on that same contrivance. It is of as much importance in apartment living as condensed milk and folding davenports.

All of which has little enough to do with Miss Tillie Prokes, except that in her lifetime she had hammered probably a caskful of nails into the tops of condensed-milk cans. Also she could unfold her own red-velvet davenport; cold-cream her face; sugar-water her hair and put it up in kids; climb into bed and fall asleep with a dispatch that might have made more than one potentate, counting sheep in his hair-mattressed four-poster, aguish with envy!

Miss Prokes yawned as she waited and regarded a brilliantly illuminated display window of curve-fingered ladies in exquisite waxen attitudes and nineteen-fifty crêpe-de-Chine gowns. Her breath clouded the plate glass and she drew her initials in the circle and yawned again.

With the last driblet of employees from the store, a woman cut diagonally through a group and hurried toward Miss Prokes.

"Come on, Tillie!"

"Gee! I was afraid you wouldn't have a umbrella, Angie. What made you so late? The rest of the corsets have gone long ago."

"Oh, I just stopped a minute to take a milk-and-rose-leaves bath—they're doin' it in our best families this year."

Tillie glanced at her companion sharply.

"What's the matter, Angie? You ain't had one of your spells again, have you? Your voice sounds so full of breath and all."

Angie pushed a strand of black-and-white hair up under her nestlike hat. Her small black eyes were too far back, and her face was slightly creased and yellow, like an old college diploma when it is fished out of the trunk to show the grandchildren.

"I just keeled over like a tenpin—that's all! It came on so sudden—while I was sellin' a dame a dollar-ninety-eight hipless—that even old Higgs was scared and went up to the emergency room with me hisself."

"Oh, Angie—ain't that a shame now!"

Tillie linked her arm in the older woman's and, with their joint umbrella slanted against the fine rain, they plunged into the surge of the street. Wind scudded the rain along the sidewalks; electric signs, all blurred and streaked through the mist, were dimmed, like gaslight seen through tears.

"We better ride home to-night, Angie—you with one of your spells, and this weather and all!"

"You must 'a' been clippin' your gilt-edge bonds this afternoon instead of sellin' buttons! It would take more'n only a bad heart and a rainstorm and a pair of thin soles to make me ride five blocks."

"I—I'll take your turn to-night for fixin' supper. You ain't feelin' well, Angie—I'll take your turn to-night."

They turned into a high-walled, black, crosstown street. The wind turned with them and beat javelin-like against their backs and blew their skirts forward, then shifted and blew against their breathing.

"Gawd!" said the older woman, lowering their umbrella against the onslaught. "Honest, sometimes I wish I wuz dead and out of it. Whatta we get out of livin' anyway?"

"Aw, Angie!"

"I do wish it!"

They leaned into the wind.

"I—I don't mind rain much. Me and Mame and George are going to the Gem to-night—they're showing the airship pictures over there. I ain't goin' unless you're feelin' all right though. They've got the swellest pictures in town over there."

"It's much you care about leavin' me alone or not when you can run round nights like a—like a ——"

"Don't begin, Angie! A girl's got to have fun once in a while! Gee!—the way you been holding on to me! I—I ain't even met the fellows like the other girls—all you think I like to do is sit home nights and sew! Look at the other girls! Look at Mamie Plute—she's five years younger'n me—only twenty-three; and she ——"

"That's the thanks I get for protectin' and watchin' and raisin' and ——"

"Aw, Angie, I ——"

"Don't Angie me!"

"I—I ain't a kid—the way you fuss at me!"

They turned into their apartment house. A fire-escape ran zigzag down its front and on each side of the entrance ashcans stood sentinel. At each landing of their four flights up a blob of gaslight filled the hallway with dim yellow fog, and from the cracks of closed doors came the heterogeneous smells of steam, hot vapors and damp—the intermittent crying of children.

After the first and second flights Miss Angie paused and leaned against the wall. Her breath came from between her dry lips like the exhaust of an engine, and beneath her eyes the parchment skin wrinkled and hung in small sacs like those under the eyes of a veteran pelican.

"You take your time comin', Angie. I'll go ahead and light up and put on some coffee for you—some real hot coffee."

Tillie ran lightly up the stairs. Through the opacity of the fog her small, dark face was outlined as dimly as a ghost's, with somber eyes burning in the sockets. Theirs was the last of a long hall of closed doors—drab-looking doors with perpendicular panels and white china knobs.

Tillie fitted in her key, groped along the shadowy mantel for a match and lighted a side gas jet. Her dripping umbrella traced a wet path on the matting. She carried it out into the kitchenette and leaned it in a corner of the sink. When Angie faltered in a moment later a blue-granite coffee pot was already beginning to burble on the two-burner gas-stove and the gentle sizzle of frying bacon sent a bluish haze through the rooms.

"Say, Angie, how you want your egg?"

"I don't want none."

"Sure, you do! I'll fry it and bring it in to you."

Angie flopped down on the davenport. Her skirt hung thick and dank about her ankles, and the back of her coat and her sleevetops were rain-spotted and wet-wool-smelling where the umbrella had failed to protect her.

She unbuttoned the coat and the front of her shirtwaist, unlaced her shoes and kicked them off her feet. In the sallow light her face, the ocher wallpaper, the light oak center table, the matting on the floor and the small tin trunk were of a color. She took up her shoes in one hand, her coat in the other, and slouched off to a small one-window box of a room, with an unmade cot and a straight chair two-thirds filling it.

Happy the biographers whose Desdemonas burrow damask cheeks into silken pillows—whose Persephones limp on slim ghost-feet through Lands of Fancy! Angie limped too—but in her flat-arched, stockinged feet and to an unmade, tousled bed. And all the handmaids of her sex—Love, Romance and Beauty—were strangely absent; or could the most sybaritic of biographers find them out?

Only half undressed she tumbled in, pulled the coverings tight up about her neck and turned her face to the wall. Poor Angie! Not Persephone, Desdemona, nor any of the Lauras, Catherines or Juliets, had ever sold corsets,

"Listen! 'Meet Me in the Sixth Avenue Drug Store, Miss 23'!"

faced the soul-racking problem of eight dollars a week, or been untouched by the golden wand that transforms life into the phantasmagoria of love.

Tillie spread her little meal on the golden-oak table in the front room.

"Come on, Angie—or if you ain't feelin' well I'll bring you in a bite."

"I ain't sick."

"Well, if you ain't sick, where did you get the grouch?"

"I'm comin' in if you give me time. Where's my wrapper?"

They dined in a desultory sort of way, with Tillie up and down throughout the meal for a breadknife, a cup of water, sugar for Angie's strong coffee.

"If you ain't feelin' good to-night I won't go, Angie."

"I'm feelin' all right—I'm used to sittin' home alone."

"If you talk like that—I won't go, then."

"Sure! You go on! Don't mind me."

"There's another corset sale advertised for to-morrow, ain't there? Gee! They don't care how many sales they spring on the girls down there, do they? Didn't you just have your semiannual clearin'?"

"Yes; but they got a batch of Queenly Shapes—two-ninety-eight—they want to get rid of. They're goin' to discontinue the line and put in the Straight-Front Flexibles."

Angie sipped her coffee in long draughts. Her black flannel wrapper fell away at the neck to reveal her unbleached throat with two knobs for neckbones.

"Let the dishes be, Angie—I'll do 'em in the morning. I wonder if it's raining yet? It's sure too cold to wear my old black. I'll have to wear my tan."

Rain beat a fine tattoo against the windows. Tillie crossed and peered anxiously out, cupping her eyes in her hand and straining through the reflecting windowpane at the undistinguishable sky; her little wrenlike movements and eyes were full of nerves.

"It'll be all right with an umbrella," she urged—"eh, Angie?"

"Yes."

Tillie hurried to the little one-window room. There were two carmine spots high on her cheekbones; as she dressed herself before a wavy mirror her lips were open and parted like a child's, and the breath came warm and fast between them.

"I'll be home early to-night, Angie. You sleep on the davenport. I don't mind the lumps in the cot."

She frizzed her front hair with a curling iron she heated in the fan of the gas flame, and combed out the little spring-tight curls until they framed her face like a fuzzy halo. Her pink lawn waist came high up about her neck in a trig, tight-fitting collar; and when she finally pressed on her sailor hat and slid into her warm-looking tan jacket the small magenta bow on her left coat lapel heaved up and down with her bosom.

"Say," she called through the open doorway, "I wish you'd see these seventy-nine-cent gloves, Angie—already split! How'd yours wear—huh?"

Silence.

"You care if I wear yours to-night, Angie?"

Silence.

"Aw, Angie, if you're sick why don't you say so and not go spoilin' my evening? Gee! If a girl would listen to you she'd have a swell time of it—she would! A girl's gotta have life!"

She fastened a slender gold chain with a dangling blue enamel heart round her neck.

"Aw, I guess I'll stay home! There ain't no fun in anything with you poutin' round like this."

Tillie appeared in the doorway, gloves in hand. Angie was still at the table; her cheek lay on the red-and-white tablecloth and her face was turned away. "Angie!"

The room was quiet with the ear-pressing silence of vacuum. Tillie crossed and, with hands that trembled a bit, shook the figure at the table. The limp arms slumped deeper and the waist-line collapsed like a mealsack tied in the middle.

"Angie, honey!" Tillie's hand touched a cheek that was cold, but not with a chill she knew.

Then Tillie cried out—the love-of-life cry of to-day and to-morrow and all the echoing and reëchoing yesterdays—and along the dim-lit hall the rows of doors opened as if she had touched their secret springs.

Hurrying feet—whispers—far-away faces—strange hands—a professional voice and cold, shining instruments—the silence of the tomb—a sheet-covered form on the red-velvet davenport! The fear of the Alone—the fear of the Alone!

Miss Angie's funeral day dawned ashen as dusk—a sodden day, with the same autumn rain beating its one-tone tap against the windows and ricochetting down the panes like tears down a woman's cheeks.

At seven, three alarm clocks behind the various closed doors down the narrow aisle of hallway sounded a simultaneous call to arms; and a fourth reveille, promptly muffled beneath a pillow, thridded in the tiny room with the rumpled cot and the wavy mirror.

Miss Mamie woke reluctantly, crammed the clock beneath the pillow of her strange bed and burrowed a precious moment longer in the tangled bedclothes. Sleep tugged at her tired lids and oppressed her limbs. She drifted for the merest second, floating off on the silken weft of a half-conscious dream. Then memory thudded within her and the alarm clock again thudded beneath the pillow. She sprang out of bed, brushed the yellow mat of hair out of her eyes and wriggled into her clothes in tiptoe haste.

"Til!" she cried, peering into the darkened room beyond, and pitching her voice to a raspy little whisper. "Why didn't you wake me?"

She veered carefully round the gloom-shrouded furniture and dim-shaped, black-covered object that occupied the center of the room into the kitchenette.

"I didn't mean to fall asleep, Til; honest, I didn't. Gee! Ain't I a swell friend to have, comin' to stay with you all night and goin' dead on you! But, honest, Til—may I die if it ain't so—with you away from the counter all day yesterday and the odds-and-ends sale on I was so tired last night I could 'a' dropped."

Tillie raised the gas flame and pushed the coffee pot forward. Through the wreath of hot steam her little face was far away and oyster-colored.

"Come on, Mame; I got your breakfast. Ain't it a day, though! Poor Angie—how she did hate the rain, and her havin' to be buried in it!"

"Ain't it a shame—and her such a good soul! Honest, Til, ain't it funny her bein' dead? Think of it—us home from the store and Angie dead! Who'd 'a' thought one of them heart spells would take her off?"

"I ain't goin' to let you stay here only up till noon, Mame. There's no use your gettin' docked a whole day. It's enough for me to go out to the cemetery. You report at noon for half a day."

"Like fun I'm goin' to work at noon! You think I'm goin' to quit you and leave you here alone! If Higgs don't like two of us bein' away from the counter the old skinflint knows what he can do! He can regulate our livin' with his stopwatch, but not our dyin'."

"There ain't nothin' for you to do round here, Mame—honest, there ain't—except ride 'way out there in the rain and lose a half a day. She—she's all ready in her black silk dress—all I got to do is follow her out now."

"Gawd! What a day too!"

"Carrie and Lil was goin' to stay with me this mornin' too; but I says to them, I says, there wasn't any use gettin' 'em down on us at the store. What's the use of us all gettin' docked when you can't do any good here? The undertaker's a nice-mannered man and he'll ride—ride out with me."

"You all alone and ——"

"Everything's fixed—they sent up her benefit money from the store, and I got enough for expenses and all; and she—she wouldn't want you to. She was a great one herself for never missin' a day at the store."

Large tears welled in Tillie's eyes.

"She was a grand woman!" said Mame, tears of sympathy in her own eyes, taking a bite out of her slice of bread and washing it down with a sip of coffee. "There—there wasn't a girl in the corsets wasn't cryin' yesterday when they was gettin' up the collection for her flowers."

Tillie's lower lip quivered and she set down her coffee untasted.

"She might have been a man-hater and strict with me, and all that but what did she have out of it? She was nothing but a drudge all her life! Since I was a cash girl she stuck to me like she—was my mother all-righty; and once, when I—I had the mumps, she—she ——"

Tillie melted into the wide-armed embrace of her friend and together they wept, with the tap-tapping of the rain on the window behind them and the coffee-pot boiling over through the spout, singing as it doused the gas flames.

"She used to mend my s-stockings on—on the sly."

"She was always so careful and all about you keepin' the right company—it was a grand thing for you that you had her to live with—I always used to say that to maw. And what a trade she had! She could look at your figure and lace you up in a straight-front quicker'n any of the young girls in the department!"

"I—I know it. Why, even in the Subway she could tell by just lookin' at a figure whether it was wearin' one of her double bones or girdle tops. If ever a soul deserved a raise it was Angie. She'd 'a' got it too!"

"She was a grand woman, Til!"

"You tell the girls at the store, Mame, I—I'm much obliged for the flowers. Angie would have loved 'em too; but gettin' 'em when she was dead didn't give her the chance to enjoy them."

"She's up in heaven, sittin' next to the gold-and-ivory throne now; and she knows they're here, Til—she can look right down and see 'em."

"I'm glad they sent her carnations, then—she loved 'em so!"

"I kinda hate to leave you at noon, Til—the funeral and all "

"It's all right, Mame. You can look at her asleep before you go."

They tiptoed to the front room and raised the shades gently. Angie lay in the cold sleep of death, her waxlike hands folded on her flat breast, and quiet, as if the grubbing years had fallen from her like a husk; and in their place was a madonna calm, a sleep and a forgetting. They regarded her, with the sobs rising in their throats.

"She looks just like she fell asleep, Til—only younger-like. And, say, but that is a swell coffin, dearie!"

Like Niobe, all tears, Tillie dabbed at her eyes and dewy cheeks.

"She was always kickin'—poor dear!—at havin' to pay a dime a week to the Mutual Aid; but she'd be glad if she could see—first-class undertakin' and all—everything paid for."

"I've kicked more'n once, too, but I'm glad I belong now. Honest, for a dime a week—silver handles and all. Poor Angie! Poor Angie!"

Poor Angie, indeed!—who never in all the forty-odd years of her life had been so rich; with her head on a decent satin pillow and a white carnation at her breast; her black-and-white dotted foulard dress draped skillfully about her; and her feet, that would never more ache, resting upward like a doll's in its box!

"Oh, ain't I all alone, though; ain't I, though!"

"Aw, Til!"

"I—I—— Oh ——"

"Watch out, honey—you're crushing all the grand white carnations the girls sent! Say, wouldn't Angie be pleased! Rest in Peace! it says. See, honey! Don't you cry, for it says for her to rest in peace; and there's the beautiful white dove on top and all—a swell white bird! Don't you cry, honey!"

"I—I won't."

"Me and George won't forget you. Honest, you never knew any one more sympathizing-like than George; there ain't a funeral that boy misses if he can help it. He's good at pall-bearing too. If it was Sunday instead of Friday that boy would be right on tap. There, dearie—don't cry!"

Again Mame's tears of real sympathy mingled with her friend's; and they wept in a tight embrace, with the hot tears falling.

At eleven o'clock a carriage and a black hearse embossed in Grecian urns drew up in the rain-swept street. Windows shrieked upward and heads leaned out. A passing child, scuttling along the bubbly sidewalks, ran his forefinger along the sweating glass side of the hearse, and a buttoned-up, oil-skinned driver flecked at him with his whip. Street cars grazed close to the carriage wheels, and once a grocery's delivery automobile skidded from its course and bumped smartly into the rear. The horses plunged and backed in their traces.

Mame reached her yellow head far out of the window.

"They're here, Til. I wish you could see the hearse—one that any one could be proud to ride in! Here, let me help you on with your coat, dearie. I hope it's warm enough; but anyway it's black. Say, if Angie could only see how genteel everything is! The men are comin' up here, lemme go to the door. Good mornin', gen'l'men! Step right in!"

Miss Angie's undertaker was all that she could have wished—a deep-eyed young man with his carefully brushed hair parted to the extreme left and swept sidewise across his head; and his hand inserted like a Napoleon's between the second and third buttons of his long black coat.

"Good morning, Miss Prokes! It's a sad day, ain't it?"

Tears trembled along her lids.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lux—it's a sad day!"

"A sad, sad day!" he repeated, stepping farther into the room, with his two attendants at a respectful distance behind him.

There were no rites. Tillie mumbled a few lines to herself out of a little Bible with several faded-ribbon bookmarks dangling from between the pages.

"This was poor Angie's book. I'll keep it for remembrance."

"Poor Angie!" said Mame.

"'In the midst of life we are in death,'" said Mr. Lux. "If you're all ready now we can start, Miss Prokes. Don't be scared, little missy."

There was a moment of lead-heavy silence; then the two attendants stepped forward, and Tillie buried her face and ears on Mame's sympathetic shoulder. And so Angie's little procession followed her.

"I'm all for goin' along, Mr. Lux; but Tillie's that bent on my goin' back to the store for the half day. I—I hate to let her go out there alone and all."

"I'm goin' out in the carriage myself, missy. There ain't a thing a soul could do for the little girl. I'll see that she ain't wantin' for nothin'—a Lux funeral leaves no stone unturned."

"You—you been awful good to me, Mame! I'll be back at the store Monday."

"Good-by, honey! Here, let me hold the umbrella while you get in the carriage. Ain't this a day though! I'll go back upstairs and straighten up a bit before I go to the store. Good-by, honey! Just don't you worry!"

A few rainbeaten passers-by huddled in the doorway to watch the procession off. Heads leaned farther from their windows. Within the hearse the Dove of Peace titillated on its white-carnation pillow as it moved off.

Tillie sank back against a soft corner of the carriage's black-rep upholstery punctured ever so often with deep-sunk buttons. There was a wide strap dangling beside the window for an arm rest and a strip of looking-glass between the front windows.

"I hope you are comfortable, little missy. If I say it myself our carriages are comfortable—that's one thing about a Lux funeral. There ain't a Trust concern in the business can show finer springs or better upholstery. But it's a easy matter to take cold in this damp. I've seen 'em healthy as a herring go off just like that!" said Mr. Lux, snapping his fingers to emphasize the precipitousness of sudden death.

"I ain't much of a one to take cold—neither was poor Angie. There wasn't a girl in the corsets had a better constitution than poor Angie. She always ailed a lot with her heart; but we never thought much of it."

"I thought she was your sister; but they say she was just your friend."

"Yes; but she was all I had—all I had!"

"Such is life!"

They crept through the city streets—stopping to let cars rumble past them—pulling up sharply before reckless pedestrians; then a smooth bowling over a bridge as wide as a boulevard and out into the rain-sopped country, with leafless trees stretching their black arms against a rain-swollen sky, and the wheels cutting the mud road like a knife through cold grease.

"Angie would have loved this ride! She was always hatin' the rich for ridin' when she couldn't "

"There ain't a Trust company in town can beat my carriages. I got a fifty-dollar, one-carriage funeral here that can't be beat'"

"Everything is surely fine, Mr. Lux."

"Lemme cover your knees with this rug, missy. We have one in all the carriages. You look real worn-out, poor little missy. It's a sad day for you. Here, sit over on this side—it's quit rainin' now and I'll open the window."

The miles lengthened between them and the city, the horses were mud-splashed to their flanks. They turned into a gravel road and up an incline of drive. At its summit the white monuments of the dead spread in an extensive city before them—a calm city, with an occasional cross standing boldly against the sky.

"Lots of these were my funerals," explained Mr. Lux. "That granite block over there—this marble-base column I buried old man Snift of the Bronx last July. There've been four Lux funerals in that family the past two years. His cross over there's the whitest Carrara in this yard."

Tillie turned her little tear-ravaged face toward the window, but her eyes were heavy and without life.

"I—I don't know what I'd do if you wasn't along, Mr. Lux! I—I'm scared!"

"I'm here—don't you worry! Don't you worry! I'm just afraid that little lightweight jacket ain't warm enough."

"I got a heavier one; but this is mournin', and it's all I got in black."

"It's not the outside mournin' that counts for anything, missy—it's the crape you wear on your heart!"

*The Room Was Quiet With the Ear-Pressing Silence of Vacuum*

They buried Angie on a modest hillside, where the early sun could warm her and where the first spring anemones might find timid place. The soggy, new-turned earth filled up her grave with muffled thumps that fell dully on Tillie's heart and tortured her nerve-ends.

"Oh!—oh!—oh!" Her near-the-surface tears fell afresh and when the little bed was completed, and the pillow of peace placed at its head, she was weak and tremble-lipped, like a child who has cried itself into exhaustion.

"Ah, little missy!" said Mr. Lux, breathing outward and passing his hand over his side-swept hair. "Life is lonely, ain't it? Lonely—lonely, little missy!"

"Y-yes," she said.

The rain had ceased, but a cold wind flapped Tillie's skirts and wrapped them about her limbs. The two were silhouetted on their little hilltop against the slate-colored sky, and all about them were the marble monoliths and the Rocks of Ages of the dead.

"Good-by, Angie!" she said through her tears. "Good-by, Angie!" And they went down the hillside, with the wind tugging at their hats, into their waiting carriage, and back as they had come, except that the hearse rolled swifter and lighter, and the raindrops had dried on the glass.

(Continued on Page 73

# The Wild West in New Jersey

The Outlaws Shoot Up the Town

The Ranch Barn Opens Fire

By WILL IRWIN

WHEN Carroll Fleming, moving-picture director, received orders to produce that six-reel feature film which sets forth the crimes and reform of Our Hero, he selected Sparta Township, New Jersey, as the best imitation of the Wild West convenient to the city of New York.

It was early April; this was to be the first outdoor work of the year. Also, it was raining dismally and chronically. Nevertheless, Fleming proceeded to Ogdensburg at once. Clad in a slicker and esquired by Perry Horton, his assistant, and Dick Fryer, his camera man, he rode over all the mountain roads and bypaths within a five-mile radius of Ogdensburg, picking locations.

As he rode he thumbed the scenario, picking bits of landscape for each of the smaller scenes. Finally, one rainy, dismal afternoon, he came across a hill into sight of a group of buildings and knew that his mission in Ogdensburg was completed. There below him, in a valley, lay a log farmhouse, with a big log barn and a springhouse, resembling in all essential details that photograph of the ranch house which had been sent him from the West.

Stopping only long enough to strike a bargain with the farmer and arrange for that log corral which was to transform the farm into a Western home ranch, he rode back to Ogdensburg and inquired about the railroad situation.

Some twenty miles away, he found, lies the Wharton and Northern Railroad, which connects the Lackawanna Railroad at Wharton with the Susquehanna Railroad at Charlotteburg. Midcourse of its ten miles runs a spur track, used only for an occasional haul of coal. This seemed to be the appropriate and useful setting for the Great Train Robbery scene. He might rob trains there all day, unmolested by through traffic. He ran up to Charlotteburg, inspected the location, found it all that description painted, and looked up the railroad officials. They would be charmed with the honor of having their line robbed. They further agreed to furnish, for a reasonable consideration, a train of three coaches, together with an express car and an engine.

### Collecting the Sheriff's Posse

FLEMING left Perry Horton, his assistant, to arrange all the final bargains, and sent Van Houten, the head carpenter, to Ogdensburg. During the further preliminary stages of the work Van Houten put up the corral at the ranch, made new windows to replace those that were to be shot out by the posse, cut trails into difficult locations, trimmed away such branches as seemed likely to interfere with the camera, stained new saddles with varnish and russet dressing, and performed a thousand other bits of detail work. They call him a carpenter because the moving-picture business has not yet developed its own slang. In reality he is a Jack-of-all-trades, including some invented only since the moving picture came in.

Meantime Fleming was working like a dynamo at New Rochelle, that suburb of New York where the company maintains its studio and its main offices. He had instructions to go as far as he thought necessary in the matter of expense. Now, Fleming loves a spectacular effect as he loves his art; and "Spend money where the audience will see it" is his motto.

He planned, first of all, a big posse—"Enough to fill the camera—not less than forty," he said; "and horses that can do a few stunts."

As it turned out he was looking for riders and horses in rather a bad season. The New York supply of real Western riders and good-looking broncos depends largely on the ebbs and fluxes of the circus business. This was the season when the tent shows and Bill shows had come out of winter quarters and taken to the road. Through all the trade channels went the call for riders—real riders.

Among the extra people attached to the home company were some who filled the bill. The Hippodrome was just closing; Fleming secured half a dozen old Hippodrome dare-devils, inured to any neck-breaking feat, from diving out of a moving automobile to riding a wild horse. Others drifted in by twos and threes. Jack Casey, horse wrangler of the outfit, would take the candidates into a vacant lot back of the studio, put them successively on two lively horses, which he kept for the purpose, and try them out. The man who could show him a flying mount on the good horse, or could stay on the bucking horse, was sure of his job.

So, in course of time Casey accumulated at least a dozen men who had really seen service on the cattle ranges between the Rio Grande and the Yellowstone, a brace of ex-cavalrymen, a former mounted policeman, several vaudeville actors of the class that is game for any public performance, a stage lariat thrower out of a job, some exercise boys, a disbarred jockey, and two young gentleman athletes but lately expelled from college. There were others, too, whose past did not appear; but they rode with a military seat. George Rose, once champion bronco-buster of the world and later a star in a Bill show, made application and was snapped up for a "speaking" part.

During the last week Casey stumbled on Johnnie Franz. A veteran cowboy of the Rio Grande country, and later a rider in a Bill show, he had come up to look for a summer job. He brought a beautiful cream-colored horse, a three-hundred-dollar stamped-leather saddle and bridle, and a pair of silver-studded chaps which resembled for fullness a divided skirt. He was discovered sitting before a stable in Jersey City engaged in plaiting a quirt and expressing his opinion of Mexicans, which was low.

The Sleepy Life of the Town Went On as Usual

### How the Stars Were Welcomed

BY THIS time Perry Horton and Billy Knowles, assistants, had finished dredging New York for costumes and props. The Wild West on an extensive scale was a new project for this company; it had not, like some others more experienced in that business, accumulated a supply of saddles, chaps, scabbards, sombreros and boots. Perry and Billy raked the second-hand stores and the costumers' shops. At the end of their resources, they sent forth the newly employed posse to assist in the hunt. Strangely, boots—the thin-vamped, high-heeled boots of the Old West—were hardest of all to find.

In two days Casey had raised his quota of horses, including a dozen jumpers, some smart park horses, a team of six broncos who do a pony-rider act in a Bill show, a few other nondescript Western horses, and some scrubby thoroughbreds that looked, to the uneducated eye, like mustangs.

Two special horse cars took the livestock and their trappings up to Ogdensburg, which lies among the little mountains of New Jersey, forty-five miles from New York as the crow flies, but three or four hours away as the Susquehanna Railroad runs. With them went the forty riders and such actors as would be necessary in the early scenes. Ogdensburg is a one-street village; but, because of the zinc mines near by, it has two small hotels. Franklin Furnace, three miles away, has two more. We filled all four hotels to overflowing; the riders slept two in a bed and two beds to the room. The women of the cast and a few of the principals established themselves in the only available rooming house. For his livestock Casey commandeered all the stables in the country roundabout.

The next day Fleming himself arrived, with the star. The riders, fully appreciating their own dramatic value, prepared for them a welcome. The six-forty-one train pulled into Ogdensburg with no more fuss and flourish than usual. The station agent was busy with a baggage truck; the postmaster, his buckboard drawn up against the curb, smoked his pipe as he waited for the mail sacks; the lone passenger for Franklin Furnace, a traveling salesman, sat on his suitcase, half asleep; three or four loafers awaited the one exciting event of the day. It furnished more excitement than they could have imagined.

As the train shrieked round the corner one might have heard the distant beat of hoofs. As it drew into sight and slowed down a volley of pistol shots sounded from behind the freight cars. As it stopped, an avalanche of horsemen swept full speed into sight—a whirlwind of tossing manes, flapping sombreros, brandished weapons and swirling

revolver smoke. The forty horsemen halted short at the platform, pulling up the horses to their haunches. Two men alighted from the train. The riders "threw down" their guns.

The two men, getting the spirit of the occasion, put up their hands. Whereupon three nervous old ladies among the passengers went clear under a seat and one farmer hid his money behind the steampipes. Then Charlie Robbins, the rope thrower, cast his hair lariat fair and true about both of his men and held them tied. After which the raiders dismounted and Casey introduced every one to the director and the star. Then the train pulled out, the passengers laughing and chattering over the joke on themselves.

Charlie released his lariat.

"Put all that ginger into it to-morrow, boys, and you'll stand ace-high with me," remarked Fleming. He drew up his long, lean Kentucky figure and waved a flowing actor gesture toward a cloudless horizon. "Looks like a fine day coming. The bugle blows at six-thirty, and I want a thousand feet of film to-morrow."

During the next three weeks Ogdensburg, New Jersey, had a double entity. Within its old wooden houses the sleepy life of the town went on as usual; but externally it had become like Dodge City in the good old days. A line of horses, caparisoned in stamped leather, furnished forth with forty-pound saddles, chewed at the fresh bark on the rails before the hotels. The streets were lively with big, slouching fellows in silver-studded chaps, flapping sombreros and red bandanna handkerchiefs. Gentlemen and ladies whose painted faces looked oddly unnatural in the full sunlight, loafed on the hotel piazzas, swapping cigarettes and anecdotes or doing crochet work, according to their sexes.

At any moment the street might be startled by the rush of hoofs or the popping of forty-five-caliber pistols. The truancy records of the Ogdensburg primary school ran one hundred per cent. By night the strange, foreign flavor of the town increased rather than diminished. The riders, living in limited quarters, found it inconvenient to change clothes when their day's work was done; and all the evening the hitherto quiet parlors and billiard rooms at Case's and Sweeney's were an exact imitation of the Red Dog. From the night when we established our quarters, Carroll Fleming became the busiest man on earth. Perhaps I had better state some of the elements in his problem.

### *Fleming's Busy Day*

THE scenario, as turned over to him by Lloyd Lonergan, scenario writer of the company, and revised by Fleming for his own practical uses, comprised two hundred and sixty-two scenes. Some of these scenes would run only ten feet—mere flashes on the screen. Some would be two hundred feet long. Of these about sixty were interiors; they would be produced at New Rochelle when the outdoor work was done. The two hundred or more outside scenes required at least thirty or forty locations. The most striking and difficult of these locations had been found during Fleming's preliminary voyage of inspection; the others must be picked up as we went along. Bargaining for locations and imagining for them the touches necessary to make the Wild West out of New Jersey were enough work for any one man. Fleming did all this in the intervals of his artistic cases.

Some lively minded owners of locations were glad to have us with them just for the excitement; they handed round refreshments and refused to take any money. Once, on the other hand, Fleming, escorted by his cowboys, rode up to a most picturesque farmhouse. He drew up and started to dismount, when the housewife came running to the door.

"No, sir!" she shrieked. "You take no pictures of my house!"

*The Escaping Outlaws*

Now the ignorant outsider probably thinks—as I thought when I joined the troupe—that a moving picture is produced consecutively—Scenes 1, 2, 3, and so on, in order, just as they are shown on the screen. Nothing is further from the truth. Count out the studio scenes at once. Then we are dealing with photography, which is the slave of the sun. Certain effects can be obtained only at a certain time of day. One of our scenes showed the den of the robbers. For this cave Fleming had located the abandoned mouth of an old zinc mine, dug, so the historian of Sussex County informed us, long before the American Revolution. The sun shines directly into that hole for only a few minutes each afternoon. We had a number of silhouettes and night scenes. A night scene is taken, of course, in full sunlight. Later it is stained in the developing room; but in order to get the proper basis for staining the operator must shoot toward the sun at an angle impossible in ordinary still photography.

*The Great Train Robbery*

Our locations strewed a radius of seven or eight miles from Ogdensburg. For obvious reasons the director, on moving forty-seven horses and half a ton of paraphernalia to any location, tried to finish there before moving on. The ranch, for example, was the location for scenes in all the first four reels—it ran in and out of the whole story. We spent two days at the ranch and finished that location completely.

The consequence is that chronology goes by the board. The very first scene we took was Number 51 in the scenario; the next, Number 142, and the next, Number 14. Scenes 1, 2 and 3, which happened to be exteriors, were taken nearly two weeks after we invaded Ogdensburg; while Scene 4 had to wait for the period of studio work.

This introduces a bewildering problem of detail. We have taken Scene 23, say. It includes a dozen people, all in striking and individual costumes. A week from now we shall come to Scene 24, which brings these same people to another locality a few minutes later. We are just as likely, also, to reverse the order and produce Scene 24 a week before Scene 23. Now, the spectator will see that passage of time in the flash of an eye. If an actor wears a bow tie in Scene 23 and appears with a four-in-hand in Scene 24 the illusion is ruined.

### *Black or Gray?*

THE actors are supposed to remember every detail of their costumes, and usually they do; but such important details cannot be left to the memories of subordinates. Some one has to keep accurate check. That some one in our troupe was Billy Knowles, the second assistant, who acted as a kind of company clerk. As the camera man worked, Billy filled a blank book with notes on costumes, make-up and accessories. Once both Billy and the actor made a slip that illustrates the pitfalls of costume. The camera was being set up for a scene when Morris Foster, who played one of the important bandits, cast an anxious eye toward the director and inquired:

"Billy, was I wearing my gray coat or my black in that jumping scene?"

The jumping scene, as the scenario ran, came just before the picture we were about to take, which represented the bandits eluding the posse.

Knowles ran over his notes. He had failed to put down the color of Foster's costume. Knowles and Foster looked blankly into each other's eyes for a moment before they got up courage to break the news to the director. His excellent memory had failed for once. The rest of us joined the controversy. The star was of the opinion it was black. I believed it was gray. By now Foster had no opinion of his own, so confused had he grown. We could not appeal to the film; that was in New Rochelle, five hours away, under process of development. Suddenly the director remembered that I had been taking snapshots of camp life on the day when we produced that scene, and that we had the prints in the pockets of the automobile. In one of them appeared the figure of Foster, no bigger than a pin, but black. And so we resumed the practice of our art.

Perhaps by now I have given some idea of the veritable Chinese puzzle that confronted our director when he sat down every evening at the desk of Case's Hotel to plan the next day's work. Nor have I even begun to state all his problems.

"I must be a stage manager, a stage carpenter, a photographer, a diplomat, a weather prophet, a nurse for artistic temperaments and a playwright," he remarked once.

Being a ready-reference playwright, a minuteman of literature, formed not the least of his functions.

The scenario of a moving-picture play is a mere outline, resembling that rough scenario of a stage play which an established playwright will frequently submit to a dramatic manager. Later, the author of that scenario will fill it in

*Morning Mail*

with dialogue. Those gestures, actions and accessories that make the equivalent of dialogue in a moving-picture play must be furnished by the director as he goes along. Some of his best effects result from long study and thought; others just as good are inspirations of the moment. Once, for example, we had just set up the camera for a scene that read in the scenario about as follows:

"Number 165: The marshals scour the country for the bandits. They ask citizens along the road where the bandits have gone."

As Fleming started to rehearse this scene, George Rose came galloping up in a state of joyful excitement.

"Hey, boss," he cried as he drew up, "there's a little mule team coming down there—great stuff!" Fleming mounted a horse and galloped back after George.

It was a real discovery—an old country couple driving two mules to a buckboard! Fleming threw himself from his horse. "Will you and your wife rent me this team and yourselves for half an hour?" asked Fleming.

"Land sakes! What for?" inquired the woman, finding tongue first.

"Moving pictures—acting!" explained Fleming. "Two dollars!"

"Well, we were going ——" began the husband, and "We never learned to act ——" began the wife.

"That's all right—take only a moment," interrupted Fleming, gently but firmly turning the heads of the mules down the road.

As he trotted back beside his captives Fleming expanded his plot. By the time he had rehearsed the old couple, shaken some of their embarrassment out of them, persuaded them not to look at the camera and to behave naturally, the title for that scene read:

"The nester couple puts the marshals on the wrong scent."

However, those evening executive sessions made no allowance for chance gifts of the gods like these. Every contingency of plot and expression must be provided for in advance. Here Fleming would sit, smoking a cigar and drinking an occasional cup of strong tea, with Perry Horton, his chief of staff; Billy Knowles, his company clerk; Jack Casey, his cavalry commander, and Dick Fryer, his artillery expert, draped over the desk in picturesque clothes and attitudes, and a composite of Fleming's conversation sounded about like this:

*The Marshal Leads the Pursuit. "A Long Man on a Long Horse"*

### *Working Out the Details*

"DICK, does the light hit that bandit hang-out early in the morning? All right; then we'll do the last stand of the bandits first and get in Scene 171 on our way out. Then I want to clean up the cabin scenes in the afternoon. Have Cromwell run the auto back to bring up lunch. Van! Where's Van Houten? Say, Van, get that corral door hung—we want to retake that ranch stuff on Tuesday. And have you laid that log across the road for the last stand of the bandits? All right. Perry, how about that cabin location? Ten dollars? Offer 'em two. I like to enrich Ogdensburg, but sudden wealth won't be good for 'em. Billy, weren't the bandits unshaved in Scene 170? And Jackson's gone and shaved! Slap some black on him. And, say, don't put too much lip rouge on those bandits. Probably they look like soubrettes in the film. Jack, is that little roan still lame? All right. We'll just flash him.

"Now, how's this for the last stand of the bandits? We throw in another scene—flash the wagon in the distance with the seventy-five-millimeter lens just as the team gets to the ford. Then shoot the camera right against the log for a close-up of the marshal disposing his men. Lindberg—where's Lindberg? Now, Lindberg, we're through the close-up. All right. Just as the wagon gets inside the line and registers, you rise up and throw down your gun and register Halt! Get that in plain. Who'll be driving? Oh, yes, Foster! Now Foster slews the wagon round so we look straight inside. Charlie, have you seen about putting the canvas cover on the wagon? What's that? You can't get the wagon to-morrow? Holy cats! If we have just one piece of luck with this picture I'll go bats!"

By now Fleming had completely forgotten his audience. His unseeing eye fixed on the beer sign over Mr. Case's desk, he was composing dialogue out loud. This would continue until, with a sudden "Woof!" of weariness, he would settle back in his chair and proclaim that any one who mentioned picture to him for the rest of that evening would have his head bitten off. All of which is ahead of the story.

The first scene comprised the corner by Case's Hotel with a dozen horses hitched to the rail. This was titled in the scenario: "The courier informs the posse of the robbery." A few cowboys were to be discovered squatting on their spurs and talking when the messenger dashed up. These cowboys and the messenger must appear large and close-up on the film. Now the field of a moving-picture camera, while very wide in the distance, narrows greatly where it approaches the lens. At the front of the field of vision the lines, as drawn out on the ground with a stick by the director's assistant, come down to a little box, so confined that four or five actors must mind their steps to avoid going out of the picture altogether.

These outdoor scenes, involving, as they must, the uncertain motions of horses, are usually not rehearsed. The director simply explains what he wants, tries it with the camera working, and retakes it if the first attempt fails. In this case, however, he held a rehearsal to see whether he could get six cowboys and the action of a horse, drawn suddenly to its haunches, into that narrow field. He found it practicable.

"All right!" he said. "Stand by to take! Now, when I blow the whistle once the courier starts. When I blow it twice you fellows back there register alarm, mount, and scoot out to the right, past the camera. I want flying mounts; and don't come too near the lens. All ready?"

The whistle blew; the courier, waiting far down the road for a fast start, gave his steed the spur; all Ogdensburg, watching from the piazza of Sweeney's across the street, held its breath.

"Camera!" yelled Fleming.

Fryer, the one calm amidst these storms, began to turn his reel. The cowboys in the foreground broke into a stage laugh.

The courier dashed among them, pulled up his horse and began to gesticulate. The group sprang up in excitement—all but one. As the horse stopped he took an unexpected side step and one of his hoofs banged into the ankle of Jack Casey. Casey uttered a grunt, reached toward his ankle, remembered where he was and limped to his feet, his face struggling to register surprise when it should register pain.

"Can you mount, Jack?" asked Fleming.

"Yes," muttered Casey through his expression of surprise.

"All right! Stand by!" yelled Fleming.

He blew the whistle twice. The posse, waiting with a crouching start, leaped into the field of vision; the small truants of Ogdensburg shrieked and danced with excitement on the piazza opposite, so that the pickets, thrown out for just such emergencies, must clutch at them to keep them out of the picture; and rider after rider threw rein over the head of his waiting steed, urged him riderless into the field of vision and vaulted from the ground to his back.

### *Jean Moore's Ticklish Moment*

ALL but one! In the midst of this meat-mill Jean Moore had clutched horn and cantle in the approved first motion of the flying mount when the cantle of his old, battered cow-saddle broke off and turned in his hand Under his horse he went. The horse, a big, spirited roan, reared and plunged. Back of him came six more riders, who were trying to keep in the picture and out of his way. That was impossible in those narrow quarters. If he once let go the grip of his left hand on the horn he was likely to be trampled to death.

He went on, sometimes managing to run a stride or so, sometimes dragged, his horse meantime covering the ground in a series of nervous jumps varied by rearing plunges. And then—the saddle began to turn! At this ticklish moment another rider, with presence of mind, reached out and struck the struggling horse across the neck with his quirt. The horse leaped aside from the press and brought up short against a barn just as the saddle turned. The rider sprawled into the gutter.

"Are you hurt?" yelled Fleming.

"No," murmured a feeble voice from the ground.

"Where does that line run, Dick?" inquired Fleming. "Oh, damn! Why couldn't it have happened in the camera?"

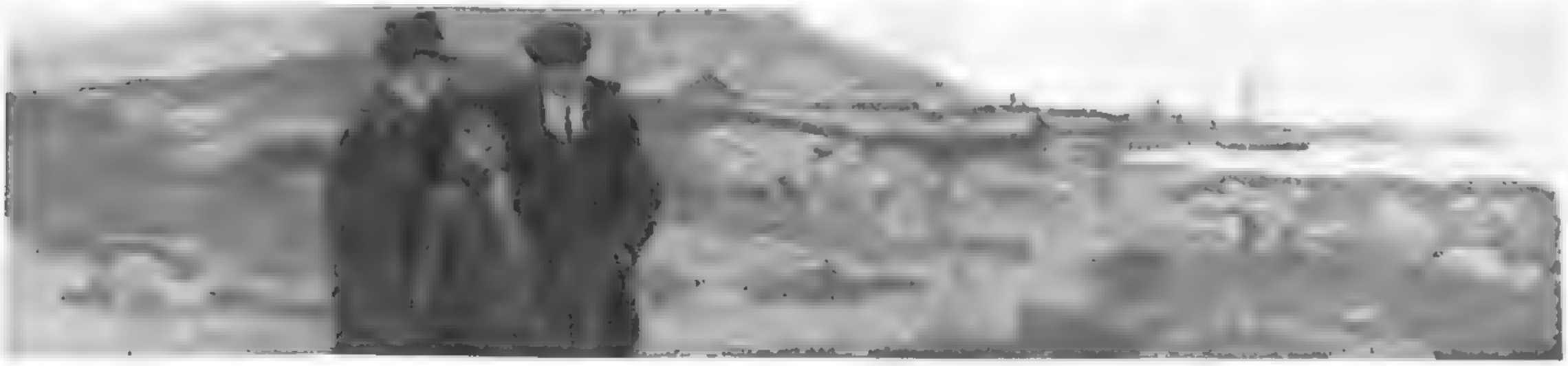
The camera was next established in front of the town bakery, where its field caught the sweep of Main Street,

(Continued on Page 49)

*Holding Up the Lady Passenger*

*"Filming" the Den of the Outlaws*

# A WILD-GOOSE CHASE



"How Many Ships These Stones Have Seen Go By to the North"

IV

## By Edwin Balmer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

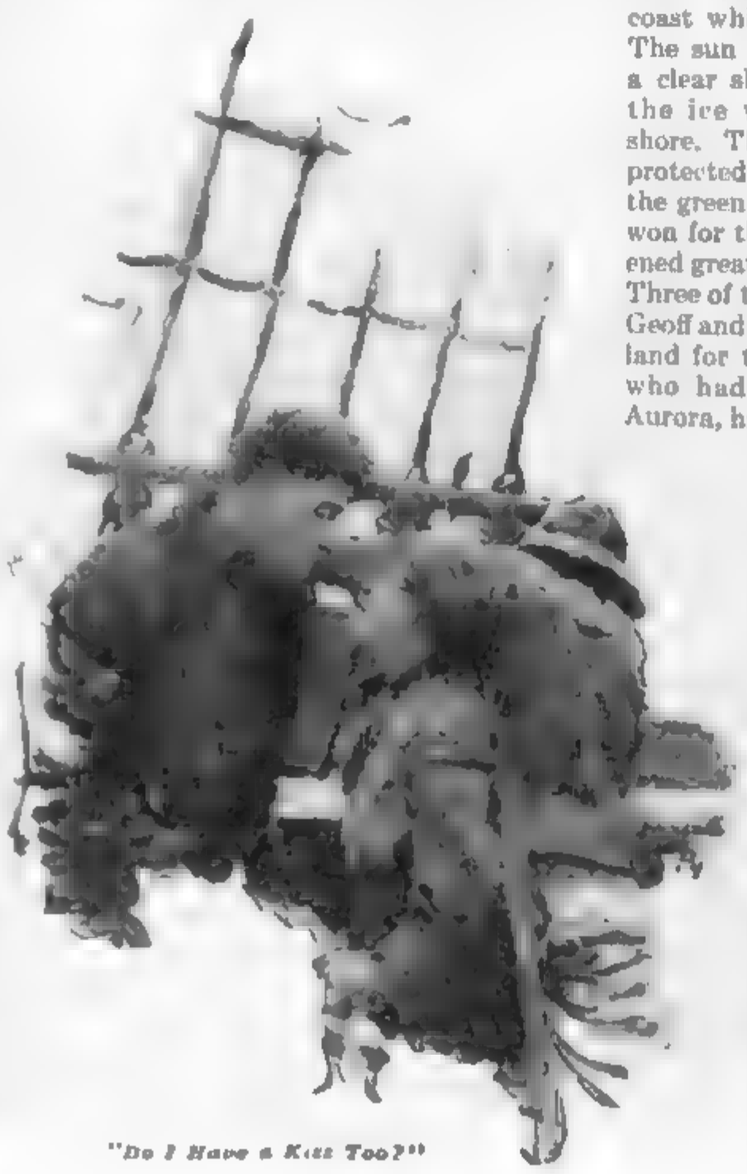
THE Arctic continent of Greenland stretches down from Peary Land, which is the most northerly land known to exist, more than sixteen hundred miles to the south to Cape Farewell, which has been known to white men longer than any other land in the western half of the world.

More than a thousand years ago—the exact date is 872—King Harold, The Fairhair, of Norway, fought in the fiord of Hafurs one of the great decisive naval battles. He fought the jarls, or independent princes of his land, in a battle of viking against viking, at a time when the flaxen-haired men of the North were the mightiest warriors of Europe, when they harried at will the coasts of France, England and the Baltic and held broad duchies and kingdoms under tribute, and when they sailed their shield-sided ships into the Mediterranean and crushed with their axes the helmets of Magyar and Saracen.

These jarls and vikings were not men to submit when they were beaten. So, when Harold Fairhair conquered, they spread to find new lands of their own over the sea. Some conquered and occupied counties of England; some established themselves in Gaul; some at Dublin and Limerick; others overran Scotland, the Orkneys and Shetlands, and some sailed on to Iceland. Picked men these were, the strongest and most daring of the boldest stock of Europe.

Now, in the records of those vikings who reached and occupied Iceland it is written that in 876 a sailor named Gunnbiorn was driven by foul weather to a land still farther west, where his ship was locked in ice. He and his men managed to pass the winter till spring freed them and they returned to Iceland and told of the new land. But a hundred years passed before any one proved the story. Then in Norway one Eric the Red killed a man in a quarrel and ran to refuge in Iceland. Quarreling again with his neighbors, he killed several and took his ship and his followers and fled to find Gunnbiorn's land in the West. He rounded that southern cape now called Farewell, and as it was summer he found the grass green and the land sunny and smiling. He settled and sent for more bold men, who came with their families and household goods and their cattle and founded two colonies about the fiords on the west coast of Greenland which looks toward Labrador. There they lived and increased and prospered from the year 1000 for more than three hundred years. In their two settlements they numbered some thousands, and they were sent bishops from Rome, and they paid to the pope their tithes in oxhides, seal-skins and walrus ivory. Then ships were wrecked and communication with them was interrupted. When after many years another ship came to Greenland, the fiords were deserted; the stone houses, churches, cattle barns and sheep pens stood echoing empty. The first men to tempt the Arctic had disappeared into it. Thousands of the sons of the boldest blood of Europe with their flocks and herds and horses had vanished; and no man remained to say how or where they had gone.

A few straggling Eskimos came to the coasts to fish and spear seals. Danes, who now claimed the land, arrived and married Esquimos. They left the old ruins of the Norsemen and built their own dwellings. These people form the present population of Southern Greenland, who kill the eider duck and prepare the skins, try out the seal and whale oil and take the polar bear and fox pelts which bring each summer to the settlements the ships of the Royal Danish Trading Company.



"Do I Have a Kiss Too?"

One of these vessels, flying the crimson and white-crossed flag of Denmark, was steering up the West Greenland coast from Cape Farewell when a steam yacht with the pennant of the New York Yacht Club at its peak appeared from the southwest.

The yacht—the Inca, owned by Howard Bradley of New York—was known in as many harbors of the world as any other ship sailing purely for pleasure. Her owner and his wife had taken the vessel to visit at least one port of every country with a sea coast; her keel had scraped the bars of a hundred tropical rivers, and a score of times she had scurried for shelter into the basins of equatorial atolls.

Lands to the north too were known to her—the Faroes, Iceland, Tromsö; and she had come to this same Greenland coast four years before, when Bradley and his wife had been hosts to half the Aurora party as far as Julianehaab, as now they were entertaining on board four of those who were to go into the Arctic on the newly chartered Viborg.

These four—Margaret Sherwood and her brother, with Price Latham and Dr. Otto Koehler—now stood with their hosts at the bow of the yacht while Bradley pointed out the little islets and the fiords of the rugged, mountainous coast which they were nearing. The sun was high and warm in a clear sky; and as it was July the ice was cleared from the shore. The snow, save for a few protected patches, was gone; and the green of the grass, which had won for the land its name, brightened great patches of the hillsides. Three of the guests, Margaret and Geoff and Latham, gazed upon this land for the first time. Koehler, who had been surgeon on the Aurora, had been one of Bradley's guests on the Inca before.

"Settlements of the Julianehaab district—Eskimo, mixed Danish—are ahead there," the host pointed. "The trading ship seems to be making for them too." The Danish vessel was a little ahead. "The Eskimos have seen us from shore, of course. Here come the boats!"

Rising and falling with the sweep of the easy shore swell a line of tiny forms appeared within the green water. They dashed nearer and showed themselves to be long, sharp-pointed skin boats, only as wide as the waist of the boatman and driven swiftly by two-bladed paddles, plunged into the sea first to right and then to left by strong, skillful arms. A few of the kayaks turned to accompany the Danish trading ship; but most of them raced on toward the yacht, as it was the stranger and more curious visitor. Laughing and shouting, the Eskimos paddled up. They spun their boats about, and overturned and righted themselves unharmed for the applause that greeted them. The yacht slowed to the speed of the tiny skin craft and, guided by the Eskimos' cries and directions, steered cautiously toward the fiord.

"Ask them if the Viborg has been sighted," Margaret requested, and Koehler shouted down in the Danish-Eskimo dialect.

No. The Eskimos were familiar with the ship but did not know it was expected back. Doubtless the visitors wished to buy dogs?

The Danish ship reached protection and came to anchor. Already it was beset by clamoring natives. The Inca brought up its bevy of boats; the yacht's turbines stopped; the anchor slipped down.

A strip of civilization three hundred and thirty feet long had been suddenly inserted into an Eskimo community. The people on that strip were still living as if in the most modern city, surrounded by servants, with bedrooms and dressing rooms and baths in suite, library and drawing rooms. They dressed for dinner, as at home, and sat about a mahogany table laden with food that was cooked by a French chef and served by English stewards.

As Margaret and her brother looked over the rail at the sod and stone huts and tents on the shore and at the swarthy, semibarbarous seal hunters in their kayaks or on the shore, and then glanced back to the yacht, they knew that the journey into the North had not yet begun. Though in mere distance traveled more than half the journey was behind, the difficulties, the dangers, even all the discomforts, still were ahead. They had not left civilization or any of its important luxuries; they merely had brought them a few thousand miles with them. Their expedition really would start with the arrival of the Viborg at that point.

The trading ship dropped a boat and brought to the yacht the Danish captain, who was familiar with the Inca's errand. His ship, the Laeso, had left Copenhagen after the Viborg had started, but had passed the smaller craft at sea two days before.

The Arctic vessel might be expected that night or by morning. All were well aboard. The Laeso was to take on at that point those of the Viborg's crew who were not going into the Arctic. Also the Laeso carried stores, mostly gasoline, for the little vessel. Hosts and guests from the Inca immediately went ashore. Latham and Margaret together went through the tiny settlement.

"This is Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard of Greenland," he impressed upon her, as they passed the dwellings. A family feasted bloodily on the blubber and flesh of a fresh-killed seal. An Eskimo woman was chewing off the fat from the skin of eider duck, and then working the skin in her mouth to soften it by more chewing. "When men come back from the Arctic they thank Heaven to get to such a village."

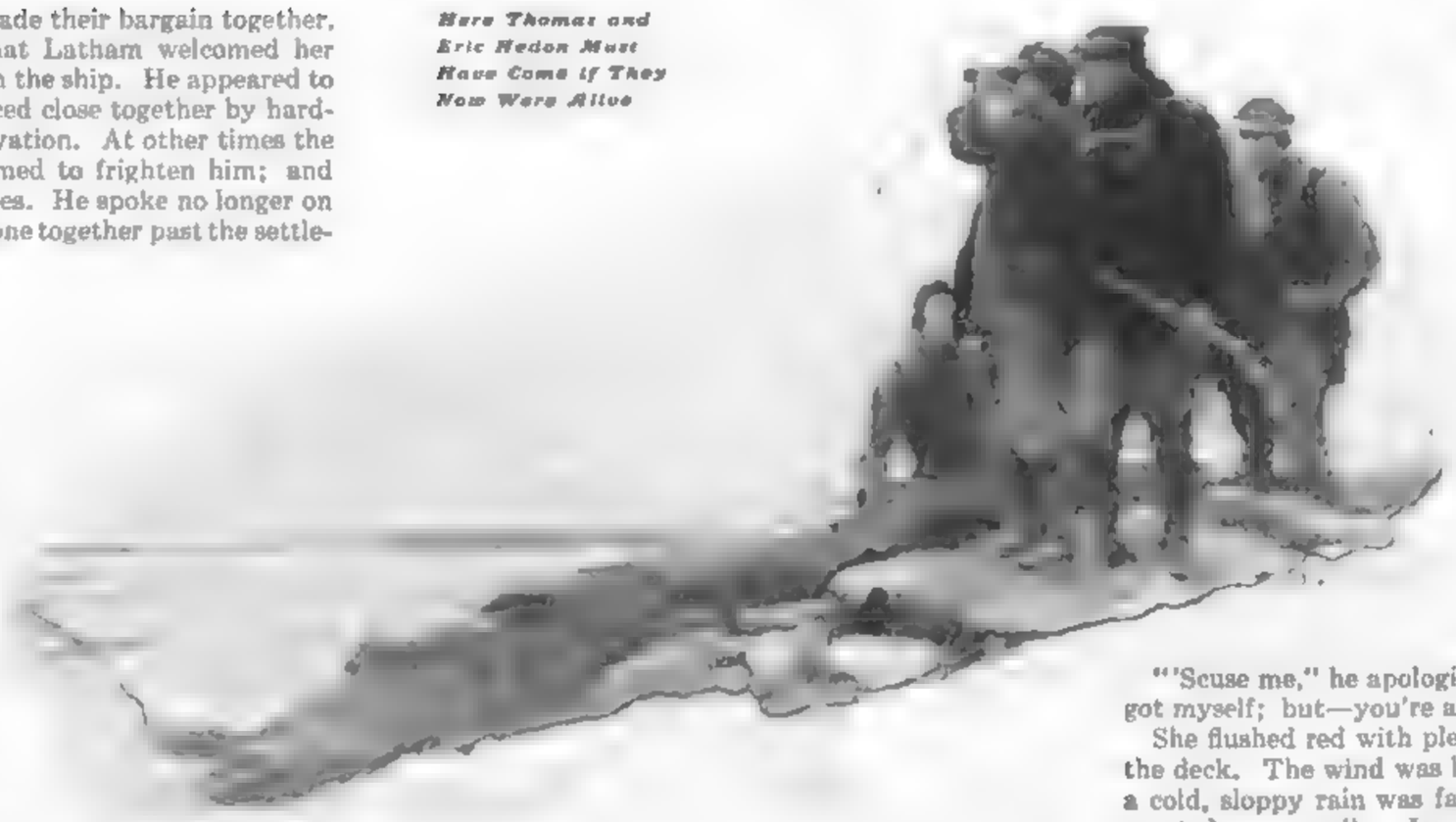
"I thought it would be more primitive than it is," Margaret replied simply.

"But surely you aren't thinking now of going any farther?"

"Price, we agreed before we left home upon what we were to do."

"I don't mean I want to call off our agreement," Latham said hurriedly. "But ——" he hesitated, uncertain.

Margaret looked at him and he glanced away. They had passed through the village and were at the foot of the hills beyond it.



*Were Thomas and Eric Hedon Most Have Come if They Now Were Alive*

Sometimes, since they had made their bargain together, it had seemed to Margaret that Latham welcomed her condition that she must be upon the ship. He appeared to look forward to their being forced close together by hardship, perhaps by more than privation. At other times the condition he had accepted seemed to frighten him; and the present was one of those times. He spoke no longer on the subject. They walked on alone together past the settlement and came to hillsides at the very head of the fiord where the slope looked out south over the sea and where the green grass was thickly growing about ruins of stone buildings—the ancient homesteads of the Norsemen who had crossed the Atlantic and lived on that arctic edge of the new world half a millennium before Columbus sailed his ships from Spain.

Geoff and Doctor Koehler and one or two of the sailors from the ship were there ahead of them, moving about among the ruins. The stone walls of the old viking houses still stood and the foundations of the churches—the churches which in the eleventh century sent across the sea of darkness walrus ivory as tithes to Rome. The ancient byres and pens for the cattle and sheep and horses lay traced upon the ground beside the ruins of the barns, drying houses and larders. There had lived in that district something over one thousand people. Behind, the mountains rose bleak, bare, cheerless; in front was the sea, green and white, blotched with great icebergs drifting by. From the high hillside they could see the ships down in the fiord.

Geoff came up close beside his sister. "How many ships these stones have seen go by to the north," he said, caught for a moment by the drama of the spot.

Latham looked quickly about. "And how few return to the south," he said.

"To-morrow, likely enough, old boy"—Geoff addressed the stone tower which his hand touched—"you'll see the Viborg come in sight down there where you first saw Frobisher, Baffin, Davis and the rest of the fellows who wanted to see what's up there in the ice. You ought to know by this time who's coming back. Are we coming back or not?"

"Shut up!" Latham stopped him. "You're not only foolish; you're dismal"; and he pointed toward Margaret.

She laughed. "I was thinking about the same thing," she said. "If these stones could tell the stories of the ships they've seen pass by! If they could tell only the story of the old Norsemen who lived here and then disappeared!"

"They're flying some signal on the Inca," Latham said, his glasses to his eyes.

"The recall to dinner." Geoff looked at his watch. "Let's beat it back. Evening dress, Meg, to-night for the last time and champagne and anchovy and a steward behind your chair."

V

THE next morning the Viborg arrived. Plainly the ship had been built for strength, and not for either beauty or accommodations. As the party on the yacht watched the little arctic vessel come up and anchor Geoff closely observed his sister.

The Viborg, as it measured itself beside the Inca, was not half the yacht's length. A long bowsprit only aggravated the stubbiness of the bruised and battered hull; a single stout mast with brown sails bent upon it composed the visible means of propulsion. The auxiliary engine, driven by gasoline, required no stack that showed. There was a large hatch for the hold amidships, a hatch to the forward cabins and another to the engine room and cabins aft.

Heavy anchors and chains and other gear encumbered the forward deck, and appearances had not been helped by the circumstance that a large seal recently had been killed and cut up on the deck. As a foretaste of the time when dozens of dogs must be kenneled there, five of the best beasts of the last Viborg expedition, which had been shipped at Denmark, were running about, smeared with the blood of their seal feast and barking at the nearness of land.

Half the crew of six men who had worked the vessel across the ocean busied themselves with scrubbing and cleaning to prepare for the visit of the Viborg's new owners. Geoff, watching his sister, saw her glance once at Latham, who shook his head; but she, without waiting for the cleaning on board the other ship to be finished, went down to the boat beside the yacht. Geoff and Latham and Koehler entered the boat with her and rowed to the Viborg.

Captain Jerry McNeal, of the lost Aurora, met them and showed them about. He had been informed by cable and by letter, when he went from England to Copenhagen to take the Viborg, that one of the cabins was to be occupied by Miss Sherwood. He had not entirely credited the information, but had kept one cabin clear and unoccupied on the voyage over.

There were two cabins forward of the hold; one had been shared by McNeal himself and Brunton, now first mate. They were ready to turn this over to Latham and Geoff, for the cabin next to it was the one which was best for a woman and was the one which had been unoccupied. The after cabins, abaft of the engine room, had accommodated four men on the way over and would easily bunk the five men who, besides the two to be cabined forward, were to go to the Arctic.

The hold and all the spare space in the engine room had been stored with supplies. Both sides of both compartments were lined with tightly built in, specially constructed tanks containing the gasoline supply for the engine—something upward of three thousand gallons. The hold was laden to the hatch also with wooden cases manufactured to fit together to fill every inch of space. These cases contained dried vegetables, pemmican and other food supplies estimated to last three years.

"That is, we shall be provisioned for three years after we take our deck load from the Laeso. We're going to take more gasoline too, besides filling up the tanks we've emptied getting here. When do we move out, sir?" Captain McNeal addressed Latham.

"The Laeso goes up as far as Godhaven," Latham replied. "She'll give you your freight there. I'm going to get the Inca to go a little farther too, if the sea is free from ice. So we won't come aboard just yet."

Margaret made no comment till they had returned to the saloon of the yacht.

"You're putting off changing to the Viborg on my account?" she asked.

"Chiefly."

"Then please don't."

"Bradley'll be glad to go up as far as the ice lets him. He would have offered, but really he didn't think you'd go beyond here."

"Please don't ask him. He and Mrs. Bradley have done too much now. I can't let you ask him to do more on my account."

Latham turned to Geoff. "What do you say?"

"If she goes on board now and can't stand it, she can get on the Laeso at Godhaven and come back. She'll have time to get sick of it—if she's going to—before it's too late to return," Geoff suggested.

"How about taking the freight from the Laeso now?" Latham asked.

"Taking a deck load before we have to would be running a needless danger," Margaret returned. "Going on board now is merely an inconvenience."

"All right," Latham agreed, and went out and gave his orders.

Immediately men began transferring to the Viborg the personal effects, scientific instruments, medicines and other supplies that had come from the States on the yacht. The extra man brought over from Denmark as engineer went aboard the Laeso. Good-bys were said that night and thanks given to the owners of the Inca. That same night—the sun was shining now almost twenty hours—the Laeso started north, the Viborg following.

"Arctic trim, eh?" Geoff said cheerfully, as he crowded into the cabin which he and Latham were to share together. Latham looked about the narrow quarters dubiously.

"No, we haven't half our dogs yet," he reminded grimly.

Geoff went out while his friend changed his clothes. The transformation from the club life on the yacht to the cramped, ill-lit quarters, discomfort and necessity for doing for yourself whatever was done, had been sharp and sudden. Geoff met his sister in the companionway. She was dressed in sweater, trousers and slicker; her hair had disappeared under an oilskin cap. She smiled at him.

"It's getting nice and nasty on deck," she suggested. "Let's go up."

She looked surprisingly small in the man's outfit, and delicate and nervy. Geoff seized her impulsively and stooped and kissed her.

"'Scuse me," he apologized. "Won't do it again. Forgot myself; but—you're all right."

She flushed red with pleasure and went up with him to the deck. The wind was blowing up from the north, and a cold, sloppy rain was falling. The sea was rising with great, heavy swells. Jerry McNeal, in his oilskins, was standing his watch at the wheel. All sail was spread that the little ship would stand, but the Laeso was slipping away.

"If you and Latham"—Jerry McNeal already had dropped the misters—"have assigned yourselves to run that gas engine when we need it, we need it now. Get busy below, either one of you or both of you. Get the engine going; then stand by below for signals."

Geoff returned to his bunk. Latham had finished changing to sea clothes. The two went upon the slippery deck, staggered aft to the engine-room hatchway, dropped down to the engine room and set to work.

The gale soon blew out, and with the sea encumbered only by floating icebergs and no pack ice the work of the Viborg for the following days was easy and simple, as it followed the course of the Laeso up the West Greenland coast. Crossing the Arctic Circle in the middle of July, the sun now was shining continuously when the sky was clear, only grazing the horizon at midnight.

The coast which they skirted was still spotted with small, scattered settlements of Eskimos and Danes; and seal hunters' kayaks often darted out from the fiords. Two hundred miles above the Arctic Circle they approached their next halt and the last port for the Viborg till its return, the tiny town of Godhaven, from which the Danish Inspector of Northern Greenland governs the lands from the Arctic Circle up the ice-clad coast to where even the temporary snow-hut camps of the migratory Eskimos cease.

Before Godhaven, as a harbinger of battles with the ice soon to come, barriers of grounded bergs blocked the channel. The Laeso, still leading, found a way in; the Viborg followed, and, anchoring beside the trading ship, replenished its gasoline tanks and took the deck load from the Danish ship. There last calls upon the Danish authorities were made; the dogs left there by the men from the Aurora, and other dog teams and sledges, were brought on board with supplies of the Northern Eskimo skin clothing for winter.

At midnight, in bright sunlight, the Viborg bumped out between the icebergs, alone, deep laden and heavy, and steered on up Baffin Bay.

"Now to get as far as we can while the ice may give us a channel!" McNeal cried to his engineers. "Full speed all the time till the ice tries to stop us; and then we'll just begin really to use the engine."

The Greenland shore for many miles yet was dotted with encampments of Eskimos; but these no longer offered supplies. The Viborg, under power and with sail spread, steered on north.

VI

THE plan of proceeding, until Mason Land was reached, was simple. West of Northwest Greenland lies a great island best known as Ellesmere Land. West of this the next great arctic island is called Heiberg Land, and beyond this a small archipelago of frozen islands rings the polar sea and takes the landward crush of the great polar ice pack.

One of these islands, known as Mason Land, had been used as a base by the Aurora expedition, and upon its northern shore the Aurora men had built a shack and left there a large depot of food, fuel and supplies in case accident happened to their ship in the polar ice and retreat was forced. The four men who returned from the Aurora reached this depot and waited there two months, sending back search parties to look for Thomas and Hedon. No trace was found; so the four white men with the two Eskimos provisioned themselves from the station and managed to reach Smith Sound, where they were taken off by a whaling ship.

If Thomas and Hedon, or either of them, had not been lost in the lead but had regained the ice pack and somehow

had got through the winter there, it was certain that they would make every effort to reach this spot on Mason Island. Indeed, if it was found that neither of them ever did reach this depot, it would be practical proof that both must have been lost; whereas, if either got to the station on Mason Land, he undoubtedly would either remain there or leave a message stating his subsequent plans and the direction of his travel to guide any relief party.

Mason Island, therefore, was the first objective of the Viborg. It was the land mentioned in the message sent by Robert Massey. If there were no message at Mason Island and no other indication that either man had reached the station, the plans of the expedition would be governed by circumstances. Of course the finding of any message would control the later movements of the relief party.

In the year in which the Aurora went up ice conditions were such as to give fair channels; but during the later seasons the whalers who had been attracted by rewards for finding Thomas or Hedon had met impassable barriers of ice two hundred miles short of the island and had turned back.

The smallness of the Viborg, however, promised it favors from the ice such as the little Aurora had found in fighting its way up through narrow, closing channels. And those handling the Viborg were men to get a ship through where any hull could squeeze.

The ship's people, besides the three in the forward cabins, were five. In the first cabin aft now was Captain Jeremiah McNeal, bluff, able, stubborn, sincere, forty years old and without wife or bairn. He had shipped before the mast of a Scotch whaler at the age of eighteen, and had spent just sixteen of the intervening twenty-two years of his life within the Arctic Circle. He was a short, square, stocky man, smooth shaven as are most who live long in the North. No danger of the seas or ice, of cold or starvation ever had affected him. Geoff remembered him at the time he came to Chicago to report to Margaret his belief of the loss of Hedon. The skipper who had led his party on less than an inch of new ice, crackling at every step, over two miles of the Arctic Ocean, held back before plunging into the traffic on the city streets. He was miserable in the crowds of civilized places.

Cabined with him was Dr. Otto Koehler, a Bavarian and McNeal's best friend. Koehler was a year or two younger than McNeal, but with Arctic experience scarcely shorter. The men had met when the Scotchman, as master of the whaler Cabot, had rescued the survivors of a lost German expedition from the ice near Franz Josef Land. McNeal had taken Koehler to his cabin, and cursed him while he cared for him because the doctor was nearly dead from having given his ration of food to another.

Koehler, in contrast to McNeal, was tall, thin, almost gaunt, taciturn but always cheerful. His few words invariably expressed optimism. Besides being surgeon and meteorologist, he had the knack of languages. He understood Eskimos and made the Eskimos understand him.

Jules Brunton, first mate, was ten years younger than these two, and had been skipper of a Cape Breton fishing smack till he entered under McNeal in the Aurora. He was a big, powerful man, friendly and smiling; and he possessed a fine barytone voice in which he sang French ballads. Appearing in the morning, he had a word for every man and dog in sight; and he could be heard humming to himself in the night when he stood his lonely watch at the wheel.

Olaf Michaelis, "the melancholy Dane," matched Brunton in size and endurance. He had been a stranger to the others till they took the Viborg at Copenhagen. Michaelis' Arctic experience had been entirely on that vessel; he had been in the crew on both of its earlier voyages into the Arctic. He was a quiet man with a reputation for sticking to his post in trouble. Given an order, he obeyed implicitly.

Hugo Linn, the cook, was the fourth of the present crew who had been on the Aurora. He had been in Thomas' pay and accompanied Thomas more out of fidelity than out of any spirit of adventure; but once having been north, the lure of the Arctic caught him. He was about thirty-five and a little inclined to be fat. Under Thomas' tutoring he had developed an interest in zoölogy, and blew, without breaking, the shells of eggs of eider duck brought him to fry, and preserved also the skeletons of any unusual fish that he cooked.

He and Koehler also were able seamen as well as the others. With so small a crew, a storm meant all hands on deck except the man who might remain below at the engine.

The dogs, now twenty-six in number, overran everything, slept on the hatches and quarreled and fought over the cases and boxes piled below the swinging boom. They left no peaceful spot on deck in which to lounge when the Viborg was sailing through smooth and unobstructed waters.

The woman of the party alone had no definite duty assigned to her, but found each day a hundred things to do. She learned from Koehler how to make meteorological observations and keep records of air and water temperatures, wind directions and velocities and magnetic variations. When she would be in the way on the deck, patiently for days on end she kept herself in her stuffy cabin.

As the Viborg buffeted its way against hard seas and slipped and squeezed between the icebergs of choked channels, Margaret constantly was studying the men about her. She noted with a thrill of admiration how the men accustomed to the Arctic steadied to their work and seemed to welcome, indeed invite, difficulties and obstacles for the triumph of overcoming them. They were more cheerful in exhaustion as more and more endurance was required of them; they loved the dangers that made them dare more, they gloried in the constant challenge of the elements.

Margaret saw with pride that her brother already was catching some of the sense of this challenge and was responding to it. A storm which had kept all hands above for thirty hours blew out; and Geoff, staggering with exhaustion, passed her on the way down to his bunk. Within half an hour, as the gale was blowing up again, he had to be called. She liked the way he came up on deck, with hands clenched, teeth set and smiling grimly.

Latham also came back on deck with Geoff. He had been on duty as long; he was almost as exhausted as the boy, and he was returning without complaint to his work. But it was plain to Margaret, as she met him, that Latham was driving himself to his tasks in a different spirit from the others. The Arctic work—hardship and privation, obstacles ever to be overcome—in itself did not appeal to Price Latham at all; and such work never would. He was forcing himself with his will power to endure exhaustion that he hated and that made him keep tight control over his temper in order to get the work through with, that he might demand his pay for it.

Margaret, of course, knew the pay he expected to require. As she faced him at such a moment as this, suddenly it frightened her to realize how firm was his determination to possess her if he would drive himself thus to gain her.

"Like this?" she asked him.

"You know I don't," he returned to her.

"I'm sorry."

He put his hand upon her and seized her. "I'd do more for you!" he said almost savagely.

"You mean to get me," she corrected calmly.

He released her and went on. She saw then, as she had realized many times before, that Latham had not the least idea that they might find Eric Hedon. The expedition meant to him merely a necessary hardship, a labor of Hercules, to be endured before he could claim her. What would Latham do when Eric was found? For Margaret never for an instant let herself believe anything but that they must find Eric Hedon.

So far Latham had kept his irritation under control in her presence; but Margaret more than guessed that Price was not so careful before Geoff. Geoff, alternating with Latham in the engine room, indeed seldom saw him except for a few moments. They were in their cabin together only on those rare occasions when, with the sea somewhat free from ice and with a favoring wind, the engine was stopped to save fuel as the sails alone promised progress.

"What would you give for a shower-bath, hot, and a rub at the club afterward?" Geoff suggested incautiously on one of these occasions.

"You idiot!" Latham burst out at him almost savagely. "Got that carbon cut out of the first cylinder?"

"Pretty well. I say, Price, what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter. Look here, young fellow, you be mighty careful not to say anything's the matter. Do you understand?"

"Oh; I understand," Geoff said queerly. He was worn out, but just then he preferred the deck to the cabin. He had been understanding for himself for some time that there were infinite differences between racing a two-hundred-horsepower boat four hundred miles in twelve hours over smooth water, and then turning the craft over to mechanicians for cleaning, carbon scraping, overhauling and repairs while you lunched triumphantly at a club, and running a twenty-horsepower engine an indefinite number of days at four miles an hour, cleaning and chiseling carbon yourself, and then dropping, unbathed and unmassaged, into a clammy bunk.

Geoff met his sister carrying down toward their cabin a pail of coffee and some hot food.

"Thanks, Meg." He took them from her. He saw that she had heard at least the tone of Latham's last threat and that she was worried. "Oh, everything's all right between us," he assured her hastily. "My fault, I guess. I'll see it doesn't happen again."

*Which Man Lay Under the Cross? And How Long Had the Other Survived?*

### VII

THUS the first barriers to the advance into the North were passed in July. A score of vessels, ice-crushed and split, lie at the bottom of these Arctic channels; but the Viborg at last turned, in fog that was dense, dark and all-obscuring, westward to work

(Continued on Page 69)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## American Ships

SIX, we believe, was the number of ships flying the American flag and regularly engaged in the North Atlantic trade at the beginning of August. But at the same time a considerable fleet of Atlantic merchant ships was owned in the United States. The Standard Oil concern had thirty or more under the flag of Germany and other foreign countries. The United Fruit Company operated about a score of steamers under the British and other flags. The Steel Corporation controlled another score or so of vessels under foreign flags. The International Mercantile Marine Company represented partial American ownership of many ships under foreign flags.

To know why these American owners operated their boats under other flags would be to know why our own merchant marine has virtually disappeared, for the foreign flag is an indubitable sign that foreign registry confers an advantage. One important item no doubt is the higher cost of American-built ships. But the Panama Canal Act permits American registry of American-owned ships built elsewhere, provided they are not more than five years old. A number of boats that were eligible to home registry under that act did not come in, so there must have been other reasons for retaining a foreign flag.

To get at those reasons is to find out what ails our merchant marine. To remove them is, apparently, the only way to build up a permanent merchant fleet under the American flag. While the war lasts Atlantic freight rates may be high enough to put a good premium on American registry. But after the war old conditions will be restored, and the ships will go to those flags that are most profitable to them.

## Handle With Care

THE amount of money in circulation in the United States the middle of July was three and a third billion dollars, consisting roughly of a billion dollars of national bank notes and greenbacks, something over a billion and a half of gold coin and certificates and the remainder in silver. At that time money was quite easy, commercial paper at New York being quoted at four to four and a half per cent. Events since that time have curtailed business transactions rather than enlarged them. But the Treasury Department has issued, or prepared to issue, all the way up to a thousand million dollars of additional circulating medium—in the form of Aldrich-Vreeland emergency currency—and city banks have issued an indefinitely large amount of clearing-house certificates, which take the place of so much gold.

In other words a vast amount of economic gunpowder has been distributed over the country. This was justifiable as a war measure to meet a sudden crisis of huge proportions. But in quickly amending the Aldrich-Vreeland Act Congress reduced the rate of interest which banks must pay on the emergency currency from a minimum of five per cent and a maximum of ten per cent to a minimum of three per cent and a maximum of six per cent. Because of the war shock money already commands more than six per cent in many localities. There is likely to be a great demand for loans to carry cotton and breadstuffs and because prices of some imported articles advanced fifty or a hundred per cent in a fortnight. If we force down interest rates by a great injection of paper money, gold will certainly leave the country as soon as exchanges are reëstablished. There are possibilities of a costly currency inflation against which banks and the Treasury Department must keep good guard.

## Where to Get the Money

CHAIRMAN UNDERWOOD calculates that customs receipts, as a result of the decrease in European imports, will fall off at least a hundred million dollars this fiscal year. That hole must be filled, and there ought to be no dispute as to how to fill it. The present tax on beer is a dollar a barrel. This tax was doubled during the Spanish-American War, and produced virtually double the revenue. To double it now would probably increase the Government's revenues by at least fifty millions a year, and perhaps sixty millions. Another fifty millions may easily be raised by increasing the tax on spirits and tobacco.

If there are any sources under the sun from which taxes may be extracted with a clear conscience and an easy mind those sources are liquor and tobacco.

## The Cotton Outlook

NO NEUTRALITY proclamation or racial preference can obviate the economic fact that defeat for England would be a calamity to Southern cotton growers. Nearly two-thirds of our cotton crop finds a market abroad, England being the largest buyer, and the law of prices is that, in a free market, the value of a commodity will fall until a buyer is found for the last particle of the commodity that is pressed for sale. How that law would operate on cotton, with a domestic demand, so far as now developed, for about six million bales, a domestic supply at least twice that and exports greatly curtailed, may be imagined.

At best the cotton outlook is serious enough. That the effect of the war, whichever way its fortunes run, will be to curtail the foreign demand for cotton appears certain, and every farmer knows from bitter experience what an excess supply does to prices. In 1910, with a crop of twelve million bales, the price averaged nearly fifteen cents a pound. Next year, with sixteen million bales, it was under ten cents. With weakened foreign competition our mills might increase their consumption to seven or eight million bales, or even more; but trade shifts with comparative slowness, and by the time our mills have found a greatly increased outlet there will be another crop. Already urgent appeals are being made to Washington; but just fresh from denunciation of and attack upon Brazil's valorization of coffee, it would be exceedingly awkward for our Government to attempt valorization of cotton.

## Memories of 1870

JUNE 7, 1866, Prussian troops entered Holstein. July third, at the battle of Königgrätz—or Sadowa—Austria and her allies were crushingly defeated. The peace which soon followed made Prussia's supremacy in Germany beyond dispute. July 19, 1870, war between France and Prussia was declared. The first week in August, Prussia gained the victories of Weissenburg, Wörth and Spicheren. August eighteenth she signally defeated the French at Gravelotte. September second Napoleon surrendered his whole army at Sedan. September nineteenth the Prussians were at Paris. The war against Austria and her allies nominally lasted seven weeks. That against France was virtually over in forty-five days. For purposes of comparison it may be recalled that the present war was declared July thirty-first..

As a result of the Franco-Prussian War, Germany took from France the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. From that moment France has been nursing her wrath, and this war is a direct result of the forced ceding of French territory. If as a result of this war Germany takes more French territory, or if France takes territory that is really German, the vengeful hatred thus begotten will some day find issue in another war.

## The Surprises of War

FROM Macaulay's essay on Frederick the Great: "No such union of Continental powers had been seen for ages. A less formidable confederacy had compelled Louis XIV to bow down his haughty head to the very earth. Such odds had never been heard of in war. The people whom Frederick ruled were not five millions. The population of the countries leagued against him amounted to a hundred millions. The disproportion in wealth was at least equally great. . . . At the beginning of November the net seemed to have closed completely round him. The Russians were in the field and were spreading devastation through his eastern provinces. Silesia was overrun by the Austrians. A great French army was advancing from the west under command of Marshal Soubise. Berlin itself had been taken and plundered by the Croatians. Such was the situation from which Frederick extricated himself with dazzling glory in the short space of thirty days."

Or take France of 1793, rent and shattered by the Revolution, with anarchy and rebellion at home, with hardly a government, with little money and less credit, menaced by a coalition that at her best would have far outmatched her in paper strength—and rising to trample all her opponents under foot.

In our own time it was easily settled on paper that little Japan could not possibly maintain a footing on land against Russia; and we have seen England, in order to subdue a handful of Dutch farmers in South Africa, compelled to put forth as great an effort as when she struggled with Napoleon at the height of his power.

## The Paper Strategists

WHILE the war lasts mathematical warriors will balance corps against corps and ship against ship in the newspaper columns; but in a real war all that paper strategy counts for nothing. That poor little Prussia, in 1756, could not possibly make head against Austria, France, Russia, Sweden and Saxony was as demonstrable on paper as that two and two make four. But the Seven Years' War was decided by a factor quite outside the range of mathematics—namely, by Frederick, with a vial of corrosive sublimate in his pocket, and in his heart a black determination to fight while he had a regiment left, and then commit suicide. Revolutionary France had no show on paper, but in fact overran all Europe. In recent times our brush with Spain is the only war that has shown the least respect for the programs laid down for it in advance. If the Spanish army in Cuba had been capably led and really determined to fight the ending would have been the same, but the story would have been different. If war could be determined on paper there would be no war, for a nation fights only when it has some hope of winning.

## Municipal Ownership

MANY years ago New York voted, by a large majority, that the city should build and own the subways, and the fact was pretty widely pointed to as a beginning of municipal ownership of transportation in this country. But we have apparently moved in the other direction, and municipally owned transportation seems rather farther off now than it was then.

Meanwhile Chicago, by a large majority, voted for municipal ownership of transportation, but has not got it; and the probability that she will get it within twenty years is more remote than it seemed a dozen years ago.

The evidence against the plaintiff is too formidable. No one can pretend seriously that there is any such steadiness, competence and integrity in the government of New York, Chicago or Philadelphia as would give reasonable ground for even a hope that it could conduct great transportation enterprises economically; and, with the broadening in recent years of the city's power of regulation over public utilities, there is less reason why the city should own them outright. New York holds title to the subways, but for at least half a dozen years has been struggling ineffectually—with vast turmoil and clamor—to get them extended.

Almost every day's newspaper shows that the large American city has not yet found itself. It can't keep its police from grafting or be trusted with the money to buy meat for dinner if there is a saloon on the way to market. It trips over its own feet; and the chief use it has of its arms is to flop them in excited bewilderment. For example, witness the six-year-long subway squabble in New York.

## The Cantaloupe Plot

IT IS pleasing to turn from the murderous activities of European governments to a simultaneous action by Uncle Sam. While four nations were struggling round Liège the United States was solemnly indicting a muskmelon trust. The foe, some thirty strong, refused to capitulate, whereupon Uncle Samuel's embattled lawyers proudly spread their briefs to the breeze and advanced in close formation, declaring that cantaloupes should be free though they waded in juice and ink up to their eyebrows.

You were not aware, perhaps, that the innocent-looking melon that tempts your morning appetite was produced and marketed by a monstrous combination in restraint of trade that had subscribed in blood to an oath that the price should never be less than three for a quarter. But the sleepless vigilance of the Department of Justice discovered the plot and will put down the outrage—at a total cost for lawyers' fees and court expenses that will hardly exceed the gross value of this year's cantaloupe crop. Thereafter the necessitous wage-earner will experience no more difficulty in getting cantaloupe for breakfast than in procuring canvasback duck for dinner.

The next ruthless oppressor of American mankind that Uncle Sam will conquer or perish in the attempt may be a chrysanthemum trust. By such irresistible steps our economic salvation shall be achieved.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*He Excels in the Matter of Degrees*

AT THE present belligerent moment, with the dogs of war in full tongue all over Europe, to say nothing of the Banking and Currency Committee of the United States Senate, where our own particular doggy war dogs have Mr. Paul Warburg treed—at the present moment when everything is acrimonious and Mr. Bryan's dove of peace looks like a crow—at the momentous and militant moment of writing, it is hard to say when our new Ambassador to Russia, Mr. George Thomas Marye, Junior, will proceed by the shortest route compatible with the public service to his post at the Imperial Court of the Czar of all the Russians, including the Russian ballet. And that gives rise to the thought that if all the Russians in the Russian ballets that have infested this country of late join in the war against all the Hungarians in the Hungarian bands, the conflict will exceed in numbers any since Colonel X. X. Xerxes got his, some years agone.

However, that is an aside. What I started out to say is that it is hard to predict when the new Ambassador to Russia, George Thomas Marye, Junior, will make his way to St. Petersburg; but when he does go he will tote thither with him, and as his exclusive possessions, two personal perquisites that undoubtedly will give him high standing among the grand dukes and such as he will meet, to say nothing of those in the immediate imperial circle. George Thomas has it in two ways on all previous ambassadors to Russia who have represented this great republic in that rendezvous of nihilists. So far as I can ascertain he is unique twice. Of course it may be true that at some previous time we have had an ambassador who could vie with George Thomas in these regards, but not lately—not for quite a space of years.

### *A Treat for the Czar*

I REFER, of course, to his accent and to his accomplishments—not, of course, that the accent isn't an accomplishment. It is more than that, it is a triumph, and as such must be classed and considered alone. And it certainly will demand attention and consideration from the Czar.

Poor chap! That Czar doesn't have any too many rays of sunshine thrown into his life. Always somebody is trying to make a salisbury steak of him. Always some earnest advocate of liberty is seeking to send him scooting skyward by the bomb route. Imagine his delight when he has his first conversation with George Thomas and hears George Thomas converse, if such may be called what George Thomas does when talking.

The fact is that our new ambassador, so far from having the Yankee twang or the California tang, has cultivated and acquired the very finest English accent you can imagine. Poor Charley Hoyt wrote a song once about English as it's spoken on Broadway, which, he said melodiously, they'd never understand if they heard it on the Strand. But Marye's isn't that kind. Quite different, old chap, quite! Marye's English accent is a wonder in its way. It's a sort of combination of Lawrance D'Orsay and Wilkie Bard, with a few slants at the real aristocratic stuff and some original improvements of Marye's own.

Fawncy, dear boy, the Czar of all the Russians being introduced to an American Ambassador who speaks with a Cambridge intonation and an Oxford exhalation and a Hyde Park concatenation. Fawncy that! Aw, how—do! Aw, Czar, how—do! Aw, how—do! There's a combination that is bound to give the Czar a heap of joy. Do you get it:

American Ambassador, with an accent that is much more English than an Englishman's, talking to a Russian Czar. One could make a musical comedy out of that.

Nor is it an affectation. Oh, no, far be it from that! It is a gift. Early in his life it was discovered that George Thomas Marye, Junior, had a talent for accent, and his doting parents determined he should excel at it. It is not clear whether they also determined, these doting parents, that their offspring should be an ambassador, but the evidence points that way, for they began training him at the age of ten for the job he has just attained. To be sure the job was rather slow in arriving, but when it did arrive George Thomas Marye, Junior, was ready for it, and he had had ample time to practice the accent and perfect it, as well as to prepare himself in other ways.

The second point wherein the new ambassador excels is in the matter of degrees. He is said to have an accumulation of degrees that would make him conspicuous in an English university town. When his friends begin telling of his various brands they begin at Cambridge and ease down to Barcelona, stopping about everywhere en route and including Heidelberg, Rome, Paris and several way stations. Whether he took degrees at all these places is a matter of small import as the thing stands. What is important is that, by virtue of the doting of his progenitors, he certainly has acquired sufficient education to enable him to mix easily and unaffectedly with the most polished of the Russians, if so be they ever do polish a Russian, which is a matter open to doubt.

The circumstances are these: Young Marye—very young—was put at school in Florence and kept there for a time, studying French and Italian. Thence he was transplanted to a German school in Darmstadt, where they pounded German into him. After two years of German he was transplanted to Paris and placed in the Maison Ébrard, which was a dependency of the Lycée Bonaparte, and from that school he went to Barcelona and attended lectures at the Spanish University.

Returning from Spain he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and took a full course of law, where he divided the highest honors with Frederick Taylor Payne. He won the foundation scholarship for international law. There too he acquired the foundation of his English accent, taking those honors as easily as he took the legal ones. Thus equipped he came back to San Francisco and prepared to shed more broad *a*'s on the practice of his profession than had been observed hitherto in those parts.

### *Laden With Honors and Accents*

AS MAY have been surmised, a young man who enjoyed educational advantages of this varied extent, beginning at the age of ten and proceeding for some fifteen years or so, had another pleasing attribute—a rich father. Such was the case. The elder Marye, who played his son over the entire educational map of Europe, was rich. He had big business interests in San Francisco and other big business interests in Virginia City, Nevada. Desiring to learn just what all this education had done for his son the father divorced the boy from the law and turned his properties over to him. Whereupon George Thomas Marye, Junior, became a business man and continued as such until he retired some years ago, full of degrees and education, maintaining his English accent through it all. Of course there were times, in Virginia City and elsewhere in Nevada, when an English accent was not particularly *au fait*. At those times Mr. Marye spoke Nevadese. However, no sooner had he retired than he moved to Washington, and there the accent came back almost instantaneously, and there it has delighted all who heard it during the social seasons.

The President has been put to it, rather, to find an ambassador for Russia whom the Russians would accept. The President had plenty of ambassadorial timber, but not much of it was of use at that critical court. Hence when the various excellences of G. T. Marye, Junior, were disclosed at the White House the President grabbed Mr. Marye and Mr. Marye was eager to be grabbed.

Otherwise Mr. Marye is a Democrat, although he never worked at it much. He is rich and he is ambitious. One of his tasks will be to find a solution for the vexed passport question. If he can solve that problem to the simultaneous satisfaction of the Russian Empire and the East Side of New York his accent will not be in vain.

*Mr. Hyde*

## *A Rise*

A MAN from the Middle West was coming over from Catalina Island to Los Angeles. In one hand he carried a bottle, tightly corked and full to the top with a clear green liquid.

"What you got in the bottle, sport?" asked a fellow passenger.

"Some water from the Pacific Ocean. The folks back home won't believe the sea water is salty. They're ignorant, but I'm takin' this bottleful home to prove it."

"But," said the other, "you've got the bottle plumb full. When the tide comes in that water will rise and bust the bottle."

"Is that so?" asked the man with the water. "I hadn't thought of that. I'll pour out a little." And he did.

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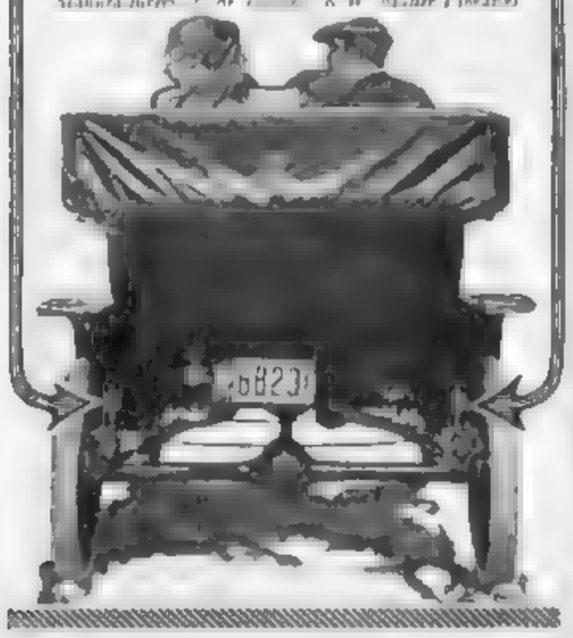

# A Battle Border of Neutral Lands—By Robert Shackleton

ALONG the border where Germany was to make her initial attack against France she found two widely different classes of people: there were regions where the inhabitants were indifferent, on the whole, to the combatants, save where Germany's own acts were to make them enemies, and there were regions where there was a French feeling as fierce as if the war of forty years ago had been but yesterday.

As this latter feeling was backed up along certain expected lines of advance by lines of defense of immense strength, the emperor decided to push through the indifferent regions and make for Paris across a part of France where the defenses were far from being so formidable.

But the two indifferent countries were indifferent only until the guaranteed neutrality was touched, and instead of passing through Belgium unhindered and speeding for Paris he was severely checked there. In Luxemburg there was equal anger but no check, and his armies debouched thence unhindered into France. There is not quite so good a path from Luxemburg as from Belgium. It is too near Metz and Lorraine. Yet there at least the Germans made an initial success in gaining strategical position and a foothold within France, leaving the progress of the campaign to show with what final advantage.

Belgium entered the war regretfully. She liked France and she liked Germany, but not well enough to fight for either of them. She stood for Belgium for the Belgians. Officially French has been the language of the government, and this has made the little nation seem French in spirit; but in reality the official language has had little effect upon the population, one part of which has continued to speak Flemish and the other part Walloon, while in addition as many business men and innkeepers as needed to, learned French or German or English or a smattering of all three.

### *The Land of the Walloons*

Flemish, the language of a little more than half of Belgium, is really a Dutch tongue, which would more naturally affiliate its speakers with Germany than France. Walloon, the language of the rest of the Belgians, is a sort of primitive French, which naturally tends to turn their minds toward Paris. I have been in regions where no one knew a word of anything but Walloon, and found that, in regard to simple matters, French spoken slowly on one side and Walloon spoken slowly on the other made brief conversations quite possible. That the Walloons are a people of few words, even among themselves, naturally tended to make things easier.

The Flemings inhabit the northwestern half of Belgium and the Walloons the southeastern half, and it is really remarkable how little they mingle with each other. The Walloon population is mostly away from the general lines of American travel; the Belgium known to most Americans is that of the Flemings. The Walloon cities are mostly well over on the far eastern border of Belgium, and one who passes through them retains an impression of smoky, busy, tight-built stone towns with a general hum of industry, and between the towns long lines of little freight cars loaded with brownish-red coal.

From a motor-car standpoint—and the armies are all freely using motor cars as important aids—the roads in that region are not particularly good, many of them being quite rough; but they are at least macadamized or paved with stone blocks, which makes them defiant of wet weather.

Immediately round Liège is a region of low hills and narrow valleys, and the situation of Liège itself explains why it was able to offer so stubborn a defense—for Liège is a city of almost 200,000 people, built on both sides of the broad Meuse. And not only is there this waterway within the city as a natural defense against attack, but there is a general tangle of streets and waterways, for there is in addition the wide Ourthe, as well as long lines of canals; while infolding all is a circle of strong forts.

The Walloons, alike of the cities and the country, are a people of remarkable industry; a silent, simple-hearted people—oversilent, in fact; for like most silent folk they tend toward dourness and jealousy. Their general peacefulness does not keep them from quick anger, and fighting when angered, and fighting dangerously; all of which was well known; but Germany was obsessed with the idea that the passage of German troops through their land with a mere casual "Excuse me!" would be lightly overlooked.

It is quite possible that Germany aimed first at Liège because of the city's importance as an enormous center of the weapon-making industry. Cannon and guns and rifles are made there, and many thousands of the workmen work in rooms at their own homes—a curious feature of such an industry—and it is not at all unlikely that Emperor William was willing to take some risk of offending the Walloons for the chance of securing possession of Liège and thus becoming master of a great quantity of military treasure trove. But he found that the men of Liège could use weapons as well as make them.

### *Risking the Invasion of Belgium*

Gaining control of this district would also give Germany control of a coal-mining region of vast importance, not only conserving it for Germany's use but, perhaps even more important, keeping it from supplying Germany's foes. On the whole there was much to gain by assuming the risk of an invasion of Walloon country. And it is one of the curious things of history, considering the part that airships have played in this Belgian campaign, that what is believed to have been the first use of a balloon in war was in the campaign of 1794 in Southern Belgium, when the French used it to watch the movements of the allied Germans and Austrians.

The houses of the Walloon villages are broad gabled and low, of age-blackened stone and built close together, and the typical Walloon farmhouse utilizes its generous space by giving friendly accommodation to cattle and sheep and chickens under the same broad roof that shelters the family. "Self-contained" these houses, if ever homes deserved the designation; and the people themselves are also quite self-contained.

As they are remarkable in the cities for persistent hard work as mechanics and artisans, so in the country they are persistent farmers, herdsmen, foresters; and always they give the impression of dour strength. They are a devout Catholic race, and find it about equally hard to favor either Protestant Germany or unbelieving France. What they really wished for was to be let alone.

A great part of the Walloon country of Southern Belgium is still covered with forest—and, of all the forests of the world, it is Shakspere's Forest of Arden! And this Ardennes country is full of fascination and beauty, with its long white roads and its forest greenery and its innumerable hills, and its wild boars and wild deer and shepherds with their flocks. There are great stretches of seemingly illimitable loneliness, and as Touchstone expressed it: "In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well."

Whereas the district round Liège is one of the most thickly populated in the world, the Ardennes country goes to the opposite extreme of sparseness of population. It has the ancient little town of Bouillon in its center, with the very ancient castle of Bouillon, from which Godfrey of Bouillon marched away to the Crusades that made him King of Jerusalem; but the roads through this part of the forest are intricate and not very good, and pass through easily defended defiles.

The natural plan of the Germans would be to follow the Meuse from Liège to Namur, and from that point, holding firm toward Brussels and the English, turn south, through the western part of the Forest of Arden, into France and on to Rheims, for through that part of the forest there is an excellent road and also a railway. But although it is easy to speak of going from Liège to Namur, and crossing into France and going on to Rheims, and although it is the natural plan, the road leads not very far from Sedan—a line of invasion with Waterloo on one side and Sedan on the other will in a way express it! Germany no doubt took fully into account the fury that would animate the French when defending against a German army advancing between those two places.

Most natural of all routes, if neutrality treaties were not to be respected, was that through the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, an independent principality adjoining the Belgian province of Luxemburg.

The independent grand duchy is precisely on a straight line between Paris and Berlin; and its capital city, also with the name of Luxemburg, was formerly one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. On a lofty plateau, defended by perpendicular cliffs and with those cliffs tunneled and fortified, the city was well-nigh impregnable. But in 1867 the Powers agreed to dismantle the splendid fortifications and to hold the entire grand duchy neutral, and in the Franco-Prussian War the neutrality was rigidly respected by both sides. No one dreamed that there would be any violation of neutrality now; but suddenly the violation came, and a huge German army marched across the grand duchy and over the border into France.

The ruler, the grand duchess, is but twenty years of age, and she is positively worshiped by the people. The dispatches report her as having her motor car drawn up crosswise of the road, in the pathway of the soldiers, and earnestly protesting, but in vain, against the invasion. Well, she had no army to enforce her protest. By order of the Powers the army is but three hundred men, and by the whim of Luxemburg half a hundred of the army are bandsmen, thus making a jest of necessity. It is a pity she could not hurl some of her names and titles at them, she being Marie Adelaide Thérèse Hilda Antoinette Wilhelmina, Duchess and Countess and Burgravine of a long, long line of names.

### *The Sympathies of Luxemburg*

Directly between Berlin and Paris—that is the value of Luxemburg. There could not well be a more important position. Very piquant and fascinating is the little independent land, and its people are full of happiness and gayety. On days of festival, such as their sovereign's birthday, they dance freely in the streets, and I have watched them dancing in the rain, for even rain could not dampen their cheerful enthusiasm. Their very bells do not ring out grave chorals so often as they ring merry peals, and nothing is so popular and so often rung as the tune of *Wir wollen bleiben was wir sind! Wir wollen keine Preussen sein!* Not that they have seriously feared being Prussians, however. This idea was but another jest for this happy people. It never occurred to them, especially after seeing how heedfully neutrality was respected in Bismarck's time, that their pleasing status might after all be impermanent.

Left to herself and forced to choose, Luxemburg would probably cast her fortunes with the Empire rather than the Republic. She loves monarchic titles, and took the side of Spain against the Netherlands, and of Louis XVI against the French Republicans. She has always been brave enough, too, but now has not only no army but no militia even.

The grand duchy has long had a wise and liberal government, helpful in affairs of farming and education and business, and its finances have been admirably administered. Any change would be a change for the worse. The speech of Luxemburg is really a patois, a mixture of French and German, with French dominant in the southern half of the land and German in the northern. With the exception of the capital the duchy is seldom visited, yet it is peculiarly worthy of a visit from any who like picturesque and interesting regions.

Long drives beside sparkling rivers, white villages nestled beneath green hills, innumerable ruined castles standing superbly

on lofty summits—such are among my impressions. And among the sternest and most striking ruins are the towers of Esch, glooming at each other across a rock-bound cleft—Esch, the border point where the hosts of Germans, tens and tens of thousands, began their invasion of France after their unchecked march across unarmied Luxemburg.

I may add at least that the German soldiers have not found many horses in Luxemburg. Never have I seen a country with so few horses in evidence. In some portions the farmers have none at all, and farm entirely by hand.

What will happen to the grand duchy, so altogether charming as it is, will be one of the interesting results of the war. Whichever side wins it will probably become an armed and fortified district that Germany will control if the victor, but that otherwise will be sternly held against Germany so that there shall be no more casual marching through. Little independent Luxemburg's reason for existence has been her buffer quality! As a buffer between Germany and France she has justified her status. But to continue as a buffer she must be able to rebuff.

To the northeast of Luxemburg is a region very little known to the world, a primitive, bleak, sparsely settled region, so hilly as to be almost mountainous, and on account of these hills avoided by armies in modern wars. It is part of Germany, and a very patriotic part, and is known as Eifel Land. The Rhine borders it on the north and the Moselle on the east—the Mosel, I should say, for every Eifel man deems it a German stream, and so it is the Mosel, with the accent markedly on the first syllable, just as every inhabitant along its upper course, in Lorraine, holds it to be the Moselle, though under the German flag. What impressed me most in going about over the interior Eifel roads, and even along the Our, on the border of Luxemburg, was the entire absence of soldiers, though this is part of the borderland of Germany. And yet it is not only on the border, but is directly in line between Paris and Berlin, directly in line between London and Vienna.

The people are a simple and hardy folk, and I found them to a surprising degree believers in tales of evil spirits and in the supernatural generally. It is a region of simple inns, and wayside shrines, and faggot gatherers, and ancient castles. And it is a volcanic country. Slag and pumice and volcanic cinders are common, and one town has its houses built of lava blocks. The little circular lakes that dot the land actually stand within volcanic craters.

### *Neutral Moresnet*

In these modern days of changes, with airships and motor cars and electricity, and cannon that shoot a dozen miles, a region that has long been unimportant from a military standpoint may become very important indeed, especially when it is in the very heart of Europe, directly in line between its greatest cities. No wonder we read that French skirmishing parties have already entered Eifel Land.

Although I met no soldiers in Eifel Land when there some time before there was any thought of war, I was told of a camp near the Luxemburg border, and that camp must have been quietly and without ostentation increased to aid in making it possible for Germany to throw nearly a hundred thousand soldiers into Luxemburg in not much more than a day.

Not only would France—and Germany's enemies in general—gladly see her lose the great territories of Alsace and Lorraine, which ever since the last war the French have openly been wild to recover, but they would be immensely glad to see a great wedge driven through German territory to the Rhine in this Eifel region. This could be done rather inconspicuously, and with a certain show of moderation, by adding Eifel—after all a hilly and slightly settled region, as would be pointed out to the world—to either Luxemburg or Belgium, and most naturally to Luxemburg, so as to aid in making a great and really efficacious neutral buffer just where one would be of most importance.

And there is still another little neutral land hereabout, like Luxemburg and Belgium—like them in being neutral, but different from all the world in being under the direct and joint rule of two kings. Neutral Moresnet, this; a patch of land some three miles by two miles by one, right between Liège and Aix-la-Chapelle. It came into being through a geographical blunder of the Congress of Vienna, following Napoleon's overthrow before Elba, and has remained ever since under the joint rule of the King of Prussia and the King of Belgium—or rather, previous to 1830, when Belgium separated from Holland, the King of the Netherlands. Europe has never taken time to adjust the geographical puzzle, and the two countries have year after year divided the taxes and permitted law cases to go to either the Belgian or Prussian courts, and have alternately appointed the local governing head, the burgomaster, over whose door I saw the arms of both nations. The population is a little less than four thousand. There is, for military reasons, a neutral strip on the landward side of Gibraltar, but it is without inhabitants, which differentiates it completely from this busy and inhabited double-governed Moresnet, so close to the seat of the present war.

Men who have gone into Moresnet, or whose fathers went in from Belgium or Prussia, must serve in the armies of one or the other country; but the indigenes, as they proudly term themselves, descendants of those who in 1814 inhabited this bit of land, serve in neither army, and are unspeakably proud of their immunity.

The language of neutral Moresnet is an almost incomprehensible patois of mingled German, French, Dutch, Flemish and Walloon, but it will take all these languages to express what will happen when there is an attempt to restore between Germany and Belgium, after the present war, the *entente cordiale* necessary to a peaceful joint rule. Neutral Moresnet is tucked between Prussian Moresnet and Belgian Moresnet, and this year marks the expiration of a century of neutrality—and may even mark the final termination of that neutrality. Thus little countries and big may alike be affected.

From the beginning of the war the general plan of Germany was the simple one of securing quick and free passage through Belgium and Luxemburg, so as to put German armies into France a little away from where the really elaborate arrangements had been made to meet and repel them. The emperor wished to avoid invasion from Lorraine, where the French were ready for him, and where the German armies would have that naturally disaffected province and its disaffected capital, Metz, in their rear. Even two or three years ago, when there was no definite thought of trouble, Germany still held Metz like a conquered town, and I noticed that German soldiers literally pervaded the city and were everywhere to be seen, at every corner and on every sidewalk.

This has markedly been more the case in Metz than in Strasburg, the other great city won by Germany in '71. And so Germany was tempted to use the neutral lands and profit by the unexpectedness of it, and she yielded to the temptation.

Meanwhile, Germany seemed as if she would gladly let Strasburg and the great territory of Alsace lie entirely quiet, at least until her Austrian allies should arrive there to assist; but France, naturally enough, could not stand quiet and eagerly pushed across the border into coveted Alsace, toward Mülhausen and Strasburg, which forced the fighting in that quarter. And throughout, Germany held herself quite ready to attack by way of Metz and Lorraine should the advance through Belgium and Luxemburg not give sufficient results.

# Sense and Nonsense

### *One Minute Left*

HEARING of the ragtime craze in England, two youths who had been playing the piano and singing in a Chicago café, working ten and twelve hours a night, got money enough to reach Liverpool and applied to the manager of a music hall for a job.

He looked them over and engaged them.

"How long do you work?" he asked. They were puzzled. "How long is your act?" said he.

They had been used to working all night and did not know what to say. Finally, after consultation, one replied:

"Oh, about twenty-five minutes."

"Twenty-five minutes!" exclaimed the manager. "Why, my dear sir, ours is a very long bill. I cannot give you twenty-five minutes. I would suggest that you go on for eight minutes."

"Eight minutes!" screamed the pair. "Why, we bow for seven minutes!"

### *Cold Ice Cream*

AN ODD application of a very abstract principle of physics is to control at will the cold taste of ice cream. If an ice-cream manufacturer wishes to have his ice cream taste cold a long time he can do so by making simple changes in the cream mixture he freezes, the actual temperature of the frozen cream having little to do with it. The scheme has been worked out by chemists of the Iowa State College.

The scientific principle is that of specific heats. The specific heat of an article is the intensity of heat needed to raise its temperature a given number of degrees, or, in effect, the rapidity with which the article saps up heat. Water is taken as the standard, and scientists know the specific heat of most substances compared with water. These chemists carefully worked out the specific heat of milk, cream and various other dairy products, discovering that pure cream has a low specific heat and that fatty substances do not take up heat so quickly and effectively as does water.

This explains why sherbets and other ices taste so cold when they first reach the mouth, but do not give the cold taste long. They have a high specific heat and quickly take up heat from the mouth, then melt.

With ice cream the more fat there is in the formula the lower the specific heat. Accordingly a very fat cream will not taste disagreeably cold at first, but a spoonful of ice cream in the mouth will maintain its cold taste longer. Thus the cold taste can be controlled by the amount of fat used.

### *No Returns*

ARKANSAS boy had been trying to induce his grandmother to buy him a bicycle. On the strength of a partial promise he ran errands for her and was most helpful and agreeable. He worked for many days, but received no wheel.

One night, as he was saying his prayers, his mother noticed he omitted the name of his grandmother from the list of those for whom he asked special blessings.

"Why, Gerald," said the mother, "you forgot to pray for grandmother."

"Naw I didn't neither," the boy replied; "but gran'ma's got to come across 'fore she gits any more prayers out o' me."

### *Those Foxy Fish*

SAM AGEE, the mayor of the tuberculosis colony at Silver City, New Mexico, was sitting on the observation end of a Southern Pacific train that skirts the Salton Sea. As the train crossed the bridge over the north arm of the sea Sam asked a tourist if he had ever heard of the trained fish of Salton.

Just at that moment the cook on the dining car threw out a big pan of scraps and there was a great commotion in the water as the fish came up for them.

"Huh," said the tourist, "I don't see anything trained about those fish. They come up for the scraps same as any others."

"You don't understand," replied Sam gently. "You see, the fish in this sea won't come to the bridge except when trains that carry diners are due."

### *Couldn't Fool Him*

SIR THOMAS DEWAR, Sir Thomas Lipton, Kennedy Jones, and one of the Armours, of Chicago, were yachting off the Scottish coast and landed at a good-sized village. They found a big general store there and visited it. Lipton asked for some of his tea and was told gruffly they kept a rival brand. Dewar had the same experience when he asked for a bottle of his whisky. Kennedy Jones, then one of the important men on the London Mail, was told the store handled only the London Telegraph.

After the men left, a man who was in the store said: "You were pretty rude to those men. Don't you know they were Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Thomas Dewar, Kennedy Jones and one of those Chicago Armours?"

"Huh," the merchant replied, "I see they have fooled you, but they can't fool me. Likely enough they were planning to steal something, but they got no satisfaction from me."

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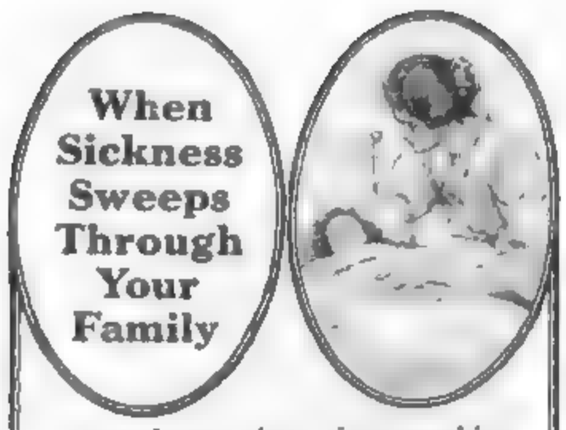

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have the same relation to carpet cleaning as does the clothes brush to personal use, when compared to harsh floor and whisk brooms. Non-injurious, positively beneficial, easy running, light to handle, self-adjusting and self-emptying. The Bissell sweeper is the handy, dirt-getting, dust-saving device for every day use. An extra set of bristles costs [illegible]. Prices $2.25 to $5.50 at the better stores everywhere. Booklet on request.

**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.**
Grand Rapids, Mich. Niagara Falls, Canada.
**"WE SWEEP THE WORLD"**

**SALESMEN WANTED** to sell Summer Products to [illegible]
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All or part time. Rochester Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y.


# FRANK LANE—WESTERNER

(Concluded from Page 16.)

until they knew the freight to pay interest would be forthcoming. They drive in their lines on faith, and some of their desert roads now pay as much as nine per cent.

"But that isn't the point. Alaska will develop Alaska if we support her for a time with our credit. I hope for the passage of a coal-leasing bill for that country. It is now before Congress. After that we should give our attention to the management of the tremendous resources of that country. We have been letting Alaska drift. What we need now is some men, with authority and skill, to do the right work up there—men who will give their lives to its development.

"Of course we might have organized a chartered company—an East India Company, say. That is the old-fashioned way. We found a sort of substitute for this in our land grants for the Western railroads. These roads were, in a sense, the trustees for the nation. I believe this country can now take another step forward and prove democracy's ability and capacity to manage a great property for democracy through fit agents, high-grade men, well paid and constructive, who will carry out on the ground the policies that Congress, in a large way, lays down for them.

"What we need is a board of administrative control in Alaska, working for Alaska. Under such wise management the country eventually would pay back every cent of outlay for her railroads, and build her own wagon roads and telegraph lines. There is no dream concerning this country that may not come true. They laughed at Cecil Rhodes when he told of his dream of a Cape to Cairo railroad, but when a few hundred miles more are built that road will be a reality. I may live to see the day when Alaska will be connected by rail with Washington. I have talked of such a plan with Premier Borden, of Canada, and Premier McBride, of British Columbia. The construction of twelve hundred miles of railroad in Canada would bring the Grand Trunk Pacific to the Alaskan border. And do not forget that Alaska is our nearest mainland point to the Orient."

He swept his hand over the map.

"There is another thing about Alaska that isn't generally understood," he said. "I believe that Alaska will be one of the great summer resorts of the world, for its scenery is unsurpassed in grandeur and its summer climate is most salubrious. Let me remind you that beauty is a material resource of large value. We are growing more rapidly in our esthetic sense than in any other. We are already conservators of natural beauty. The first great step in conservation taken by our people was to save scenery—not water, or coal, or forests; but scenery! That's what we did when we led the world by setting aside our great national parks—Yellowstone, Glacier, Mount Rainier, Yosemite, and the others. These we hope to make more surely pleasure places for the people by securing roads that will stand automobile traffic. Already, within three days of New York the tourist can find scenery that cannot be approached anywhere in Europe; and when we get Alaska open the beauties of that country will be the climax to those scenic marvels already set aside."

"How far has your conservation program been worked out?"

"There are five bills now before Congress out of committee and indorsed by the Administration. These are the water-power bill; the Alaska coal-leasing bill; the oil, gas, phosphate and coal development bill; the irrigation bill for the extension of the time of payment on reclamation projects; and the radium bill. They all fit together, and each was drafted with the requirements of the others in view. They represent no one man's theories or ideas, but are the composite productions of the leaders in Congress and men elsewhere interested in these things and having expert knowledge of them. They are not ideal. Idealism isn't possible yet in Washington.

"I hope these bills will appeal to the reasonable mind as the longest step toward what we want to do—the best we can do at this time. That, I take it, is real statesmanship. Every one of these bills is intended to lessen the likelihood of monopoly and bring our resources into use."

The Secretary stopped again and let his eyes range over the map of Alaska. Then he walked back to his desk.

"By George," said he, "I'd like to hold this place for fifty years and see how some of these things work out! I am trying every day, in one way or another, to help something grow where nothing has grown, or to bring something to light and to use that Nature is concealing. The whole problem of civilization, as I view it, is to make Nature serve us instead of allowing Nature to run us."

He looked at the map of Alaska again, and at the maps of some reclamation projects.

"Can we do these things under democracy?" he asked. "Can we decide wisely, select sensible men for our officers and develop in them initiative and responsibility? Can democracy—our democracy—do these things? If democracy cannot then we have no efficient Government; and democracy, having been put to the test and having failed, will go out. A government that will not do its work cannot live. We are making progress. We trip over our own feet occasionally—we do a lot of blind groping; but we are going ahead even when we stumble. I am an optimist and I believe we shall win."

Mr. Lane surely is an optimist; for just here he tried to light that cigar again.

# WHAT NEXT?

### *The Submarine Bell*

SUBMARINE bells have proved to be so practical as warning signals, supplementary to lighthouses, that they are now proposed for the prevention of collisions at sea in fog. On a clear night ships can ascertain one another's courses by the fact that green lights are used on one side and red lights on the other, with shields to prevent the light from shining except straight ahead and to the outer side. So it is proposed to have submarine bells attached to ships—ordinary bells on the port side, for instance, and sirens on the starboard side.

The captain of a near-by ship, listening by means of a telephone receiver to the sounds caught on both sides of his ship under water, is able to determine not only on which side of his ship the neighboring vessel is located, but also what course it is steering.

Elaborate experimental work is now under way to perfect such signals, the most difficult problem being to guide the sound of the port-side bells, for instance, away from the ship to the port side and not to the starboard side also.

Meantime these submarine bells are being adopted for guiding a vessel to its pier in fog. A bell is located far out in the harbor directly opposite the pier and perhaps another bell is placed at the head of the pier. By getting into the line of sound between the two bells the vessel may be steered directly to its pier.

### *Oddities in the Air*

THE oddest machine that will really fly has recently been attracting much attention in London because of the inventor's belief that it will make traveling at very high speed possible. It flies only a few inches above the ground, following the course of a sort of rail.

Every one knows how electric magnets attract iron, but few are familiar with the fact that an electric magnet can be made to give the opposite effect and push iron away. In this case the rail is a series of electric magnets that will repel iron; consequently the iron body of the flying machine is kept in the air above the magnets. Provision is made to keep the machine directly above the track all the time, for if it should run on one side it would fall.

An engine inside the car drives a propeller in the air at the rear, exactly like the driving system of an aëroplane. The aëroplane propeller, however, has the double job of keeping the machine moving forward and at the same time keeping it up in the air—two tasks, each of which requires power, though they appear to be but one task. So the "levitated car," as the inventor calls it, has all its engine power available for the forward thrust.

A separate supply of power is required to keep the track magnets working.

A variation of this levitated railway is a car that has no propeller but is pulled forward by ordinary magnets strung in a series above the track.

### *Bone Carpentry*

A GOOD surgeon nowadays must be a skilled carpenter and a machinist, as is well illustrated by one of the newest methods of getting broken bones to grow together. With a small circular saw a long cut is taken lengthwise in the broken bone, both above and below the break; and a second cut is made beside it, perhaps half an inch away from the first one. The bone between these two cuts is then taken out in a long and thick sliver—or rather two slivers, one coming from above the break and one from below.

One of the two slivers—it makes no difference which—is much longer than the other; so the surgeon now has a short sliver of bone, a long sliver of bone and the trough in the main bone.

The short sliver is then placed in a machine that cuts little bone screws or pegs from it. Then the long sliver is placed in the trough of the broken bone, so that half is above the break and half below it, making a splice. The screws or pegs are used to screw the sliver tightly into place.

In this way the two ends of the broken bone are kept together for natural healing, and the splice helps to bridge the gap. By using for the screws or pegs pieces of bone from the same patient serious difficulties of healing are avoided.

### *Big Bubbles*

GIGANTIC soap bubbles three and even four feet in diameter have not only been blown but have been successfully launched to sail in the air by means of a new soap-bubble pipe invented by Professor C. V. Boys, of the Royal Society. Thin films have received a vast amount of scientific attention because of the light they throw on other problems; so the real purpose of the pipe is to make bubbles for scientists.

The pipe is a large and rather complicated affair; and, instead of using ordinary soapsuds, a solution of soap and glycerin is needed. The task of blowing such bubbles is considerable, so Professor Boys sometimes uses a little engine and blower to do the work.

For amusement purposes bubbles that will float in the air are best, and he can easily make his big bubbles float by holding the pipe over the flame of a candle, thus heating the air that fills them.

### *Reviving Canaries*

AN OXYGEN reviving apparatus for canary birds, which are so useful in coal mining, has now come into use. Canaries and mice are used to detect deadly gases in coal mines, as they keel over when a small amount of the gas is in the air of the mine—long before the miner would notice that the air was bad; and thus they serve as an alarm against danger.

These little animals are especially valuable in times of disaster in coal mines, when it is necessary for a rescuing party or an exploring party to try to make its way through the mine passages.

The apparatus is simply a glass cage, with one side hinged so that it will swing open, a wire grating inside this door, and a little tank of oxygen in the handle of the cage. Ordinarily the door is left open. If the canary swoons, indicating bad air, the glass door is closed and a valve is turned to admit some oxygen from the handle into the cage. Then when the canary revives the same bird may be used again on the same trip of investigation, as well as be available for future trips.

# PEERLESS
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The Peerless Salesmen you see here—and the others whose photographs we have had to omit because of lack of space—have won a phenomenal success because of the *exact-to-the-cent* protection provided by Peerless Check Writers.

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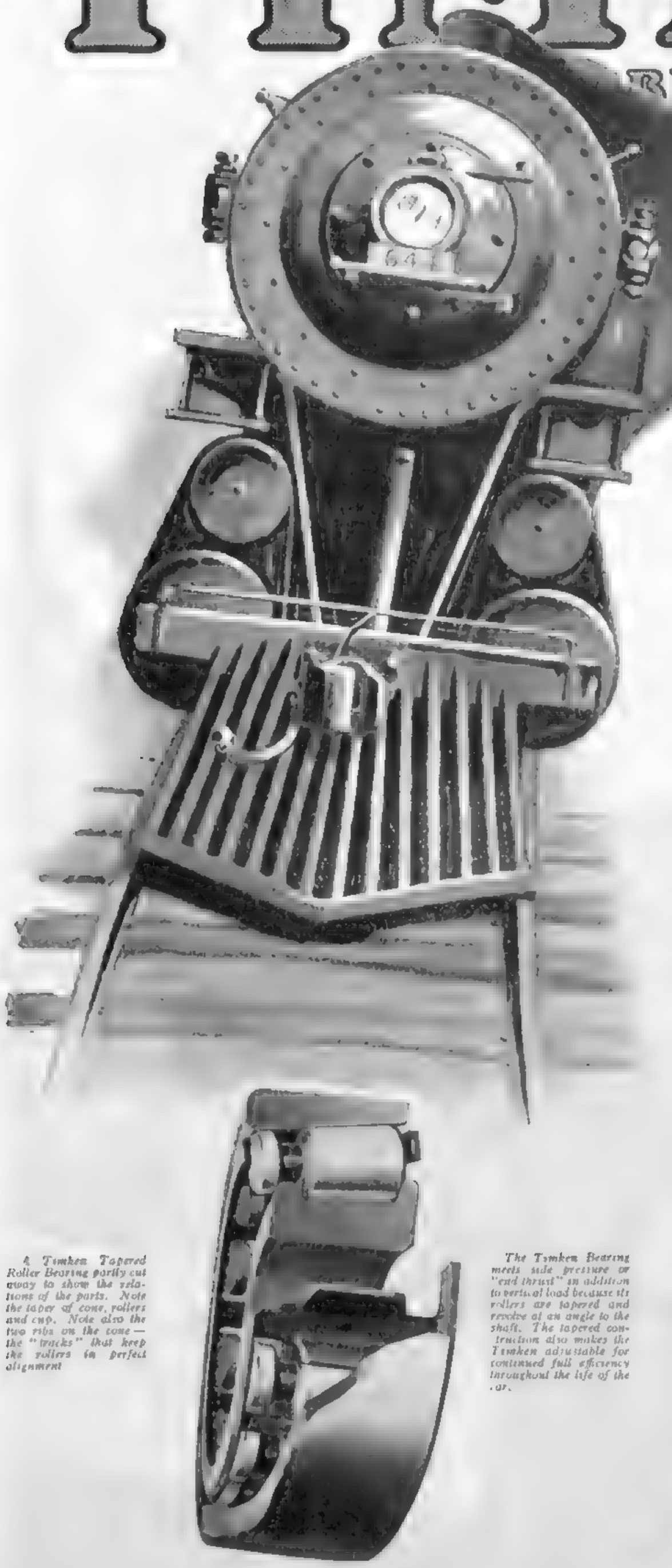
# TIMKEN

## BEARINGS & AXLES



*A Timken Tapered Roller Bearing partly cut away to show the relations of the parts. Note the taper of cone, rollers and cup. Note also the two ribs on the cone—the "tracks" that keep the rollers in perfect alignment*



*The Timken Bearing meets side pressure or "end thrust" in addition to vertical load because its rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft. The tapered construction also makes the Timken adjustable for continued full efficiency throughout the life of the car.*

# When Your Motor Car Takes the Curve

With a flash and a roar the limited train sweeps by and takes the curve.

Huge locomotive, heavy steel cars—the embodiment of terrific force!

The train tends to keep on in a straight line yet it does round the curve. Why?

Little flanges on the wheels press sidewise against the outer rail and force a change of direction.

So, when your motor car takes a curve the same force, the same pressure—differing only in degree—is at work.

Rubber tires grip the road, but the heavy chassis struggles to keep on in a straight line.

You feel the force sliding you along the seat. This "end-thrust" concentrates in the centers of the wheels. Axles try to push out through the hubs toward the outside of the curve.

Something must hold the axles back and yet allow the wheels to turn freely. This severe task falls to the wheel bearings. And the bearings must at the same time carry the weight of the car and its load.

It is because of this double duty that it is so important to have good wheel bearings.

### A Bearing That Meets End-Thrust In Addition to Vertical Load

It is one of the distinctive features of the tapered roller bearing that because its parts are conical instead of cylindrical it sustains immense pressure from the side at the same time that it is supporting the load, from above. A glance at the diagram shows why this is so.

All the pressure, both vertical and horizontal, is distributed over lines as long as the rollers instead of being concentrated at mere points. This wide distribution of pressure prevents undue wear.

### And It Is Adjustable

The same tapered construction of the Timken Bearing makes it possible—by moving the cone, rollers and cup into a little closer contact—to entirely offset the effects of the slight wear that will come after many thousands of miles of travel. That is, the Timken is adjustable.

Thus the universal satisfaction with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the wheels of hundreds of thousands of high-grade motor cars is due to basic principles of design that are right.

And for the same reason there is the same universal satisfaction with Timken Bearings at the *other severe service points*—in the transmission, in steering knuckle heads, on the pinion shaft, at each side of the differential, on the worm of a worm drive truck.

Points where end-thrust piles on radial load, and adjustability enables the owner to keep his car tuned up to full efficiency as it grows old in service.

End thrust vertical or radial and adjustability line contact [illegible] and many other things that Timken and other tapered bearings are discussed clearly in [illegible] Timken Bearings. [illegible] and Axles and Adjustment. The Company [illegible] will be sent free postpaid [illegible] request for the Three Timken Books. No [illegible] Write Dept. A-5, either Timken [illegible]

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Hints and Points on Trout Fishing

THE brook trout of our forefathers is still in our midst and seems to be in some sort a permanent institution. Stock a stream with trout and it is rather difficult to fish it clean by fair methods, for few fish are better able to fend for themselves.

To be sure, by fair means or foul we manage to keep the supply cut down pretty low from New England to the Rockies; yet sufficient numbers remain and probably will long remain to enlist the activities of the subtlest intellects of the land. Every time you go fishing for trout you learn something, and your grandson will take all your accumulated wisdom and learn something more each time he goes fishing.

One of the fallacies about trout fishing is that the worm will catch more trout than the artificial fly, and that said worm can only be applied successfully by a small boy with a broken hat. The facts do not bear out all the ancient stories. It is true that the bait-fishermen can reach some water where a fly cannot be cast, but the average bait-fisher, with his short rod, short boots and short cast, does not cover half the water reached by the well-equipped fly-fisherman with high waders and a long line well handled.

I have known bait-fishers to look at the work of a skilled fly-fisherman and remark: "It's a mighty good thing for the trout that so many of us don't go after them with the fly!" Certainly, the art of fly-casting once mastered, there are few who lay it down, granted any option, and none who do so under feasible casting conditions. This would not be the case if fly-fishing itself were not productive of results.

The trouble with most fly-fishermen is that they do not know how to fish. It is impossible to learn that from any book, and some men never learn it at all—they do not have the faculty of close observation. Moreover, there are no two streams fished alike. Beware the man who knows his own river!

Even one accustomed to fishing in a certain district may occasionally overlook a bet. Last spring a brother angler showed me something I had learned only in a vague way. Of course we all know in a general way that trout are more apt to bite well on a freshet than in low, clear water; but that supposes the trout are there all the time and are only less wary when the water is discolored.

### Big Fellows in Freshet Waters

In this case we fished the heads of half a dozen little streams that, after heavy rain, were running ten times their normal volume. We knew there were trout in them, but no one knew there were such trout as we took. We caught a good basketful apiece, and they were larger on the average than those we had taken in the most famous rivers of that vicinity. The puzzle still remained with us—whether these trout had come up from the larger waters of the freshet, or whether they had just come out of their hiding places under the banks and bushes, unsettled or perhaps emboldened by the changed action of the water.

The new school of trout fishing goes in for the automobile and in a day fishes not one stream but many. It was nothing for us to ride out thirty miles in the morning and back the same evening, and in one day I remember we fished bits of eight streams. The wonder is that we have any fish or game left since the automobile has wiped out all distance. Certainly it was the automobile that taught us this last notion about the habits of trout in little streams.

The fish came strong and decisively, not striking short but seemingly trying to gorge the fly. High water must be haymaking time for the trout family. The next day our little streams began to fall, and—presto!—our trout began to shrink in size and became as wary as ever. The short cycle of twenty-four hours made all the difference in the world.

In this fishing we learned, or learned more positively, the virtue of another wrinkle in trout fishing. It was many years ago when an old friend of mine showed me how to tie a bucktail fly that would really kill trout—and big ones—often where other flies failed. I have long classified this as the most deadly fly of my assortment, and in high and stained water it certainly makes good.

You cannot get a good bucktail fly from any dealer in the world, so far as I know; they invariably cut the hair too short and stiff. As my instructor showed me how to tie this fly, it is the most impossible-looking object in the world, and the very thing one would think apt to cause trout to flee with shrieks for mercy. We always tied this fly on hooks much larger than those appropriate to the given locality for the ordinary artificial fly.

For instance, where number eight was the usual size we used number six, or much larger, for the bucktail. Sometimes we made the body of deer hair, and made the wings by bending the hairs back at the neck. Sometimes we made the body and the wings separate. We never used any hackles unless by accident; for the ruder and coarser the fly the better it seemed to work.

The wings were never tied upright, but kept low. Sometimes we cut the wings off a big fly with a barl body and substituted wings made of bucktail. Usually we found that the fly was better if made entirely of the deer hair. It does not seem to make much difference about the color. We came rather to fancy a white body, with wings of mixed gray and white or gray and brown; yet an enormous bucktail I tied of pure white hair—a simply preposterous-looking thing it was—took some of our biggest trout in the high water.

### The Virtues of Bucktail Flies

No one can explain this fancy on the part of trout. The bucktail does not look like any insect in the world. Perhaps the trout takes it for a minnow, or maybe thinks it is some sort of floating larva in its case. Again, it may strike at it from curiosity, as a bass will at a spoon. I think the deadliest quality of this fly is the crawl of the long hairs—the ends should never be cropped off—as it moves in the water.

Sometimes I do not think the bucktail is a very sportsmanlike proposition, because, in order to make it most effective, you should pull it up or across stream in a series of short jerks—a foot or two at a time, then allowing it to drop back just a little—more like a bait than a fly. Handled in this way it seems very much alive.

Squirrel-tail hair is no good. It is only the hair of the deer's tail that does not mat down in the water but spreads out and seems to be alive. This fly seems to work in any country. In the Arctic Circle, three thousand miles above the country where I first saw it used, for lack of anything better I made a rough bucktail by tying a few hairs to a naked hook. The contrivance kept our camp in trout and grayling for some weeks. This hint is worth remembering.

The brook trout has the reputation of being the shyest fish; but that is a matter open to doubt. I do not think a trout is so shy as a black bass, though, to be sure, he usually lives in more restricted water and has not so far to run for a hiding place. It is certain that in a freshet the habits of the trout change very much.

In our little trip mentioned above we literally caught half-pound trout in the grass of the meadow along an overflowed stream, and they pounced on the bucktail as boldly as bass do on a frog in twilight. Their habitual caution seemed quite gone as well as all their other usual habits.

Ordinarily, however, you must be careful in approaching your trout. There are two schools of fishing—upstream and downstream—not to mention the wet-fly and the dry-fly schools. The English system of fishing is usually upstream and with the dry fly; whereas the American angler, in ninety per cent of cases, will fish with the wet fly and downstream. It is more comfortable to fish downstream and you certainly can kill fish in that way if you know how.

Your course, with or against the grain of the stream, depends on the nature of the country where you are fishing. If you are on a sandy bottom, or one of mud, or one with occasional mud bars, or any sort of detritus that will make the water roily when stirred up, you will kill far more trout by fishing upstream—if you know how to fish upstream.

If you have never tried it, it is quite worth your while, for it is apt to teach you many new things about trout. You can fish with a much shorter line and go up much closer on your fish, and mark them much better. You will not fish so much water in a day or so comfortably, but slow-and-short fishing is what puts good fish in the basket. When you fish upstream you will see more brook trout than you dreamed existed in the same stream when fished down.

As to dry-fly fishing, there is nothing occult about it. Try it for yourself, fishing upstream with rather a short line and going very slowly. In half a day you can learn enough about it to become interested.

On a late trip, finding myself on a shallow, wide stream holding a great many small trout, I put in an afternoon in experimenting with the dry fly. I had a good five-and-a-half-ounce rod and a tapered line and leader; but unfortunately my flies were not ideal for dry work. Most of them were stream-pattern snecks and they did not always ride through with the wings cocked.

This proved no insuperable objection to the trout, however, regardless of what the books say about it. In all likelihood I raised three times as many trout when fishing upstream with the floating fly as I could have done fishing with the wet fly and downstream. Most of these trout were small, because most of the large ones were still feeding on the bottom, eating larvæ, bark cases and all. That quiet afternoon, however—just experimenting with the trout—made a very delightful experience, which you may make your own almost any summer's day in a trout country.

At first, upstream fishing does not seem pleasant, because you are continually retrieving your line; but you soon learn how to keep the slack out of your line, learn how to value a short line, and learn how to go up on your fish.

At one time, by accident, I blundered into the foot of a deepish pool with a gravel bottom. At first a number of the trout left it; but as I stood still they began to settle back again, and I could see a couple of dozen good ones lying not more than ten feet from me. Making as slight commotion as possible I tossed the fly in at the upper edge of the pool and took two good trout, which had to be led directly through the pool to the net. Then one or two rose short; one or two others just flashed up a little bit—and then they were educated!

### How to Make a Fly Float

In an hour's work, during which I did not move out of my tracks, I could not get another rise from those trout, though I changed flies a dozen times. Yet they lay there, not ten feet from me, moving a little now and then, but hanging to the pool until, at length, I made a step forward, when they disappeared in a flash. Had I been fishing downstream I should never have seen those trout at all.

If you fish upstream you are apt to do better in much-fished water; and if your trout are accustomed to the pounding of heavy, wet-fly fishing it will be much worth your while sometimes to try the floating fly. You can soon learn the knack of making your fly float if you remember just one basic principle. Of course you know how to flick your fly back and forward once or twice to dry it, but that alone will not make it float. Pick out an imaginary spot in the air about four feet above the spot you wish your fly to strike. Cast at that imaginary spot. Your fly will drop down very lightly and will not be submerged.

You hear a great deal about the thistledown quality of a fly, supposedly acquired by means of keeping your elbow fast to your side while you cast. There is nothing much more fallacious than that same elbow-to-the-side stunt. It is all right for a beginner, for it teaches him it is his rod and not his arm that is to do the casting; but


# Packer No. 8 Hears from a Pipe-Lover

To insure the complete satisfaction of every smoker of Edgeworth tobacco and as part of the guarantee that goes with every package a small slip is packed into every large size tin or humidor package of Edgeworth. This slip urges a return of the tobacco if it is not satisfactory and bears a number that identifies the packer.

Here is, in part, what one smoker had to say when he read his slip:

Packer No. 8,
c-o Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Sir, Madam or Miss:—I have just dug down to the bottom of a one pound can of "Edgeworth" evidently packed by you, and I found the enclosed notice; wherein your boss asks me to notify them in case I found any irregularity in the box in which the notice was [illegible]. As I found no irregularity and as they [illegible] more I thought I would tell you [illegible] e. g. "The Best Bunch of tobacco I ever smoked." A friend. (I was going to say a true friend, but then I reserve that expression for my old dudeen" exclusively) gave me this pound box of "Edgeworth"—hence this letter and now it's me for more as the last smoke was as good as the first, just as moist and held the same quality and flavor—you can tell your "boss" that there was no irregularity—no, it was all regular—yes, a regular find.

Yours in a decent smoke,
A. J. M.

Not every man is as fortunate as Mr. A. J. M. He was lucky enough to have a friend who introduced him to Edgeworth by presenting him with a full pound.

There's no need for you to wait until some acquaintance yields to an inspiration and gives you a package of Edgeworth to judge.

You can get it from us by asking for it. Just put yourself in a receptive frame of mind, say to yourself, "Well, since it costs nothing, I will give this Edgeworth a trial," then send us a postcard with your name and your dealer's name on it.

We will promptly send you a package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Smoking Tobacco, free. Whether you will like it or not remains to be seen, but you should see some of the glad letters we get from men who have found Edgeworth just what they wanted.

Don't you think it's always worth while to try out a pipe tobacco?

Edgeworth is made from the finest tobacco that grows on the ground, and it comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed, and is on sale practically everywhere.

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 in handsome humidor packages. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply. A sample of Ready-Rubbed is free if you mention your dealer's name. If you love good pipe tobacco, you will really favor us by asking for this sample.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

*To Retail Tobacco Merchants*—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

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¶ Are you holding down the high cost of living by seeing to it that you get what you pay for?

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¶ Almost all household supplies are bought without checking the amount delivered.

¶ Gas is a commodity which does not ask to be bought on faith. It is measured on your premises, as you use it, and all you have to do is to verify the gas meter reading (a simple process which your Gas Company will show you how to do yourself) and you can satisfy yourself that you are getting what you pay for.

¶ Your gas meter is a simple and accurate measuring machine. This is proved by thousands of tests made by City and State authorities whose records are accessible to the public.

¶ Your Gas Company stands ready at all times to aid you in securing the most efficient results from the use of its product, but it cannot, without your co-operation, control the amount or the way it is used after it passes through the meter.

¶ The men who make and sell you gas are **Merchants.** They have invested a large sum of money in your community. They are there to stay. Possibly, you are a shareholder with them.

¶ Wisdom, as well as common honesty, leads them to strive for public confidence and to see that you get what you pay for. They want to keep on doing business with you.

¶ When you buy Gas, you get what you pay for.

¶ Send for the free booklets: ***"A Thousand Uses for Gas." "The Hygienic Value of Gas Lighting."***

If you *haven't* read
***"The Story of Nancy Gay"***
send at once for a FREE copy that awaits you.

Nancy says: "What! you can't read your gas meter? Why it's as easy as telling time. I read mine every few days just for the satisfaction of knowing what my light and fuel are costing. And I know I'm getting all I pay for. I wish I knew that all the other things I buy were as accurately weighed and measured."

**National Commercial Gas Association**
29 West 39th Street, New York City


a good caster is like a good boxer—he can deliver a punch from any position.

In actual practice most of us violate the conventional forty-five-degrees rule and slam a rod pretty well in front of us in the forward cast. The books would call this contempt of court in dry-fly fishing, but let us go softly as to that. You may bring your rod clear down parallel with the water and still deliver a good dry fly—if you know how. Just keep your eye on that imaginary spot above the water and let your line extend to that, and no farther. The fly will drop gently in spite of all your violated rules.

The real secret of any trout fishing, and more especially of wet-fly fishing downstream, is to lay a straight line. If you watch most casters you will find that the line drops in a series of curves, mussing up the water. This will not always take trout when they are shy. The straight line is the deadly one, because when a trout strikes at the fly you are then more apt to fasten him.

As a matter of fact, about half the trout you think you strike in reality hook themselves. They will not do this on a floating fly if you are fishing upstream, and you are sure to miss very many more strikes in that kind of fishing than when you are at the usual game of chuck-and-chance-it downstream.

As to this thistledown business in fly fishing, it is not always necessary. A trout is half shy and half bold; he is scared, but he has to make his living. You can slam a big bucktail down on the water in front of a trout just as you can a big frog in front of a bass, and often he will run at it and not away from it. The way to do that is to let him see as little of you and your line as possible; and yet in some fishing you do not even need to be too quiet.

I once fished with a chap who had a sort of style of his own in trout fishing. When he saw a good log or rock where he thought trout were hiding, he would flick at the water over it half a dozen times or so, making considerable fuss on the water and not in the least casting a light fly. Then he would drop the fly just above and let it float down. In very many cases he would thus get his trout. He called it teasing the trout into striking. It was the opposite of what you would call good trout fishing, but it worked. I am inclined to think it did anger a trout, so that he struck just from annoyance.

Some streams are not suitable for this sort of fishing, but in hundreds of cases I have tried this trout teasing with success. Once I stood casting a line of not over fifteen feet, and counted over forty casts before at last I raised a trout and hooked him, every cast cutting the water a little bit. That trout certainly was warned, yet it came out at last!

### *Trout Not Afraid of Cows*

You cannot learn all about trout fishing the first day you fish. I am inclined to believe, however, that the real secret of this fishing is the final floating down of the dry fly over the place where the water has been disturbed. You might amuse yourself some time by trying it. It is best done on a stream full of sunken logs or other good hiding places.

More trout are lost by bad wading than by bad casting. Of course if you do not know your stream you may blunder into good water; but if you are approaching a hole where you know there are trout the best way is to stand perfectly still in your chosen position for four or five minutes before you make a move. Then cast as quietly as you can. You can stalk a trout as well as a deer. The trout seem to think you are a stump or something of that kind.

I have often wondered whether they can distinguish domestic animals from men. Usually we think that if a man wades through a trout hole the trout will not rise again for a long time. Not long ago a friend and I stood and watched three or four cows wade deliberately through a trout hole in which we intended to fish. We thought that settled the matter; but, to prove it, we began to cast as soon as the cows were out of the way—and we took a couple of good trout. I presume they are used to seeing cows, but I do not know; and, in short, no one knows very much about what trout will or will not do.

Another fault, almost as bad as fishing too rapidly, is the use of a line that is too long. Of course part of the fun in trout fishing is casting, and that is how we learn to cast; but for really putting trout in the basket a slow foot and a short line are better. This means that unless you are very careful you will not always cast a gentle line or a straight one.

In all likelihood you will be using too much force for so short a line, especially if you are using a good, modern, quick-acting, stiffish bamboo rod.

Most of the action of these modern rods is up at the tip and if you put too much force into them they overshoot. I have one splendid, powerful rod that is capable of laying out all sorts of line, and which takes a very heavy line to make it begin to act. Every day I fish with that rod I have to learn it over again. Unless humored, it is the nastiest rod one ever saw and lays a miserable, wrinkled line.

The fact is, it requires hardly more than a gentle pointing forward of the rod to pitch its line a good fishing distance and lay it straight. You must humor some rods, and this is one of them. Of course what it craves is a heavy tapered line and a reach of sixty feet or more. Study your own rod, therefore, and let your line balance it, being just heavy enough to induce it to lay a straight, comfortable line at a good fishing distance.

You will catch abundance of trout downstream at thirty feet, and upstream at twenty feet—or, yes, even at ten feet, as I can testify. All of which is somewhat confounding to the doctors, perhaps, but is easily capable of proof at your own hands.

### *The Man to Beware Of*

Your tackle salesman very probably will want you to buy a tapered line. It may or may not be best for you. In dry-fly fishing it is fine, for then you lay out about nine feet of tapered leader and not much more than that of tapered line—and both will float, especially if you keep your line well greased with deer fat; but if you have a long taper on your line and are fishing with rather a stiffish rod you will not find it easy to handle, because the weight will not be sufficient to set your rod in action.

For ordinary fishing, the level line, as it is called, is apt to be more comfortable; and many an angler has deliberately cut off the tapered part of an expensive line because he could not handle it in the wind.

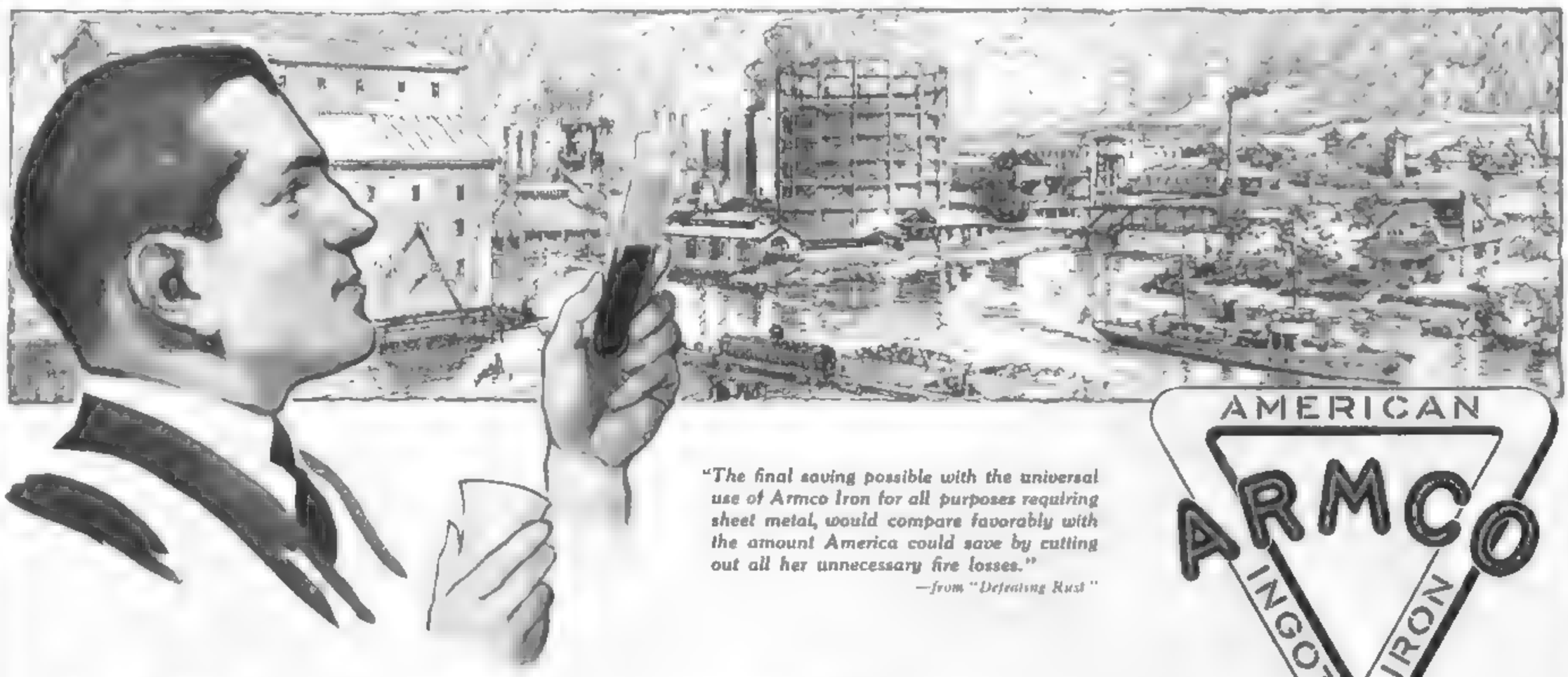
This brings us to yet another mooted point in trout fishing. We are taught by the books to use a nine-foot leader, and are taught by the tackle salesman to have that leader tapered to a point of fine-drawn gut. Now take that fine leader, with a bit of tapered line back of it, and try to fish in the wind, especially with two or three flies attached.

You are tangled up all the time and cannot get anywhere or lay a straight, comfortable line. Your equipment has defeated your purpose.

On the other hand, if you fish with a leader six, five or four feet long, of medium gut, and perhaps with only a single, eyed fly backed by a level line of a weight suitable for your rod, you find yourself master of existing conditions. You can drive your fly into the wind, can cast it accurately and keep your line straight on the water. Sometimes I think that any man with a short and rather stout leader, a bucktail fly and a short line can go out and skin any man who fishes with three flies on light gut and a tapered line.

This, of course, is heresy, and perhaps it will not work on very bright or very-much-fished waters. It will work on waters that have been fished steadily for fifty years. You can fish a bucktail fly with a two-foot leader or with scarcely any leader at all, and take trout with it. With flies of less compelling quality it is better to be a little longer and a little lighter with your tackle. You yourself, none the less, will find great interest in experimenting along both extremes. Your results will leave you indisposed to lay down any hard-and-fast rule about trout.

A great many fishermen cling to the old snelled hook, and to the leader with two or three flies attached. The tendency to-day is toward the single, eyed fly. You can carry many more of the eyed flies in a book and they do not tangle up; and they are not lost by the gut breaking off at the head. Moreover, you can cast one fly more accurately than you can two or three. Beware of the man with the single fly and the short leader and straight line! He may cause you to open your basket lid several times during the afternoon to estimate how you are getting along.



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*—from "Defeating Rust"*

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OVER one hundred million dollars' worth of sheet metal is made each year in this country. Most of it disappears shortly on account of rust. This is due to the fact that most sheet metal of the present day contains impurities such as carbon, manganese, silicon, copper, sulphur; therefore it cannot help rusting when exposed to air, moisture or corrosive gases.

Our chemists are saving millions of dollars for the public as a result of the discovery of two things: first, government experts established that the rapid corrosion of steel was due to the presence of impurities, especially manganese; second, we found the way to make pure iron. Either of these discoveries ranks as one of the greatest achievements in metallurgy.

### Pure Rust-Resisting Iron Will Save Millions

Let us illustrate this saving of millions, literally. In a decade, most of the impure sheet metal made in 1914 and used in exposed situations will have been destroyed by rust. The sheet steel made in 1904 has mostly disappeared. There you have a complete, annual loss of nearly one hundred million dollars.

As soon as the public realizes and accepts the great truth that pure iron is a resistant to rust, there will of course be little sheet metal used except pure iron. When that time comes, this terrific waste of millions of dollars every year will be wiped out.

These are big figures, big claims—but they are true. Perhaps little figures will mean more to you. Let us say it will cost you $100 to roof a building with metal shingles or sheet metal. Ten years is about as long as you can count on modern impure metal roofing lasting. That is a cost of $10 a year. Pure iron roofing should last many times ten years. Even the old-fashioned charcoal iron roofs lasted forty to seventy years, and that iron was not as pure and not as rust-resisting as the pure iron which we are making. So instead of $10 a year, the cost of your roof will be nearer $2 a year.

Apply the same method of figuring savings to other sheet metal products; to metal window frames, metal lath, ventilators, gutters, pipes; especially to stoves, boilers, ranges and furnaces, which are peculiarly subject to rust, owing to condensation of moisture and to corrosive gases; to refrigerators; to road culverts, metal cars, boats, flumes, smoke stacks, tanks, woven wire fences and the thousand and one other things made from rolled or drawn metal.

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Armco Iron is not only pure, rust-resisting—it is an exceedingly fine quality of metal for other reasons. Every process of manufacture is handled with extreme care and is under the supervision of very highly trained metallurgists. For instance, each sheet, after rolling, undergoes a slow annealing process which takes a week, although ordinary sheet metal is often annealed in a day. Slow annealing restores all of the original strength and evenness of texture and removes molecular strains caused by rolling. For this reason, Armco Iron is very ductile.

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Armco Old Style Terne plate, with its Armco Iron base, is made by the Morewood hand dipped, old style, pure palm oil process. No acids are used. The coating is pure lead and tin—two almost indestructible metals. There are seven operations. No higher grade metal roofing is made in the whole world. Each sheet is stamped Armco.

### How to Get ARMCO Iron

Armco Iron, which has been and still is known as American Ingot Iron, is sold through distributors of sheet metal. It is specified by architects and engineers and is used for making sheet metal products by many manufacturers. You can buy finished products of Armco Iron from hardware dealers, tinners and sheet metal workers. If you have any difficulty getting Armco Iron write us for names of dealers and manufacturers who use Armco. For example, the Page Woven Wire Fence Company use Armco Iron; the General Fireproofing Company make Herringbone lath of Armco Iron. Imperial spiral lath and several other styles are made in our own factory.

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This book, "Defeating Rust," contains more real information about sheet metal than ever before has been put between two covers. It tells the complete story of pure iron—Armco Iron. It gives processes by which Armco Iron is produced. It shows how Armco Iron compares with other sheet metals in analysis, in tests, in actual use. This book gives the experiences of manufacturers in regard to welding, stamping, forming, enameling and polishing Armco Iron. It tells why stoves and refrigerators made of Armco Iron last longer.

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# Who's Your Tailor?

Passenger conductors and engineers don't carry 98c watches—there's too much at stake to depend upon anything having the element of cheapness.

Men who really discriminate are not mesmerized by the argument that $15 or $18 will buy "just as good" quality as we deliver in tailored to order clothes for $25 and up, Suit or Overcoat.

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# The Law and the Wild Fowl

FROM all quarters of the country, until midsummer of this the first year following the enactment of the Federal law protecting migratory wild fowl, reports have come of an extraordinary increase in the number of fowl breeding south of the international line.

From New Jersey to Oregon, from the edges of two of the Great Lakes, and from many valleys of the interior, observers report that more ducks were seen last spring and this summer than has been the case for very many years. The birds did not migrate, but, finding themselves safe, simply stayed and set up housekeeping, as once they used to do, before the spring shooters drove them out.

It is astonishing how quickly wild creatures learn when and where they are safe. Perhaps we humans would develop a like cunning if our lives depended on it. The buffaloes and elks and sheep and antelopes in Yellowstone Park would be exterminated if they did not know—roughly at least—the extent of their zones of safety. The bears of Yellowstone Park will come and eat from your hand. The bears of the Alaska Peninsula, four thousand miles deeper in the wilderness, will run twenty miles if they catch the scent of man. One region is a refuge and the other is not; there is the difference and there is the lesson.

The hay-fed elks of Jackson's Hole in wintertime are as tame as domestic animals. Out in Ouray, Colorado, a band of more than seventy wild bighorn sheep come into the streets every winter and are fed every day. They are almost as tame as domestic sheep. They know where they are safe. Perhaps you have noticed that most wild ducks will sheer off just out of gunshot. Leave a marsh unshot for one year and the ducks have to learn that habit all over again. Give game half a chance and it will increase beyond all present conception of that term.

It is in the actual facts of this actual increase that the Weeks-McLean Law finds its real proving. It is confidently believed by many thinking sportsmen that these facts will very soon wipe out most of the opposition to the law—or at least all opposition except that of men who shoot hoggishly or shoot for profit.

Let the ducks alone and, like Little Bo-Peep's sheep, they will come home, bringing their tails behind them; and the men who thought spring shooting was their only hope will presently find autumn shooting better than they have known in all their lives. And the sharp days of autumn are the natural ones for shooting wild fowl. Spring does not appeal to most men as a shooting season.

### An Appropriation Almost Lost

The opposition to this excellent Federal law, without doubt or question, gained volume and acquired confidence by reason of the dilatory action of the Government officials who had the enforcement of the law in charge. That duty was intrusted to the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture.

It is true there was not an unlimited fund at their disposal, but there was enough to do something. The course pursued allowed the impression to creep out that the department felt unsafe about the law and did not care to try to enforce it. That impression, once allowed to get out, spread like wildfire. It gave courage to the insurgent shooters. They rapidly organized, began to flood their representatives in Congress with importunities, and, in short, made a better fight than was made by the men having the law's dignity in their own keeping.

The result of this was that when the fifty-thousand-dollar appropriation measure came up last May it ran close to a defeat at one time.

Soon after the Senate had passed the big appropriation the character of the press comment became such that the administration of this law was taken out of the hands of the Department of Agriculture and placed in that of the Department of Justice. This was yet another good step in the right direction.

Assistant Attorney-General Jesse C. Adkins at that time wrote a letter which may be quoted here:

"I take the liberty of writing to you in connection with the enforcement of the recent Federal law regulating the killing of migratory and insectivorous birds. It had been intended originally to have the enforcement of the law administered by the Department of Agriculture; but as that department has not been able to report any violations, and many complaints of breaches of the law have reached this department, it has been concluded to authorize the United States attorneys to prosecute any case brought to their attention, where the evidence appears to be sufficient to justify such a course. . . . I should also be pleased, if you think it proper, to have your association call to the attention of the United States attorneys any cases which seem to you of a character deserving prosecution."

The foregoing should afford food for thought among the insurgents who insist on shooting in the spring. The law is now in the hands of the Department of Justice of the United States. The man who violates it takes his own chances, and those chances are very considerable. Moreover, though not very many prosecutions have been made—a larger total than might be supposed—evidence is in the hands of officials in Washington that will result in conviction in very many other cases later on. United States deputies have passed through large parts of the Mississippi Valley without their identity being suspected, and they have quietly picked up a lot of evidence and filed it away for later use.

### Conflicting Decisions

It is possible that the dilatoriness at Washington resulted in bringing up the case decided last May at Jonesboro, Arkansas, in which Federal Judge Jacob Trieber declared the Weeks-McLean Law unconstitutional. This decision gave the opposition to the law a great deal of courage. Of course it did not really make the law unconstitutional, any more than the pronouncement of the state attorney of New York made it so. Only the Supreme Court of the United States can pronounce that law unconstitutional. It has not yet done so. That law, therefore, is the law of the land. Let us go softly!

Suppose the test case that will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States should declare the law constitutional: Where would that leave any of us who has set himself above the law, and who has hearkened to one judge rather than to the Congress of the United States—has hearkened rather to the ancient law of state rights than to the modern law of the nation's right to regulate interstate commerce?

Some of us, if we had been shooting in the spring, might wish we had waited until the Supreme Court of the United States settled this thing once for all. The arm of Uncle Sam is slow, but it is mighty long and powerful; and he has an exceedingly good memory, even for small offenses against his dignity.

The decision of Judge Trieber, of Jonesboro, Arkansas, means nothing at all as a finality. It is more important than if he were not a Federal judge, to be sure; yet another Federal judge, Honorable J. D. Elliott, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, at about the same time decided a case precisely opposite to the ruling of Judge Trieber. South of Mason and Dixon's Line they may think the law is not a good law. In South Dakota they certainly do think it is good.

Meantime it behooves any enthusiastic shooter to leave his gun in its case in the spring, whether he lives south or north of Mason and Dixon's Line. In short, why not sit down and think this matter over a little? Why not look at those new broods of ducks this summer?—more ducks than we have seen bred in the United States in the last twenty years!

The thinking sportsmen of the country are by no means discouraged, though regretting the delay in the enforcement of the law in many cases that have been reported. Their main reliance is their belief that "the world do move," and that the doctrine of state rights has been settled in this country—settled when it had more courage and conviction back of it, and a larger issue than can be the case in this revival in the interest of a few selfish people. It is fairly safe to say that the greatest good for the greatest number will prevail. Slavery and spring shooting rested on state rights. Both had to go.

When the Senate ratified the action of the House in the matter of the fifty-thousand-dollar appropriation for the sake of the wild fowl it gave a very good line as to its later action in a matter which will bring up practically this same question.

It is the Senate that will ratify or reject the Canadian Treaty protecting migratory wild fowl, which is now in the Home Office of Great Britain. It is not likely that the vote in our Senate on that treaty will align much differently from what it was on the Weeks-McLean appropriation. That treaty, once passed, will become the supreme law of the land.

Allowing you every sort of doubt as to the action of the Congress and the Supreme Court of the land, just suppose you guessed this matter wrong and went on shooting, later to find out that it was yourself that was unconstitutional, and not the Congress and the Supreme Court! Such things have happened and they may happen again. The provision of the law is that if you cannot pay your fine you go to the penitentiary. And when the Department of Justice gets after a man it is apt to have rather large ideas as to proper size of a fine for trampling on the flag.

Now that is what you do when you declare this law unconstitutional, and say that you know more about the law than the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States. That law has not been repealed; it exists to-day. It is in effect to-day. It has not been annulled or declared invalid by the only body that can so declare it. It is a Federal law, a law of this nation; and our dignity and our flag are back of it. It spreads the protection of the flag over these migratory birds for part of the time in their unequal fight for an existence. It spreads that flag over you, too, whether you deserve it or not, and no matter in what state or district of this country you live.

It is meant to give the greatest good to the greatest number, and to give force to the rule of the majority, the basic law of our land. When you slight that law and scoff at it, and say you know better than that law does, and that you are going to do as you like about it, you are trampling on the flag; and, to my own personal notion, you are not a good citizen when you do that.

Go softly! Sit down and think this thing over a while. Look at all those thousands of ducks which bred in this country last spring just because that law was passed.

### Obey or Secede

Give the birds a chance, and they will give you more shooting in the autumn than you have had in the spring; and this is true, no matter what district of this country may be yours. It is not the case that this is a class law passed in the interest of the few or of the wealthy, or of those who can travel for sport. It is a law passed after long deliberation; and it is intended for the greatest good to the greatest number. Above all, it is a law passed for the benefit of the birds themselves.

Let those districts that feel aggrieved by this oppressive game law pack up their things and secede from this cruel Union. Let every county in every one of those states that do not like the state laws secede, in turn, from that state. Let every township that does not like the county government secede from the county. Let every individual who hates his poll tax declare it unconstitutional and secede from his township. Let them all secede from everything and go it alone, without any law, in the good old American fashion. Fine and logical—is it not?—when you come to work it out!

Brother, go softly! Sit down and think it over. Why not stick to the flag? Why not stick to this law? Why not give the birds a chance—their last chance? It would be much finer, far more rational and far more patriotic—far more sportsmanlike, if you care for that term—did your reason counsel you into respect for this good law.

If you cannot see it that way, and if you still insist that you ought to secede from everything, and still believe you know more than the Congress of the United States—why, then, the Department of Justice at Washington exists for such as you.

"Is your house insured?"
"Sure, it's insured."
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"Yes, against fire."
"Where is your policy?"
"In the safe."
"Yes, but what company?"
"How should I know?"
"Didn't you take it out?"
"I left that to my agent."
"Do you know him personally?"
"Sure."
"You can trust him perfectly?"
"Of course."
"You know your banker, too, don't you?"
"Yes."
"Do you let him buy your bonds without telling you what company issues them?"
"No-o-o!"
"Do you let your real estate man sell you a house without letting you see it?"
"No-o-o!"
"Got any life insurance?"
"Sure."
"Know what company it's in?"
"Of course."
"Then, why under the sun don't you know the company that you may have to depend on to pull you out of the worst hole in your business experience?"
"I never thought of that!"

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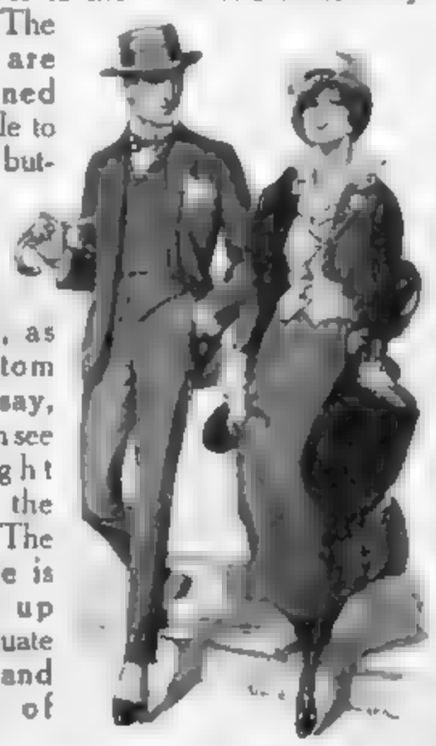
# Preachments on Tailoring by KAHN of Indianapolis

CASTING the horoscope of Fashion for Autumn, the English Suit is still "smart," but the exaggerated "Englishness," which made a man look midway between an exclamation point and a tight-rolled umbrella, has been dropped.

Custom tailors like us, from whom all others take their cue, decree that the *custom* coat shall still be glove-soft and bereft of all needless padding. It has shoulders that follow Nature, and a drape that curves to the back and flares softly below. The lapels are unflattened and ripple to the first buttonhole. The hips are arched, so that, as we custom tailors say, "You can see daylight through the arms." The waistline is set far up to accentuate height and length of limb.



*Kahn-Tailored-Clothes*
$20 to $45

embody every pre-advanced fashion quirk of confessedly *custom* tailoring. Their softness and shapeliness—their flowing grace and glowing style come from exclusive Kahn custom fabrics and exclusively Kahn handiwork throughout.

These clothes "grow old gracefully," and even in advanced age retain every trace of their aristocratic air, because they are custom-tailored and because, being measured and fitted to every hill and hollow of your figure, there is no seam-strain or pocket-pull.

To-day, go to our *Authorized Representative* in your town and be measured for your *Kahn Custom-Tailored* Autumn Suit or Topcoat. Our Seal, reproduced below, is in his window and more than 500 exclusive Merchant-tailoring Patterns are in his shop.

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis

# THE CURSE OF CREDIT

## By Roger W. Babson

A BIG banker was dining with me one day while Mr. Mellen, late president of the New Haven Railroad system, was testifying in Washington before the Interstate Commerce Commission. We were at one of those restaurants, frequented almost exclusively by the Wall Street contingent, which have two or three tickers for the benefit of their customers.

The tickers are installed near the door, and busy men as they pass in and out glance at the tapes. For one of these men to be without a ticker near him is almost the same as for you or me to attempt to get along without air.

In the middle of the meal my friend rose and went to a ticker once or twice. His action was so conspicuous that I asked him what was troubling him.

I was surprised when he told me he had gone out to read the latest news relative to Mr. Mellen's testimony in the New Haven scandal.

As the New Haven investigation was the topic of the Street that week, we naturally continued to talk over the matter through the remainder of the meal. My friend told me that the latest report the ticker showed while we were eating concerned an account of the Westchester purchase. As most readers know, Westchester refers to the New York, Westchester and Boston, which is the most expensive interurban railroad in the world to-day and the only one having an entrance into the city of New York. It is a four-track, high-speed line of most substantial construction, operating, through White Plains, New York, between the territory of the New York Central and that of the New York, New Haven and Hartford.

The day will come when it will be a most valuable property; but before that time arrives the territory must be built up and the road connected with the Subway system, so that through cars can be operated to downtown New York.

For this property the New Haven is reported to have paid about twenty million dollars; and when Attorney Folk asked President Mellen, on the stand, as to his opinion of the value of this stock, Mr. Mellen is reported to have said: "About ten cents a pound."

The day before Mr. Mellen had also told how many millions had been paid for the Rhode Island trolleys above their real value, by which the New Haven was losing about three hundred thousand dollars a year. When we had finished our meal and were waiting for the waiter to bring back some change, I abruptly turned to the banker and asked:

### Are There Other New Havens?

"Is it reasonable to suppose that other roads or industrial concerns are now doing the same thing, but have not been found out? Cannot something be done to stop such plundering of property?"

He replied:

"Well, Babson, the only thing I know that will really stop such practices is poverty! Too much credit is a curse. The temptation of unlimited credit is too great for the ordinary man to withstand.

"I doubt whether a single director of the parent company made a dishonest dollar in company matters. There were other motives that caused this disaster. Some of the directors gave too little attention to the business and were mere dummies on the board, either from having too many irons in the fire or because of their greater interest in other matters; others were possibly under obligations to certain controlling interests, and therefore, in order to keep in their good graces, refrained from exercising any individuality or opposing any suggestion to spend money. All of them were more or less intoxicated with success.

"When a corporation can sell three and a half per cent bonds in the vicinity of par and its four per cent bonds sell at a premium, while bankers, hungry for securities to sell, are offering it money without regard to the uses to which it is put, is it not a wonder that more mistakes are not made? Credit, like fire, is very useful, but very dangerous.

"Therefore, in answer to your two questions, Mr. Babson, I will say: First, the fundamental cause of the New Haven difficulty was that the unlimited credit and success of the company offered a temptation for expansion that the controlling interests could not withstand; and, second, any corporation possessing similar credit to-day is subject to the same temptations and needs the same watching."

Possibly this banker made the New Haven board of directors appear more innocent than they really are; but there probably is some truth in his explanation.

At the time when Mr. Morgan and his associates were lending millions to the New Haven, to be wasted in useless investments, they refused funds to the Erie Railroad for meeting just debts and for finishing the great tunnel at its terminus in New Jersey, which has not only been a great boon to the property but a godsend to every commuter using the line.

I think one of the most romantic stories of Wall Street is that of how the late E. H. Harriman, while very ill, with doctors and nurses trying to keep him alive, raised himself in his bed and telephoned J. P. Morgan & Co. that if they would not help the Erie he would come to its rescue with his personal millions and remake the railroad map of America!

It is still believed in Wall Street that it was only Mr. Morgan's fear that this Napoleon of Railroading, Mr. Harriman, would fulfill his threat which prevented the Erie Railroad from going into bankruptcy. At any rate, the company was grudgingly given a few millions, and thus avoided "passing over the dam."

### The Erie's Lesson in Economy

The narrow escape taught Mr. Underwood, president of the Erie, a lesson. He immediately began to economize in every possible way. No dividends were paid to the stockholders, very small commissions were given to bankers, and every cent of surplus earnings was spent on the property in order to support it until the day when its destiny could not be ruined by the refusal of any one man to give it aid.

Moreover, while the curse of the New Haven was its riches, the salvation of the Erie was its poverty. Unlimited credit caused the New Haven's downfall; while the inability to get any credit developed a spirit of economy and endeavor among the directors of the Erie Railroad, which has thus far enabled it to weather the storm.

Railroads, however, are not the only corporations to which the law of action and reaction applies. Manufacturing concerns, department stores and all lines of business are subject to the same temptations and have the same opportunities.

Even since I began writing this article the whole financial and commercial world has been astounded by the disastrous failure of one of our oldest and greatest mercantile houses, the Claflin Company. The very fact of this company's high standing and its ability to obtain money easily was the secret of its undoing. At various critical periods in its history it is said to have been carried over by the big banking interests. Nearly everyone believed that it could not fail. No doubt its managers believed so, too, for they continued expanding and borrowing at a rate which a smaller house could never have contemplated. Much of its obligations consisted of purely "accommodation" paper, yet the great credit of the company effected the discount of this paper with such ease that it inevitably drifted into dangerous expansion.

I have also in mind two publishing houses. Ten years ago one of these possessed the highest credit; its publications were in many homes and its editorials were quoted in the press of every nation. At the same time an unknown paper with little or no circulation was struggling for existence without funds or credit. The only assets the publisher of the latter had were a vision and a spirit of rigid economy. He refused to borrow any money; he insisted on paying all his bills each week, and personally attended to the minute details of his business.

One day the publishing world was astounded at the report that the first-mentioned publishing house had become financially involved and was on the brink of a receivership. It was a shock to every one; and the only explanation was that, being intoxicated with success, the company had allowed itself to be swamped by a host of high-salaried men and had built a much larger printing plant than it needed. The directors did not worry about the business, but let it run itself while they traveled in Europe.

Since that time the great publishing house has been reorganized; and, though it still exists in name, the circulation of its publications is no greater than twenty years ago, if as great.

While the directors of this big house were enjoying themselves in Europe, however, the publisher of the other paper, through attention to business and by watching the expenditure of every cent, was slowly forging ahead. To-day this struggling sheet has become a great publication known throughout the world and is a most profitable and influential periodical.

Here, again, the unlimited credit of the first doubtless hastened its ruin, while the inability of the second to borrow a dollar may have developed qualities that greatly contributed to success.

Moreover, the law of action and reaction applies not only to corporations and business concerns but, as suggested above, to individuals as well. If the reader will look about him in his own community he will see many illustrations of that remark of Solomon's: "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

As we think of the families who were the big guns of our own little town when we were boys; of the local banker who lived in the big house on the hill; or of that man who owned the woolen mill and had a fine residence, which was then the best in town, but which to-day is going to rack and ruin—and then realize how those families are now almost forgotten, while their places have been taken by others who were then in struggling circumstances—the lesson is brought home to us very clearly.

If a corporation, a business house, you and I, refuse to abuse the powers and opportunities caused by wealth, there is no danger of our suffering therefrom.

### The Temptations of Credit

Many illustrations of this fact come to my mind, as well as of the more unpleasant things we have been considering. To offset the New York, New Haven and Hartford example we have the cases of the Pennsylvania system in the East, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy in the West, the Louisville and Nashville in the South, and many others. All these have had abounding credit for years; but, so far, their directors have apparently been able to withstand the temptations resulting from wealth and success.

One of the great mercantile houses of our country is also one of the oldest; and from personal negotiations with this concern I am sure they are as careful and conscientious to-day as they were several generations ago. Wealth does not necessarily mean wickedness; nor does size necessarily mean sin. The Creator doubtless meant that we should be prosperous as well as righteous, and righteous as well as prosperous.

Many individuals, the sons and daughters of wealthy parents, have illustrated this statement. Therefore the explanation of the New York banker with whom I dined must not be taken literally as he gave it. Unlimited credit does not always bring disaster, any more than the lack of credit always brings success. There are other moral, physical and intellectual factors that decide the question.

One lesson contained in the remarks of this banker we all would do well to remember: Those with the greatest credit need the closest watching! In everyday life we are apt to follow just the opposite practice. We watch the people who have no credit and neglect to watch those with unlimited credit. Any banker will tell you that by far the greatest percentage of losses comes from concerns which have had the highest credit, and that very little money is lost on the notes of small business men, whose only asset is the so-called "moral asset."

Hence, whether we are bankers or borrowers, buyers or sellers, manufacturers or consumers, let us henceforth watch those whom no one else is watching, and cease worrying about those who lack credit and are dependent on their own individual endeavors.

An absolutely Sagless bedspring—
Does not roll occupants to center—
The utmost in bedspring comfort—
Absolutely noiseless—
Cannot tear bedclothes—

# All these Desirable Features are Guaranteed to You in the Way Sagless Spring

and are the result of our entirely new principle of construction. Our patented hollow, flexible steel strand is used instead of the ordinary solid wire or links. Because of this construction it cannot sag. It conforms to the shape of the body, yielding readily to the slightest pressure of shoulder or hips, and always springs back to the proper level, when the pressure is removed.

The picture below shows why two occupants, even though they vary greatly in weight, do not roll together.

A spring that cannot sag, that does not roll occupants to the center, that yields readily to every movement and conforms to the shape of the body, means the greatest comfort and delightful, refreshing sleep.

It has stiff cable edges, which hold the occupants well above the siderail.

There is nothing about a "Way Sagless Spring" that can creak and groan or make any noise.

There are no loose strands, no open links, no exposed sharp corners to tear the bedding.

Every housewife appreciates the "Way Sagless Spring" because it is perfectly sanitary—germ-proof. Made entirely of metal. Every part easily reached when dusting

It is made to fit wood, iron or brass beds.

**MADE AND SOLD IN:**

**North Pacific States by**
*F. S. Harmon & Co., with factories and warehouses at Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane and Portland.*

**North Atlantic States by**
*Dixie Cotton Felt Mattress Co., New York.*

### Quarter Century Guaranty

Attached to every "Way Sagless Spring" is our absolute guaranty. Think of the economy of a bedspring with satisfaction guaranteed for a quarter of a century! 9,000 nights of luxurious rest—that's what our guaranty means.

### Thirty Nights' Free Trial

Any Way dealer will send you a "Way Sagless Spring" on trial. Sleep on it 30 nights and note the delightful sense of relaxation and perfect repose. Note that occupants do not roll toward the center; that your shoulder sinks naturally, with only a gentle yielding pressure and none of that cramped feeling—that the spring does not creak and groan when you turn over.

After 30 nights your dealer will refund your money, if you ask for it. If it is a "Way Sagless," the name is on the frame.

Write for Booklet.

## Way Sagless Spring Co.

**Minneapolis, Minnesota**

**Branch Factories and Warehouses at Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburg, San Francisco, Memphis, St. Louis, Dallas, Los Angeles and Denver.**

### To Dealers:

If you have read this advertisement, isn't it more than probable that some possible customer of yours did so too? Write our Minneapolis office TODAY for our selling plan, and ORDER a supply of springs to meet the demand that will surely come from our extensive advertising.

OCCUPANTS DO NOT ROLL TO CENTER

GUARANTEE
This WAY SAGLESS SPRING was made in 1914—If the fabric sags within 25 years of that date we will furnish the user a new one without charge
WAY SAGLESS SPRING CO.
Manufacturers

WAY SAGLESS SPRING CO
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MINNEAPOLIS MINN

# WINCHESTER

## 12, 16 and 20 Gauge

## HAMMERLESS REPEATING SHOTGUNS

On account of its strength, light weight and balance, the ease and certainty of its operation, the beauty of its lines and finish, and the mechanical correctness of its design, the Winchester Model 1912 shotgun has been pronounced by critical experts "The Most Perfect Repeater."

The barrel, receiver, and all the metal working parts, except the springs, are made of Nickel steel, which has twice the strength of the steel generally used in other makes of similar guns. Nickel steel construction means not only a lighter and stronger gun, but a better balanced one, because it permits a better distribution of weight. To handle well and permit quick and accurate sighting a gun must be properly balanced. The Winchester Model 1912 *is* properly balanced, which makes it "feel" better and "come up" better than other makes of repeaters. The stocks of Model 1912 guns are finely proportioned and made of selected walnut, and finished with rubber butt plates. They have the popular full comb and small, well-rounded grip.

This gun has a cross-bolt trigger lock, a smooth, quick and easy action, and a simple take-down system. It loads and unloads easily and its shooting qualities are not excelled by the highest-priced double guns. An examination of the Model 1912 will convince you that it is rightly called "The Most Perfect Repeater," and consequently a mighty good gun to buy. All dealers sell them.

***WINCHESTER*** LOADED SHELLS: In a Winchester or any other shotgun, use Winchester loaded smokeless powder shells, "Leader" or "Repeater." They are loaded with all desirable combinations of powder and shot and give the best obtainable results. Ask for Winchester, the **W** brand.

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VITATION
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# THE FOREHANDED MAN

## By Will Payne

IN THE last days of July for the first time in history every big stock exchange in the world shut up shop. The London Stock Exchange may be dated from 1773. Long before that brokers had bought and sold in St. Paul's Cathedral -until Archbishop Laud virtuously drove them out—and in various other haunts thereabouts; finally in New Jonathan's coffee house in Threadneedle Street, where in 1773 they decided to call themselves "The Stock Exchange, which is to be wrote over the door." From that day to July 30, 1914, I believe, the exchange has done business on every business day. Then it formally suspended, the bourses of Paris and Berlin having practically closed a day or two before. For ten days in the fall of 1873, as an incident of the panic of that year, the New York Stock Exchange closed.

Since then it has been open for business every business day until July thirty-first, when it followed London's example by suspending operations.

At the same time the Bank of England in a few days advanced its discount rate from four per cent to ten per cent, an action quite unprecedented in its history. All other big European banks sharply advanced their discount rates. Gold went to a premium in Paris, and specie payments on the Continent were greatly restricted or practically suspended. Of course every stock exchange in the United States followed the example of New York and interest rates in this country advanced smartly. With gold pouring out of New York and the foreign exchange market there completely demoralized; with specie payments suspended or restricted on the Continent; and with a prospect that the Bank Act in England would be suspended, it seemed not impossible that specie payments in this country would be restricted also.

Thus the whole investment business of the world was hung up; all open-market selling of securities and all ordinary financing ceased at a stroke. There was even talk of a general moratorium in Europe—which means a law postponing payment of debts. Nothing like this had ever happened before. One country or another had suffered a panic—as England in 1866, the United States in 1893 and 1907—when financial machinery was temporarily thrown out of gear. But nothing like this universal and simultaneous shutting down had ever happened. And properly speaking this was not a panic at all. It was simply a world-wide defensive action in anticipation of the greatest destruction of capital that the world has ever seen. It was what a prudent man does when he sees a cyclone coming. He doesn't bother about finishing up the chores or winding the clock, but skips down cellar to sit tight until he sees what is going to happen.

### When War Was Cheap

"War on the greatest scale since Napoleon's time" is a phrase that the newspapers used in the beginning of August. But the enormous difference, on the financial side, between Napoleonic war and modern war may be seen at a glance. The financial burdens of the twenty-years' struggle with Napoleon fell heaviest upon Great Britain, with the net result that from 1793 to 1814 Great Britain's debt increased just short of five hundred million pounds sterling. But England's little brush with the Boers in 1900 added a hundred and sixty million pounds to the national debt. Or again, under Napoleon, France waged war for twenty years, but during that twenty years the interest charge on its national debt increased less than one million dollars a year; but the Franco-Prussian War increased the national debt, directly and indirectly, by nearly two billion dollars.

There are various estimates of the direct daily cost of a great European war under modern conditions. The lowest of them is alarming enough. Then there are immense indirect losses, due to the withdrawal of millions of men from gainful occupations, interferences with ordinary trade, and so on. And this burden impends over countries that have long been straining their credit to support competitive armaments. When Germany declared war upon Russia the debts of Austria-Hungary, France, the German Empire and the German states, Italy, Russia and the United Kingdom exceeded twenty-five billion dollars.

The week before that event British bonds were selling at nearly seventy cents on the dollar, Imperial German three-per-cents at seventy-five cents on the dollar, Russia's four-per-cents at eighty-four cents on the dollar. France had just sold a comparatively small issue of three and a half per cent bonds at ninety-one cents on the dollar. It was clear that a big war would force some drastic overhauling of the finances of these nations.

### Putting the Brake on Trading

More than forty years have passed since the Franco-Prussian War. In that forty years the coördination and interrelation of world finance has proceeded amazingly. A shock at one big nerve center is now felt instantly at every other. Our panic of 1907 was reflected at London, Paris and Berlin in a flash. The immediate reason for closing the London Stock Exchange was that as soon as the Paris Bourse practically suspended more than fifty members of the English institution notified the management that they would be unable to make settlements in London, because they couldn't get settlements in Paris. And with London and Paris closed, everybody with a share of stock or a bond that was salable in New York rushed by telegraph to unload it in that market. I don't pretend to say whether the New York Stock Exchange might not have braved out the storm. I am simply pointing now to the fact that it shut up shop when London did, exactly as though the two markets had been one, which illustrates the interdependence of modern finance.

So this unprecedented, world-wide shutting off of investment business is easily explainable. But what does it mean to the American investor? Simply, as I see it, that a great amount of capital is going to be destroyed; that capital is going to be dear; that there is going to be an inviting opportunity for good investment.

It is a melancholy reflection upon human wisdom that people always hoard their money at exactly the wrong time. Government savings institutions in France, Germany and England have been besieged by foolish depositors. In France especially there seems to be a movement to draw gold and hide it until the skies are fair again. This is a good deal like burying wheat under the barn floor because it is worth a dollar and a half a bushel. When money is dearest is exactly the time, of all others, to put it into use. When sound securities are low is exactly the time to buy them.

And the permanent values are not going to be destroyed. Some battleships may be sunk, some crowns tossed round, some new lines drawn on the map. But all the machinery by which mankind feeds, clothes, transports, adorns and amuses itself will remain just the same. A sound investment in any useful industrial process will be as good after the war as before it. In the United States especially not a bond that was good before a crack-brained Servian shot an Austrian grandduke will be less good after the cataclysmic consequences of that act have passed away. We had a nation-wide restriction of cash payments in 1907, and the net effect of that episode, so far as investment is concerned, was the offering of some fine bargains, and a great aftermath of remorse on the part of investors who might have taken advantage of the offering, but didn't.

I don't think the United States can profit by a European war. Wheat went up, but cotton went down. Iron and steel exports may be stimulated, but in the end we shall sell less goods to Europe because, having shot away some billions of dollars, Europe will have less money with which to buy goods. The first effect was a rise in interest and a fall in securities, which is exactly the condition that favors investors.

In a way this war promises relief—the sort of relief a man experiences when, after he has been hanging on by his eyebrows for months, the bankers tell him he must go through bankruptcy, or the doctors say the leg must come off. For at least ten years an increasingly large part of Europe's energies have been directed to training for war. The financial and nervous strain had grown almost unbearable. Peace had become a greater burden to society than war formerly was. In Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy and Russia military service is universal and compulsory, which means that practically every able-bodied man between twenty and forty-something is a soldier, either actively or as a reservist, with a month or more of active military training every year. Each nation is prepared to throw itself en masse at another. That war can last long under those conditions seems improbable. When it is over, the peace movement is likely to get such an impetus as it has not yet enjoyed.

The recuperative power of a modern industrial nation is enormous. During the Civil War obligations of this Government went at forty cents on the dollar. A few years after the war its four per cent bonds sold at a premium. France was overwhelmingly defeated in 1870 and obliged to give up Alsace and Lorraine and pay a war indemnity of a billion dollars; but only a few years later defeated France was more prosperous than victorious Prussia. In only a few years, as history runs, Europe will be more prosperous than ever before.

## Locating Leaks

WITH civilization dependent more and more on pipes of all kinds, ranging from water mains to compressed-air ducts, many an ingenious scheme has been developed to locate the elusive and dreaded leak. Peppermint, for instance, has been found to reveal a leak in a compressed-air pipe. Oil of peppermint is sprayed into the pipe, and afterward the line is patrolled. A small leak will be sufficient to give out a strong odor and so can be quickly located.

A doctor's stethoscope has successfully located water-pipe leaks in a New York skyscraper when the water bill had given warning that a leak probably existed. All the open pipes were tested with the stethoscope on a Sunday to trace moving currents of water. Finally the leak was located in the roof tank. Stethoscopes are now manufactured for just this kind of service.

Leaks in water mains in the streets are very difficult to locate exactly, but they are so costly that every city spends comparatively large sums watching for them. Leakage in a long main may be indicated by various tests, and then comes the problem of placing it. One of the most ingenious schemes is to use shocks in the water, like the shocks of a water hammer that are occasionally heard in the water pipes of a house.

A delicate instrument is attached to a hydrant on the suspected line and such a shock is sent through the water in the main. The shock travels as a wave until it strikes another main line, and then the wave returns as an echo. If it encounters a leak on the way the wave is interrupted and the indicator shows it.

The speed of travel for normal conditions in each kind of pipe is known; so the leak can often be located within a few feet.

Conspicuous nose pores

How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged.

Begin this treatment tonight

Wring a cloth from [illegible] with Woodbury's [illegible] the pores, [illegible] several times, *stopping at once when [illegible] feels sensitive.* Then finish by [illegible] for a few minutes with a lump of [illegible] Woodbury's Facial S[illegible]

[illegible] ing from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently.* It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are [illegible] pores.

Tear off the illustrat[illegible] [illegible] so for generations [illegible] ing it gives y[illegible]

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap

*For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada*

Write today for sample [illegible]

In Canada [illegible]

DIXON'S Graphite Lubricants

put the double-cross on that busy little jinx called "Friction."

Equally good for motor cars or motor boats.

*Write for the Dixon Lubricating Chart.*

THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
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# San Diego

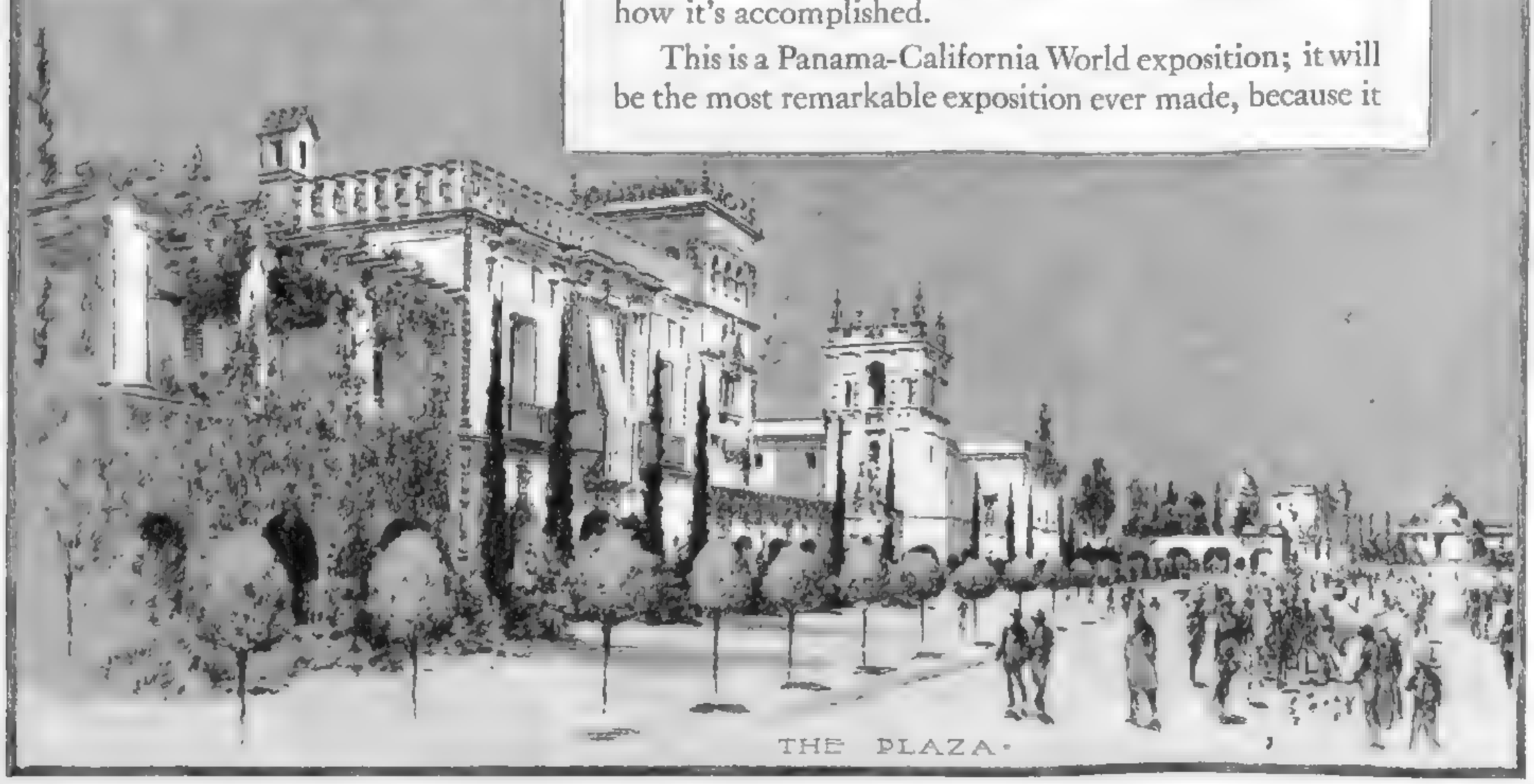
## Panama-California

### *The Great Exposition at San Diego*

YOU expect to visit Southern California sometime; everybody ought to; if you've ever done so you expect to go again. The wonderful clear air, like wine; the cloudless skies; the beauty of scenery—mountains and sea; the charm of old Spanish missions, relics of an ancient civilization which existed there hundreds of years ago. Southern California is the most wonderful place in America.

Next year, in 1915, the whole world will celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal; that marvelous highway connecting East and West will be then in use for the fleets of all nations. The most important thing at the western end of that canal, at least for you and the other patriotic citizens of this country, is California; and the most interesting part of California is Southern California. And now there's being made ready a wonderful exposition to show you what the best genius and skill in the world, in every department of human enterprise, can accomplish; and what's more important, to show you how it's accomplished.

This is a Panama-California World exposition; it will be the most remarkable exposition ever made, because it



THE PLAZA.

# Panama California Exposition

doesn't look like an exposition at all; because the object in creating it is to show how you can do things rather than what somebody else has done; to show what opportunities Southern California offers for doing things that are worth doing. That's it: An exposition of opportunity; the San Diego Panama-California Exposition.

The setting for such an Exposition is ideal. Balboa Park offers a natural stage of great beauty, where they have built a beautiful Spanish Colonial city; where the things Nature has done will be as entertaining and instructive as the things man has done and is doing.

The San Diego Exposition is an all-the-year-'round exposition—January 1, 1915, to December 31. You can see it whenever it best suits you; but you must not fail to see it.

Make your plans for it now. Talk to your railroad ticket agent about it. The transportation companies are making it easy to go to San Diego; the Exposition Managers are seeing to it that the hotels will make it easy for you to stay as long as you please.

**Get your ticket to San Diego**

**1915 All the year 1915**

"Solo los productos del terrenal Paraiso no tendrán
que envidiar los de esta nueva Sevilla de Occidente."

"A new Seville in the land of the west
Whose products proclaim it a paradise blest."

"Yes, the Campbell reputation certainly counts with me.

"I feel that this reputation and the quality which has made it and the conscience behind them both—are maintained in every can of

**Campbell's Tomato Soup**

"I know that it is always the same and always good—pure, appetizing, rich and above all thoroughly *wholesome.*

"That is why I specify *Campbell's* in buying tomato soup. And that is why I always buy it by the dozen.

*"Why don't you?"*

**21 kinds 10c a can**

| | |
|---|---|
| Asparagus | Mock Turtle |
| Beef | Mulligatawny |
| Bouillon | Mutton Broth |
| Celery | Ox Tail |
| Chicken | Pea |
| Chicken-Gumbo (Okra) | Pepper Pot |
| Clam Bouillon | Printanier |
| Clam Chowder | Tomato |
| Consommé | Tomato-Okra |
| Julienne | Vegetable |
| | Vermicelli-Tomato |

Campbells Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL


# THE MAKESHIFT

(Continued from Page 5)

He woke up with a start; and, exulting, he got a strangle hold—two hundred pounds against a spare hundred and ten—on the little Jap's throat. Jino Two, however, uncovered another stick of dynamite, in the small of his back, and the iron grip of the star automatically relaxed. While Peters was coming to rights the Jap had the bath drawn just right; and the hands of the clock showed twelve-fifty. That was correct to a dot. Then there was some more exploring of anatomy by those famous fingers.

"Jino Two, you are a jewel!" said Peters drowsily as the little man drew the covers over him.

"Me Jew? No! Me samurai!" insisted the man.

"A prince in disguise! I knew it! Where is the magic lamp, prince?"

"Me no lamp! You no light!" said the bland little thing; and he pushed the electric button. "Sleep!" he ordered. "Very, very sleep!"

And so it proved. Intensely so. Very, very sleep! Peters did not wake up at odd intervals thinking of the hands of that damnable clock. It was the first time in months this had occurred; and when he opened his eyes he counted the strokes of the Metropolitan clock chiming the hour of two in the afternoon—or possibly tomorrow afternoon! There was breakfast, with nothing to apologize for. Regardless of dire mysteries of the East, Peters ate it to the last flick.

"No work 'day," said the Jap, smiling with an amazing assumption of assurance. "No rant no stalk—no kiss um red-hair' lady. Him kiss um lady 'day!"

Peters put his head back and closed his eyes. There seemed no doubt that him would kiss um lady if this thing continued. Late in the afternoon he made another effort to discontinue it; but it did continue under the gentle insistence of the samurai. Peters tried money; but Jino Two bit the gold and said: "Him no good!" He tried promise of service—in this he had hopes; but no it was useless. He sat down to dinner with a stomach lining that burned from the indigestion of sore thought. Jino Two urged, cajoled; a perfect servant, a hospitable prince—but it was in vain.

Peters looked at his watch; the watch had been stopped. He explored the clocks; they were silent. He listened by the quarter hour for the Metropolitan clock; but the perverse Imp of Storms had, for this occasion, contrived to blow a gale out to sea, and sound with it. Street noises told him that the metropolis was on the move. Muffled wheels revealed the fact that it was snowing again. At the Drama Theater now Smithkins, the treasurer, would be opening his ticket window; crowds would be clustering in the lobby. At a dozen hotels last-minute guests would be quarreling with speculators for choice seats for Peters—Peters, who handled that woman, that red-haired woman.

If there had only been a clock he might have stood it. He set his watch, called it eight at a guess. In ten minutes he heard, in his mind, the fiddles tuning up. There was Heinemann, with his warty nose, advancing to meet him, his sweaty hand thrust out, and the inevitable thick "Vell, Mister Peters! How goes it to-night?" The orchestra was beginning, with its done-dry barcarole. If he put his ear to the peephole in the curtain he could hear the crisp rustle of the audience seating itself.

Eight-twenty—the tinkle of a bell; a flash of the footlights, just a wink. The fire curtain ascended ghostlily; then, after a pause—another dramatic pause, for even the curtain could be made dramatic when Jason Peters pulled the strings—the velvet hangings slowly parted. The house settled itself with a sigh; the murmur of voices ceased weirdly, for Peters, the only Peters, was coming on.

A flutter of gloved hands, applauding. He bowed haughtily—in his part, always. Peters was always in his part—on and off. He was the living Kaspar of The Makeshift. He would die Kaspar—this Kaspar, who was born and schooled the high-bred tyrant; whose patrician shell of refined cruelty made prisoner his humanity. He had humanity—even if his lips did curl and his tongue bite; but it took a woman, a red-haired woman, who came on for the first act in bitter green, to pierce that shell.

Eight-forty-five! She had not looked at him yet. This was the first big moment of the play. It was only a smile; a consummate smile, like Iago's smile. She saw it in a mirror. The fate of a man for whom she cared nothing, a man who cared for her, hung on the answer. She asked Kaspar to do nothing, to abstain from action; and he smiled.

He wanted this woman, this woman with the white flesh that glowed like alabaster. He had not told her yet; but the audience knew it, for all his steely exterior.

She was weeping; Kaspar believed her tears were for the other man. Her head was buried in her arms. He rose softly, looked at her softly, and softly stole off-stage. The folds of the drop fell together; her sobs were heard above the gentle rustle. Then came the familiar relaxing movement of the house, the sudden buzzing of voices outside and the shifting of places.

Still under the hypnotic influence of the hands of the watch he held before him the star followed Kaspar into his dressing room. He smoked a cigarette. Heinemann came in, oily, with the eyes of a dog, trying to assume ease in the elegant presence of his star. Peters was the biggest diamond in the world for Heinemann, who loved diamonds unmarred in the cutting; and, while the music jarred with the rattle of shifting scenery, Heinemann talked and Peters watched him, nodding and yawning. Heinemann was a horrible bore, with his mute, clumsy tribute.

Nine-two! There he was on the stage again, playing with the man she had begged him to save. Then they were alone. Now he was playing with her. Still she did not look at him. It maddened him. She had a trick of repartee; she was putting him aside. She would not answer his question even now when the proud Kaspar humiliated himself by making it direct.

There was not a man in the audience who would not have torn him to pieces if he might but lay hands on him now. He was exasperated beyond endurance. He lost his poise. The habit of magnificent indifference fell from him. He started across the stage. She could not escape. She seemed to freeze with terror before his advance. He reached out and seized her; he crushed her to him and kissed her. Again he was whispering his insulting whip to her emotions. She rebounded, white, panting. Then came the blow! Nine-seventeen!

Jason Peters sprang up with a harsh cry as the watch dropped from his hand. He staggered across the room, crying:

"Jino! Jino! Jino! Jino, I say!"

A door opened softly, a sleek dark head intruded itself, and the little man was bowing before him. In a trice the sight of the unchanging Oriental face transported the star from a condition of emotional hysteria into a demand for action. With the strength of reborn fury he seized a great chair, and with one movement he buried the little man under it as he jammed it into the narrow embrasure of the window. He threw himself forward, clutching the squirming, trapped figure, crying out triumphantly.

"You are not so damned subtle after all!" he gasped as he struggled to pinion fast-moving arms and legs. "You are not so damned subtle—when it comes—to fighting upholstery! I saw a woman—tame a leopard—with a chair—once. Confound you! You are as slippery as a greased pig. Take that, you heathen brat! Steady now—you are not so badly hurt as all that. So, so!"

He reached up with a free arm, tore down the satin hangings and twisted them into a rope. He bound the little man's arms and legs; gagged him; picked him up like a bag and bore him to a closet, threw him in and turned the key.

For a second the actor was limp. In the next breath he plunged into the hall, careening against the wall. He seized the doorknob, shaking it violently. He was still a prisoner. There was no time for scouting. Seizing his hat and coat he returned to the library and made for the window. The drop was ten feet into an area, but in another moment he was up the stone steps and into the street, running, drawing on his fur coat as he ran.

In two minutes he came to Broadway. There they were, his name and hers, staring at him in bright lights. Knots of men in evening dress were lolling about the lobby of the theater smoking. As he ran forward they threw away their cigarettes with one accord and crowded through the gate. Through the swinging doors a murmur

came to him —— The play was going on—his play—without him! Some one was managing his woman! He came to an abrupt stop.

Jason Peters was of the theater, first, last, always! He drew his fur collar up about his face; he pulled down his hat. He stilled his blowing lungs. There was Smithkins in the box office, counting the house. The star pushed in a bill.

"Standing room only!" said the machine-like treasurer without looking up, as he pushed out a ticket. Naturally there was never anything but standing room at this hour here. Peters brushed through the gate, looking sharply at old Whistler, the doorman, who looked sharply at him, but gave no sign that he knew Hamlet without the Dane was going on inside. A crowd was surging about the back rail. Peters felt weak, faint. He staggered and caught himself against a pillar.

"If a man handled me like that I would kill him!" whispered a woman under his very nose.

"She shrieked when he kissed her!" returned her companion in awed tones.

In a daze he was conscious of Heinemann in his box rubbing his warty nose and turning occasionally to confide some solemn thought to his companions; among them Peters recognized Backus, of the K. & E. combination; Waters, of Shuberts'; and several other managers. He shrank further into his collar, sick at heart.

Unbelieving, he heard his own voice in a mocking laugh off-stage; then in another instant Kaspar came through the curtained doorway, Kaspar to the life—himself—Jason Peters! Kaspar began to speak in his sonorous tones. The lips of the great star moved silently, syllable by syllable—habit was too strong; he was involuntarily following the lines as he stared awestruck.

The pivot of the plot was at hand. There in that drawer on the right were the proofs that held a man's fortunes in jeopardy. Some one else was in the secret. The elegant Kaspar must be a thief. He did not seek those papers for himself; it was for the woman who had struck him. Line by line, move by move, Peters followed the counterfeit of himself with dull eyes and a brain that whirled. For the moment he seemed incapable of motion, as though turned to stone. It was like coming up out of a tomb.

All these people were hanging breathless on the words—the words of Kaspar the Magnificent. He opened the drawer. The sound of a drawn bolt halted him. He stepped back into the folds of the tapestry. The fool in the gallery, the invariable fool, screamed warningly; and the overwrought house shifted a moment at the interruption and then became rigid again.

Peters involuntarily clutched at his collar. She had shrieked when he had kissed her. *She had shrieked when he had kissed her!*—this man who was stealing Peters' glory, managing his woman! Over and over this thought rang in his brain, goading him. Sliding across the house he dashed down the side aisle to the stage entrance. Hands were put out to stop him; but he thrust them aside. An usher was fast on his heels; but he gave no heed.

Old Heinemann came waddling down the short flight of steps, making frantic signs to him. He threw his arms about his precious star, muttering inarticulately in English and German. The fat man was like a child in the rush of the big actor. Peters had the look of a sleepwalker. She had shrieked when he kissed her! Conscious of the dragging weight of his manager the star broke through the stage door. With a ferocious movement he shook off his burden and Heinemann rolled helplessly into a mass of scenery.

"Oh, Mister Peters! Mister Peters!" moaned the manager in anguish. "It is the delirium! It is the fever! They told me you would be risking your life to come here to-night! A sick man like you! Mein Gott! How did you get here?"

Peters was dragging off his great coat. Was this fever? A sick man! A plot! These things registered themselves in his brain mechanically; but his eyes were fixed on Kaspar as the scene on the stage went out in the dark change in the last act. As Kaspar made his exit R. U. E., Peters, crouching in the wings, sprang on him and bore him to the ground. There was a momentary terrific struggle.

"You—you miserable thief!" cried the star, fighting with all the strength of his hours of bitterness. The understudy hung limp in his arms. Peters raised him and thrust him through the open door of a dressing room; and when he turned he found the agonized Heinemann and the rival managers crowding about him. He swept through them, looking neither to right nor left. The lights had gone up. The scene was on. Instantly he was Kaspar. The ring of managers stood staring at him aghast as the call boy rushed by crying:

"All on for the last scene!"

Jane Whitcomb's back was toward him as he passed out on the stage with that elegant free stride of his, which was as much a part of his art as his nuances of tone. He walked over to her, his face, devoid of make-up, ghastly in the glare of the footlights, and smilingly said:

"The devil is at your elbow again, madam."

With a half cry she fell back and he caught her. Then, with a magnificent recovery, she turned on him, accusing. It was only a momentary lapse, so tuned to the emotional moment of the play that it passed unnoticed except by Heinemann, whose gray face Peters could see peering through the wings. The scene rushed on as the consummating threads of the plot were woven together. Here, in this last scene—the best scene—Kaspar was like the fool who—

*'Twixt vice and folly, turned aside*
*To do good deeds, and straight, to cloak them,*
*lied.*

She accused him—of goodness; and, one by one, his defenses fell away. Through the palpitating pauses, while the world beyond the footlights watched and yearned for him, the house was as still as death. Then she came fluttering into his arms, and the soft swish of the curtain fell and clothed that embrace of infinite tenderness.

Outside, the house was held for a moment in the thrall; then of a sudden came the stir of two thousand people wakened to the world of reality. On the stage now all was bustle and confusion—hurried orders, swift shifting of scenery, tramping of feet—but the star and his red-haired woman still clasped each other in that final embrace.

He drew her closer to him; and with a sob she thrust an arm about his neck and her head fell on his bosom. He could feel her heart beating against his.

"I never knew!" he whispered falteringly. "I never knew—until he kissed you!"

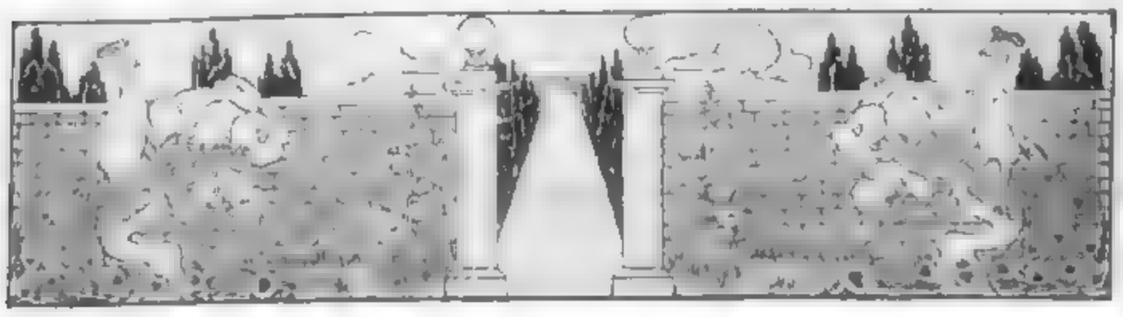
She drew back her head and looked at him with tear-stained eyes.

"I *knew!*" she breathed. "Always—oh, always always!"

"Excuse me, Mister Peters!" came the hesitating voice of Heinemann, breaking the spell. "How is this? I have word you are dying! Now—Mein Gott!—your understudy, who did a marvelous piece of work, is suddenly a madman. The doctor iss with him now. He offered to kill me! Mein Gott! They take him to Bellevue."

"He offered to kill me too," said Peters grimly; and the story was quickly told. But the oddest feature of the madman's plot still remained to be revealed. To insure himself a hearing in his stolen part the lunatic had contrived to bring all the great directors of the theatrical world together for this occasion, none of them realizing that the letters inviting them to drop in for a confidential conference had been cleverly forged. Their amazed silence was broken at length by the practical Heinemann, who suddenly came to his senses and rubbed his nose.

"Vell," said he solemnly, eying his precious star, who was whispering to the red-haired woman, "it iss goot publicity!"



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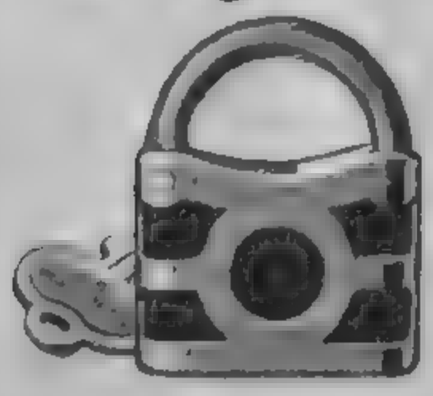
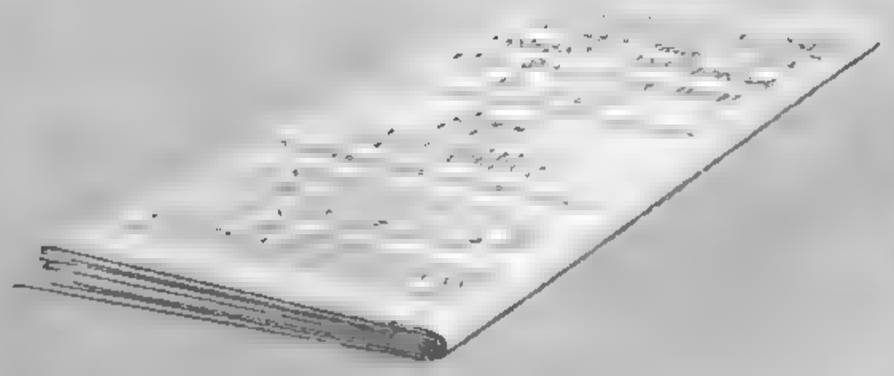
## Against Fire

## Against Decay





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# THE WILD WEST IN NEW JERSEY

(Continued from Page 22)

with Sweeney's Hotel in the foreground. We took down Mr. Sweeney's sign and scattered a few of our own properties over the piazza by way of atmosphere. Perry Horton, Billy Knowles and some disengaged actors served as a picket line to keep automobiles, teams and pedestrians out of the picture. The bandits loped down the road for a flying start and Leo Post took his station with his cavalry bugle.

In outdoor work of this kind the minor signals are given by the whistle, the major ones by the bugle.

The director's whistle sounded; Leo's bugle blew the charge. Round the corner galloped the five bandits, swung into an irregular line, and, as they came into full view before Sweeney's, began to shoot. Carl Geenen's horse, a little gun-shy, reared for a moment in view of the camera; Carl, with full understanding of dramatic values, fired a shot across his perpendicular neck.

"Good boy, Carl! That's the stuff!" yelled the director. "Shoot again—all of you!"

The loafers on the steps of Sweeney's, as carefully rehearsed before, sprang up with dramatic gestures of alarm and ran crouching to cover. The truants of Ogdensburg squealed with joy. The director, dancing with excitement, yelled out directions that none could possibly hear. Dick Fryer affixed his eye to the little aperture of his camera and mechanically turned the film. The five bandits, whooping and yipping with the pure joy of being alive and on horseback, swept past the camera.

"Cut!" yelled Fleming. "How many feet, Dick? Forty-five? All right! Now set up to get the posse."

This was to be a pursuit scene—a glimpse of the posse in the distance; a near view when they surmounted the hillrise into town, shooting. As I have explained before, we had forty riders of all sorts in that posse, together with forty horses of diverse origin and training. Now, by this time every rider, horsemanlike, had convinced himself that his own steed possessed certain special virtues and talents unperceived by the general public. It took no prophet to see that this pursuit was going to be a race. Nor did the director try to inhibit destiny by giving orders to the contrary.

"Let the marshal have a good start and don't try to pass him until you're out of the camera," he said. "Big horses first—thoroughbreds and broncs behind. When you get to the top of the rise it's your cue to turn loose with your guns."

The posse trotted to the crossroads, a quarter of a mile away. We expected to send forty horses, some of them mad with excitement, the whole length of Main Street; wherefore Perry Horton strengthened his picket line by calling on the citizens of Ogdensburg to help. That side of Main Street which entered the field of the camera stood stark and deserted when Leo blew the charge. The posse came round the crossroads corner into range of the seventy-five-millimeter lens, racing madly, according to expectations.

### The Posse and the Primary Class

All the riders had reverted to native principles. The cowboys, yipping to excite their horses, rode with that distinctive, easy, "peeler" seat, whereby the rider sits perpendicular whatever happens, as though he were a string that suspends his bobbing steed. The cavalrymen, riding by grip of balance, leaned stiffly forward to the gallop. The ex-jockey and the exercise boys drew up their feet, heavy Mexican stirrups and all, doubled their stomachs perilously over the horns of their cow-saddles and lifted their horses forward.

The director had yelled "Camera!" and Dick Fryer's box was beginning to whir when a new note pierced that symphony of sound—a shrill screaming in fifty childish voices. Some of us turned.

School was just out. The entire primary department, held in leash during two hours of distracting events, was racing toward Main Street—and in less than a quarter of a minute forty wild horsemen were going to burst into that very street!

All the spare actors, some present-minded citizens and the author of these lines rushed across the street shouting. The teacher heard us and tried to stop her flock. They scattered like chickens—the little boys scrambling over the fence, the little girls crowding into the gate. This was no time for by-your-leave. We scooped up children in handfuls. By the seats of their little breeches or the skirts of their little pinafores we dumped them over the fence.

We had the last child behind the barrier when the marshal—a long man on a long, fast horse—came streaking over the rise and into sight. The horse was making time; the rider was laying out over the horn, shooting; and, as he rode, his coattails streamed behind him in the wind—the whole performance a study of horizontal lines in action. Back of him raced the others—long guns waving; six-guns spitting wads all about us, horses shying from the shots even as they ran. Myself, I got this spectacle only in glimpses. I was guarding the members of the primary class. And you could have knocked off their fifty pairs of eyes with a stick!

After which fickle April tricked us. For two days it rained dismally and steadily. Every morning Fleming and Fryer rode in slickers to the top of the nearest hill and scanned the horizon for signs of a break. One forenoon the rain stopped and the skies lightened. Leo bugled boots and saddles!

### First Aid to the Actors

We packed cameras and paraphernalia into the automobile and hurried to a location three miles northward for some long-pursuit scenes and the jumping act. We lunched at the location that day, the camera working all the time, while actors and riders snatched coffee and sandwiches. By the time the light failed we had taken a thousand feet, or one whole reel, which is almost a record. Also, we had our first real accident. Acting for the movies, let me say, is a man-size job. Every day we found some use for the first-aid kit which we carried in the automobile.

Fryer had set up for our longest pursuit scene. The riders were to start round a corner half a mile away and ride along a sunken road, the camera catching them in the distance and close up. We had infinite trouble in starting this race. It was a lively day on the highway; just as we had everything all set and ready, a country rig or an automobile would shoot into sight from a crossroad. When, at last, we had picketed every possible approach a heavy wind sprang up from the direction of the posse. Leo bugled the charge until he was black in the face. The sound would not carry against the wind.

At last Perry Horton rode down, informed the posse of a change of signals, hid himself behind a tree halfway along the line and, when he caught the bugle note, pumped five shots into the air from his revolver.

This ensuing scene looks glorious in the film, but it was three times as glorious with all the accompaniments of color and sound. After the first glimpse the riders lost themselves in a great dust cloud. Suddenly shooting, yelling men began to dart out of the cloud singly or in knots of twos and threes. First came Lindberg in the character of the marshal; he had a fast horse and a long start. And behind him was Gordon Raymond, on Headlight, a little, bald-faced bay, with a turn of speed. Raymond was so busy lifting his horse that he almost forgot to shoot as he passed the camera. And not far behind him came a little bay bronco, fairly laying his belly to the ground as he ran. Some of us noticed, as a mere detail, that Hyland, who rode him, had lost one stirrup.

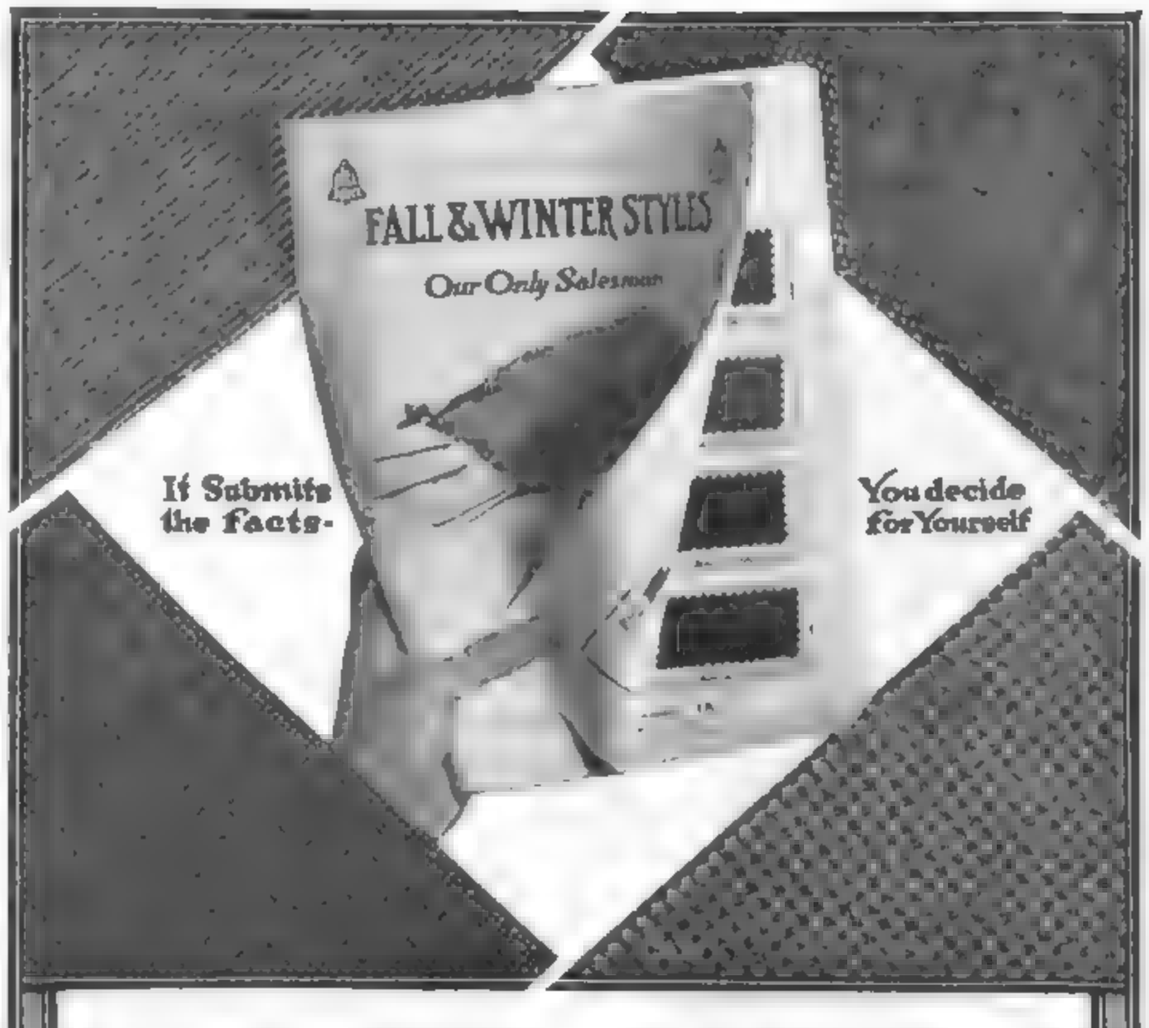
The dust cloud vanished over the slope of a hill on our right. The last horse had scarcely passed when Jock, our race-track member, came scooting back.

"There's a man killed down there!" he gasped. "Bring the auto!"

Fleming, Fryer and I leaped aboard. Cromwell, first assuring himself that the first-aid kit was at hand, cranked up.

We found Lindberg on the ground, with half a dozen riders chafing his wrists or pouring water over his forehead. He lay like one dead; but as we jumped from the automobile he raised his head feebly. Two minutes later we had him on his feet, feeling him all over for fractures and sprains. There were none; and, though every movement gave him agony, he finished out the day's riding—even the jumping scene. Movie acting is no business for mollycoddles.

This was how it happened: Some of the other riders had been casting aspersions on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the speed of Headlight, declaring that he was good for a hundred yards, but had no bottom; Raymond had waited for this occasion to show them that Headlight was good for any distance. Casey had started Headlight about twenty places back, among the small horses. Stage by stage Raymond lifted Headlight forward, until he finished on even terms with the marshal.

Now, somewhere in the course he jostled that bay bronco which Hyland was riding. With a burst of speed that no one suspected him capable of the bronco took the bit between his teeth and bolted after him. Not until he lost a stirrup did Hyland perceive that his mount was running away. As he reached the top of the hill, out of camera range, he tried to put all his strength on one rein and turn up the hill. He succeeded only in losing his seat.

On he came toward the point where Lindberg and Raymond stood in the road breathing their horses. To save his own life Hyland had to bend all his energies toward getting back into the saddle. He did that just in time, else we should certainly have had a dead man; for before he could gather the reins his blind-mad horse smashed full speed into Lindberg's, which went over on his side as though he had been shot.

Fortunately Lindberg had been sitting with his hands on the horn and his boots out of the stirrups, resting. The impact shot him ten feet, on to a stretch of turf, where he lay stunned by the shock. As for the bay bronco, he showed no ill effects whatever from the collision except a subdued and chastened temper—lending color to the Western theory that you cannot kill a bronco.

Those horses, as we became acquainted with them, revealed characteristics and pasts that matched those of their riders. For example, there was Princess, an engaging little thoroughbred, secured because she could play dead. In one scene of the scenario the star must have his horse shot under him. In the next he is seen leaping in anger from his slain steed and preparing to open fire. Johnnie Brown, the rider of Princess, can throw her in full flight. In the first scene of this series he rode away, dressed in the star's costume, and dropped her lightly before the camera.

When, three days later, we took the next scene it required four men to persuade Princess to repose herself. Once thrown, however, she lay for an hour perfectly quiet, showing only by an occasional blink of her sunward eye that she was alive. As Our Hero leaped out of the saddle, he bent down and "registered" that he was finding whether his horse were really dead. He accidentally touched her nose; whereupon she lifted her head feebly to see whether this was the signal to get up. Satisfied that it was not, she resumed her nap.

### *The Man Who Died Four Times*

Human observation is very faulty. Twenty pairs of eyes watched this performance and none noticed, until we saw it afterward on the screen, that Princess had budged. As it happened, she had done a magnificent piece of equine acting. She appeared to cast one long, farewell glance at her beloved master before she settled back into the calm of death; but the title, which read in the scenario, "He leaps from his dead horse," was changed to read: "He leaps from his dying horse."

Billy, a beautiful cream-colored fellow, with a flowing mane and pretty roan dapplings on his flanks, proved in the end the most unpopular horse in the cast. Only one among us knew that Billy bucked on occasion, and that one was away from camp on the day when Miss Lucy Peyton, the leading woman, selected her mount. Naturally she picked the prettiest and most striking horse. When the man who knew Billy returned, Miss Peyton and her mount were already registered in two or three scenes. As though preparing the way for trouble, Billy behaved perfectly until these early scenes were finished and sent on their way to the developing room in New Rochelle.

He broke loose on the second day, when Miss Peyton, in the character of a nester girl, began her wild ride to warn the outlaws. She started from behind a house and flashed into the view of the camera, riding like mad up a hillside trail. As the horse-wranglers, concealed behind the house, helped her to mount and start, one of them slapped Billy over the flanks with his sombrero. Billy resented this. He ran nervously for a few steps, stopped, planted his feet and bucked. Miss Peyton tried to pull his head up, and lost a stirrup in the process. The horse-wranglers, jumping up and down with anxiety, waited just outside the field—to run into the film is the blackest crime of movieland.

"Cut!" yelled Fleming. "Somebody grab him!"

They led Billy back. This time they started him with all consideration for his feelings; but when he came to the spot where he had bucked before he bucked again. By now Miss Peyton was pale, but still game. Fleming offered to remount her and take those other scenes over again. Miss Peyton scorned the suggestion. On a third trial Billy went through his part correctly.

Two days later Miss Peyton rode Billy in that scene where the marshals catch the nester girl and try to make her betray the outlaws. As the marshal laid hands on Billy's bridle Billy showed signs of bucking again; but this merely added to the realism of the performance.

Understanding now the true nature of Billy, Fleming saved the really dangerous scene for the last. That is the custom of the movies—if you have to take a chance with an actor or a horse wait until you have registered every other scene. For example, we had with us Eddie James, who can fall dead from a running horse. Twice has he dislocated his shoulder in that feat; and so we saved his death scene until the last day at Ogdensburg, when he died four times in succession before he died to suit.

### *Billy's Plunge*

Fleming proposed to have Miss Peyton swim a river on horseback, just to show what perils the nester girl braved for the outlaws. He had spent some time selecting his river. It must not be too wide; it must have an easy approach; yet it must be deep enough so that the horse would really swim. He found such a stream down near the zinc mills. The field of the camera had for a background a meadow that looked very much like the Wild West; but behind the operator stretched a high bank of slag, topped by cabins and fringed by chattering Polack women with handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

Now, it takes some effort to get even the gentlest horse into water over his head; yet, strangely, the unpopular Billy took the plunge. Just as he had wallowed into deep water—just as Miss Peyton, in approved style, had let herself float out of the saddle—Fryer stopped turning the crank and threw up both hands. The film had buckled! Miss Peyton wallowed into shallow water. Billy plunged upstream, where Johnnie Brown caught him. Billy had his ears back.

When Miss Peyton remounted and started him for the water he planted his feet at the brink and positively refused to take that plunge again. This was not his day to buck. Instead, he reared, which is far more dangerous. Time and again the camera started; each time Billy misbehaved. Afraid of what he might do, Fleming concealed three men behind trees with orders to run out and grab him at the word. Again and again the camera stopped while they tried to pull Billy's head down from the air.

By now Miss Peyton had taken a good deal of punishment. Furthermore, this was a raw day and she was drenched to the skin by her first dip; but she scorned all suggestions of quitting. Fleming, torn between sympathy and the stern traditions of his trade, walked up and down, his hands clasped behind his back, and proclaimed that if this show ever had any luck—any luck at all—he would take a running high jump and kick himself in his own foolish face.

And just then—so suddenly that it almost caught Fryer off his guard—Billy did it! He jumped into the water off all fours; he took the depths in a series of wallowing leaps; he turned upstream. And above the shouting of the director and the cheers of the Polacks came the voice of Miss Peyton—in hysterics.

"Good boy! Good boy, Billy!" she was crying. "We did it! We've got the nerve, Billy! We've got the nerve! Ow-w!" This last was a scream.

Billy, once past the camera, bolted up the slag bank. At the summit the horse-wranglers caught him and lifted down Miss Peyton, wet, limp and sobbing. They carried her into a Polack cabin, where the Polack woman dried, re-dressed and comforted her. The wranglers poured half a bottle of whisky into Billy and led him home, unsteady on his feet.

Now we were near the end of our stay at Ogdensburg. We had to clean up only a few small, scattering bits—when it began to rain again. Two days more of rain and loafing; and then the morning newspapers from New York brought the cheering intelligence that we were in for a series of clear days. Gambling on the accuracy of the weather reports Fleming telephoned to George White, the super-padrone of New York—he who lives by furnishing extra people in bulk.

"I want fifty people—men and women—who look prosperous enough to be riding on a through train," said Fleming. "Deliver 'em at Wharton on the morning of May fourth!"

"Gee! I like a hard one!" responded George White. "All right!"

On the following day we killed Eddie James and finished the small scenes, and on the night of the thirtieth of April we broke camp for Wharton. The actors and the directing force traveled by train; the cameras, costumes and arms went forward by automobile. The bugle sounded reveille for the riders at two o'clock in the morning, and they traveled thirty miles on mountain roads between that time and eight o'clock.

Van Houten and Marx preceded us by two days, for the preliminaries of robbing a train involve much detail. The passenger cars of the Wharton and Northern had to be transformed by brown canvas streamers into rolling stock of the Rock Island Railroad; there was a scaffold to be set up in order that the eye of Fryer's camera might look level on the doomed train; there were the property express safes to install; there were false dynamite cartridges to prepare; there was a shattered door, in correct imitation of the real door, to fit on to the baggage car.

### *The Trials of Train Robbing*

That day should have been the glorious climax to our adventure. It turned out to be a season of bad temper and frayed nerves. The extra people—rather stagy imitations of through tourists—did not reach the scene of the crime until after eleven. Even at that the camera was not ready for them there had been a hitch in getting up the platform.

The camera began to work at half past eleven. Just then the sun grew hazy. A bank of cloud gathered on the horizon. If that cloud reached the sun it meant another day, with the heavy cost of a special train and of fifty extra people, forty riders, a dozen actors, not to mention the whole herd of horses.

Now, most of us had eaten only a light breakfast, and that at six o'clock in the morning. As Fleming planned his day we were to stop at one, run the robbery train down to the switch, and take an hour for coffee and sandwiches; but when he saw that cloud he called off all these arrangements. He was taking no chances with the light. One o'clock passed, and two. On all sides echoed the most gruesome sound in Nature—the growl of the hungry male! There was a further privation, the full horror of which I have concealed until now. Ogdensburg has not a single bathtub. In three weeks some of us had bathed only as a Chinaman bathes—a washrag and a bowl of cold water. We had begun to hate ourselves and each other. The riders, chewing green branches under the trees, talked alternately of large, juicy steaks and thorough, soaking scrubs.

The country newspapers, in spite of our efforts at concealment, had announced in their week-end editions the date and place of the great train robbery. The citizens of Sussex and Morris Counties came on foot, in carriages and in automobiles. They packed the surrounding roads; they sprinkled the hills. Of course they kept breaking into the camera. The riders, set out as pickets, were falling asleep on the job, what with that night ride and their hunger.

Half a dozen times, just as the director shouted "Camera!" the crowd broke through the guard and streamed into the picture. Knowles and Horton would gallop forth to shove them back; and Fleming, from his elevated perch on the platform, would announce to the assembled company that if he had one bit of luck with this show—just one tiny bit—he would burst into uncontrollable weeping.

Once, when the passengers were lined up against the side of their car, their hands in air, their faces registering the proper degree of fear—when the camera had begun to whir and the robbers to brandish their guns—a crowd of rubber-necks ran along the opposite side of the train. Their feet showed beneath the cars, thereby spoiling the effect. Irritated beyond all measure the actors and assistants shied stones under the cars to make them keep away.

Old, smoldering professional jealousies burst into flame. Old molehills of resentment became mountains of insult. Finally, when a super spoiled the best scene, the general mood infected even the boyish, good-natured star. The camera had been set up in the express car to show Our Hero trying to blow the safe. He was to place his dynamite, light it and jump to a place of safety. The explosion would then occur in full view of the camera. After which he was to jump back, discover that the explosion had not wrecked the safe completely, and register despair.

He lit the fuse and jumped. The dynamite cartridge—one per cent gunpowder and ninety-nine per cent smoke—exploded, and the wood of the property safe caught fire. I was below the car, ready to give the star a leg as he leaped back; and to me, as he waited for the smoke to clear away, he confided a newly conceived plan.

"That's all right!" he said. "Fine! Often when you blow a safe the papers in it catch fire and you have to put 'em out. I'll turn a bucket of water over it—now!"

He leaped—but some one leaped before him. One of the supers, believing the picture was ruined, had cut in before the camera and himself turned the water over the fire.

It is a pity the camera did not take the ensuing picture; a whole movie drama might have been built about it. Midscene stood the tall figure of the director, expressing himself in burning words and forcible but flowing actor-gesture. Beside him the cowering super tried to explain why he did it. The star, encumbered with a rifle and a six-shooter, was waving them madly as he gave vent to his feelings. In the foreground four bandits leaned on their guns and looked dangerous.

Yet the sun held; our state of frayed nerves helped to speed the work; the irritation of the actors, expressing itself on their countenances, gave the true tragic touch to these scenes of crime. By half past four we had run off twenty-seven scenes and nearly a thousand feet of film and that, our last location, was cleaned up. The robbery train ran back to the switch; and there, at last, we attacked our baskets of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, our boxes of oranges, our milkcans of coffee.

As we ate, this became again a world of good will.

### *Racing With the Sun*

Two among us, however, dwelt still in hunger and irritation. The home office at New Rochelle disliked the idea of getting only one show out of that special train. Lloyd Lonergan, the ready-reference playwright, had, therefore, constructed a two-reel drama having for its climax a rescue act. An extra cast of actors had been waiting all day for this scene; before the light failed utterly Fleming must direct it and Fryer take it.

They finished before the light failed. As Fleming was dragged aboard he looked like an athlete who has just finished a racing quarter mile. Though he protested that he was too tired for food, he was shoved into a seat, fed with coffee and sandwiches, and presented with a black cigar. To his face, also, the smiles returned. We forgave him for being the boss; he forgave us for being what we were.

With laughter and reminiscence we took the road back to New York. With expressions of mutual esteem we separated at the Manhattan Terminal—Fleming and his assistants to produce the studio scenes in New Rochelle; Van Houten and Marx to knock together in their scene loft interiors that should match our exterior locations; the spare riders to find places in Bill shows or other Eastern impersonations of the Wild West; the actors to produce, in the intervals of our studio work, such other movie dramas as Mr. Lonergan had conceived in their absence.

When I saw them again Miss Peyton was a lady of the Georgian Court and Miss Bourke a Bowery girl. Jackson and Foster, late faithful impersonators of untamed outlaws, were pious Norman fishermen; while Carl Geenen, ex-cavalryman and ex-cowboy—he who played Bill the Bandit in our show—was wearing evening dress and white gloves as he danced before the camera the mazy Maxixe!


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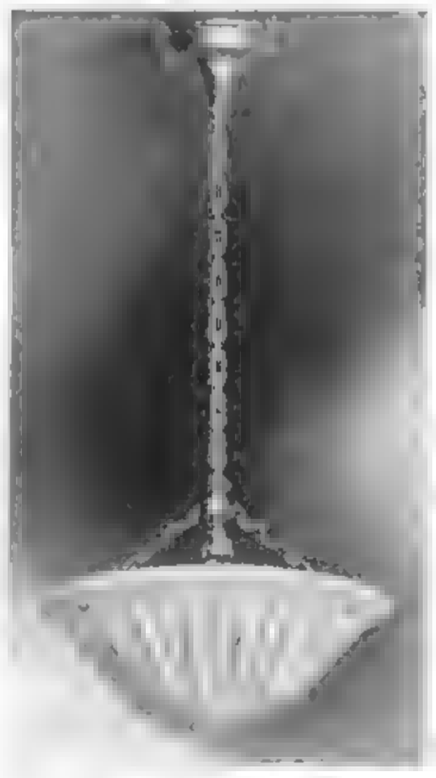

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**1—HOMES:** Good light in the home is beautiful, makes seeing easy and comfortable, the evening hours cheerful, and brings out the beauty of the surroundings. It prevents eye-strain.

**2—DEPT. STORES:** Customers stay longer and buy more where seeing is easy and comfortable. They speak well of the store and visit it often.

**3—RESTAURANTS:** Good light attracts patrons and makes them more comfortable. It is soft, agreeable, restful, promoting relaxation.

**4—STORES:** Well-lighted stores and windows attract customers, and display merchandise to the best advantage. Customers stay longer and buy more.

**5—OFFICES:** Good light means more and better work with fewer mistakes, less fatigue, and without eye-strain. Seeing is easy and comfortable.

**6—CLUBS:** The illumination should be ample, restful, agreeable in color, beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings and entirely without strain.

**7—HOTELS:** Good light is beautiful, brings out the beauty of the surroundings, makes seeing easy and agreeable. People enjoy themselves more.

**8—BANKS:** Good light is handsome and in harmony with the surroundings. It makes seeing easy, often pays for itself by increasing efficiency and preventing errors.

**9—THEATRES:** Good light is subtle, soft, restful, and cheerful. It is beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings, and creates a receptive attitude in the minds of the audience.

**10—HOSPITALS:** The light should be ample, cheerful and restful to contribute to the comfort and quick recovery of the patients. Good light is needed in the operating rooms for precision and accuracy.

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The Paramount Pictures Corporation, like its trade-mark, the mountain, has risen above the low levels of the Nickelodeon and "penny-dreadfuls," and offers to the American theatre-goer the works of the leading producers, dramatists and authors in high-class houses in well selected programs.

W. W. HODKINSON
PRESIDENT

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The plan of the Paramount Pictures Corporation means a vast enlargement of the motion-picture audience, not only through increasing the appeal of this form of entertainment to those who have not attended before, but by intensifying the interest and elevating the taste of those who now attend.

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It was certain from the beginning that any art having such possibilities would necessarily come into the hands of those best fitted to give it its finest expression for the benefit of those capable of appreciating it.

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Men of far-seeing minds had from the first detected the flaws in film production and playhouse management. Under their inspiration the progressive exhibitor is doing much toward making the motion picture business the greatest force for education and recreation the world has ever known.

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Seek out the theatre that is showing Paramount Pictures. If your favorite theatre is not showing them, tell the manager that you are looking for the best and ask him to get it. Tell him you are not attracted by cheap admission or numerous pictures—that you want quality and are willing to pay a little more for it.

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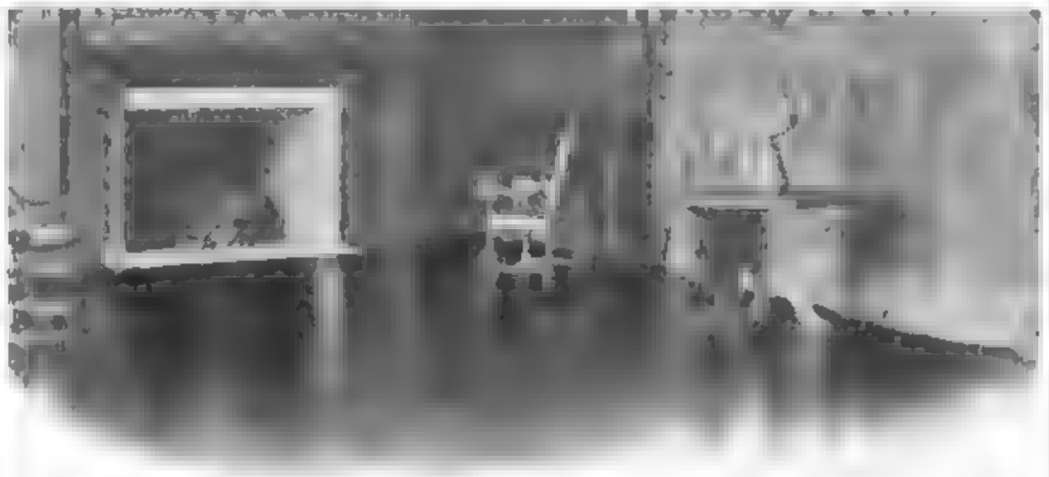

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## FOLLOWING OUR NOSES

(Concluded from Page 11)

however, as this has been dried up by perpetual currents of dry and often dusty air flowing up to it from the atrophied nostrils below, its power of discrimination is gone; and, as a consequence, those who suffer from this form of dry catarrh complain bitterly that they have lost a considerable part of their sense of smell and, with it, much of their taste as well.

So that, neglected and uncured, catarrh may end not only, by extension through the Eustachian tubes, in impairment and ultimate loss of hearing, but also in serious damage to our sense of smell.

Again, the sense of smell is its own best protection; and in protecting itself it protects the whole body.

Whenever you go into a room from outdoors take three or four deep, long sniffs; and if you do not like the smell of the air insist on having the windows thrown open long enough for a thorough blow-out and change of atmosphere. Those who are in the room are almost certain to protest, declare that it is pure fussiness on your part, and that if you will only just sit down quietly for a few minutes you will not notice anything wrong with the air. That is perfectly true. It simply shows how their sense of smell has become narcotized and deadened by gradual and prolonged exposure to foul air and its mousy scents.

Sniff vigorously at every kind of food before you put it into your mouth—if possible, in the kitchen; if not, in the dining room, even though Mrs. Grundy does say it is rude to sniff at table. Flatly refuse to either eat or breathe anything that does not smell good—and you will avoid two-thirds of the risks of colics and choleras, colds and consumption.

There is a whole gamut of delights open to every one who has a keen, unhampered sense of smell and is not ashamed frankly to indulge and delight in it. One great advantage is that nine-tenths of them are outdoor scents and odors and, like the cleanest and best of our pleasures, are as free as air and as wholesome as the wind on the heath.

### *The Smells of the World*

The sharp, clean tang that blows inland—not from the sea, which is odorless, but from the amethyst tidewater flats and green, salt meadows; the clean, fragrant incense, ranging from sandalwood to ripe strawberries, of pine forests and fir woods; the "breezy call of incense-breathing morn"; the sharp, aromatic smell of sagebrush and chaparral, of mesquite and manzanita—are delights of which we never tire and the pursuit of which leads us toward the fountain of perpetual youth.

Kipling declares that the most vivid and lasting memories the world-traveler brings back with him are the characteristic smells of the different countries visited, such as "Camel, pure camel, one whiff of which is all Arabia!" and "Them spicy garlic smells" of Mandalay; while Sir Ernest Shackleton supports him and says: "China conjures up in my mind the smell of moth-eaten centuries."

Because smells are so vague and elemental—because they are most frequently produced by substances and agencies outside of us, over which we have no control—we cannot combine them into melodies or play them into symphonies, as we may the sound waves, or fix them on canvas or embody them in marble, as we may the rays that delight the eye.

Yet, by their very spontaneity, their infinite variety and their sheer delightfulness, they furnish us with a perpetual series of enjoyments and appeal to us and move us as deeply and permanently as even the spoken word or the pictured page.

They have the advantage of having been kept fresh and spontaneous and delightful by the very fact that it was impossible to develop schools of smelling.

One reason, of course, why scents impress us powerfully and the meaning of smell goes so deep is that it was the first and the most fundamental of all our senses; and even to this day our lordly brain lies constructed and based on the primitive stem, the foundation framework, of a nose lobe, an eye lobe, a jaw lobe and an ear lobe. So smell still goes straight to headquarters itself—to the power behind the cerebral throne.

Are you a young man

not under sixteen—not over twenty-five; aggressive, well-known locally and anxious to earn money? We want to appoint one young man in each community in the United States to act as a special representative for our three publications, *The Saturday Evening Post, The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

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who knows the people of his town and is known by them—someone who is aggressive and enthusiastic and who is a "sticker." We furnish everything necessary. Experience is not essential. We coach and train the appointee and pay a commission and salary for obtaining new subscriptions and renewals.

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*Agency Division, Box 591*

The Curtis Publishing Co.
Philadelphia, Penna.

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## THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

IT may be, if you wait, a Fairy will flit into your home (whether it be old or new) and using a swansdown brush, decorate it with a finish white as falling snow, smooth as mandarin silk.

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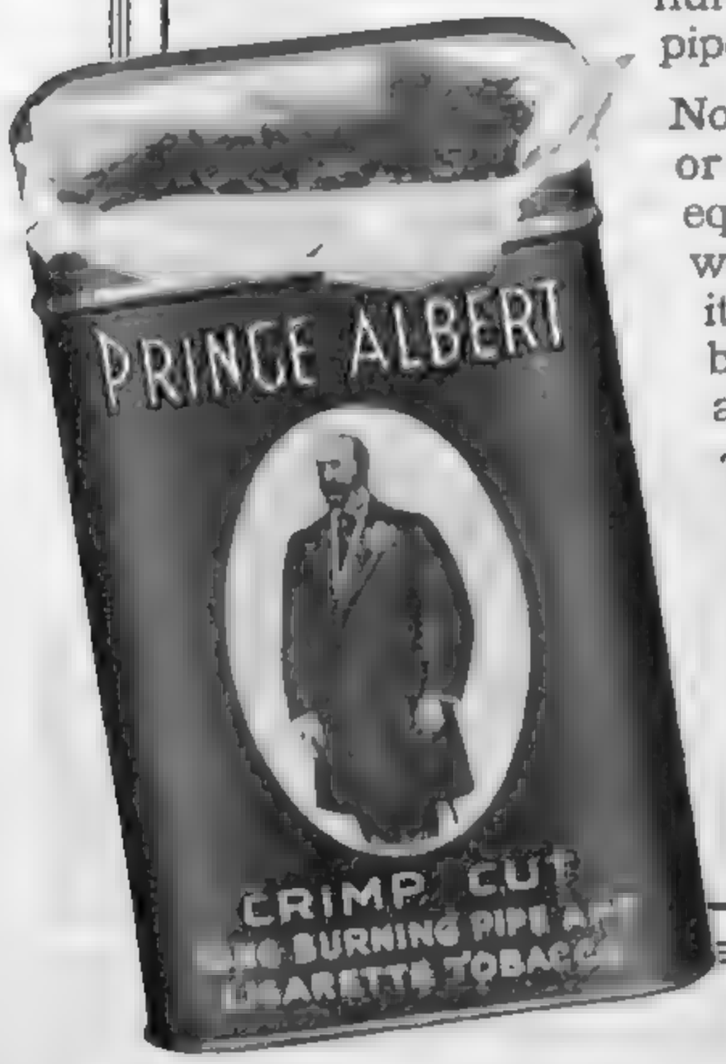
No use soft pedalling this P. A. music. For pipe lovers or rollers of home-made cigarettes nothing ever equalled P. A. *You* can smoke it all day and into the wee little hours, and never a tongue bite or a "gol-ding-it" in the throat. That rough business is taken out by the wonderful patented process that makes P. A. as biteless as a newborn babe.

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**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.**

**Winston-Salem, N. C.**

# THE DEAD-GAME SPORT

Continued from Page 14

the matter he would take care of the whole issue himself, be responsible for any possible loss, and pocket the profits. To this Post agreed, though the bargain was not reduced to writing; and Terry had the satisfaction of seeing the price of the few bonds that were sold creep up gradually from ninety-eight and a half to four points above par.

Ellen and the ecclesiastics worked their way through the throng at the back of the grand stand until they found the neat little automobile with the gray-cloth lining in which her father visited his parishioners and performed his other outside pastoral duties. Ellen opened the door and sprang inside, followed more carefully by the bishop and her father.

As the car moved off, the Reverend Endicott McGill took off his hat and leaned back with a little sigh. He was already feeling a trifle let down after the excitement of the game, and he was depressed by the thought of having the bishop on his hands and not knowing what to do with him. His right hand felt for the tortoise-shell cigar case in his pocket, and he offered it to his companion. The bishop shook his head.

"There are so many times when I can't smoke," explained the latter regretfully, "that I've given it up."

"I smoke occasionally," said the Reverend Endicott. "If it annoys you, Ellen, open the other window."

"I like it," answered Ellen in replying to the bishop's glance. "Terry smokes like a furnace—when he's not in training."

"From the look of him, my dear," replied the old man, "that cannot be often. I never saw such a rider—no, not even among my own Sioux! I remember when I was living out there they played a game something like this; but I forget what they called it."

"Did you live among the Indians?" inquired the girl.

"I lived two years in a tepee," he smilingly replied. "I learned to love the country very dearly, and the Indians too—some of them."

They had freed themselves of the crowds behind the grand stand and were whirring along the highroad toward the Reverend Endicott McGill's spring and autumn residence at Roslyn.

"A very finely played game!" the rector announced ruminatively from behind his cigar as they turned into the driveway. "An excellent game—polo! It makes muscle!"

The bishop smiled and laid his gnarled hand on Ellen's slender gloved one.

"It makes men!" said he.

IV

IN THE great dining hall of Colonel Mayburn's country house at Westbury the annual dinner was being tendered to the English team after the completion of the series. At one end of the long table, covered with heavy plate and flowering rosebuds, sat Terry, with Viscount Roakby on his right. Round the walls at regular intervals hung the heads of giant trophies of the colonel's exploits with the rifle—moose, caribou, elk, wart hog, African buffalo, grizzly bear, lion; even of a rhino and an elephant.

At the other end of the table sat the stalwart colonel himself, fraternizing like a boy with Ricketts and Lord Brockenhurst. Behind him, round the huge marble fireplace, were draped the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, surmounted by eight crossed mallets in the form of a star. The soft light from a multitude of candles was reflected from polished surfaces on the ruddy faces of the young men about the table, who for the first time in several months had eaten and drunk to contentment.

The great silver cup, filled with champagne, had gone round the table more than once, and tongues hitherto held in check by aristocratic reserve now wagged recklessly as the smoke from forty cigars and cigarettes curled upward toward the grinning trophies on the walls. There was the abounding feeling of friendliness and of mutual confidence that is bred only of companionship in sport or war, the two forms of human activity which most resemble each other in the unswerving devotion to a single cause and the utter elimination of self-interest among the participants.

They loved each other, did these young men, for the reason that they were honorable opponents in the greatest game in the world; who played hard yet generously and wanted the best team to win; who stood for a great deal of what was best in their own countries and unfailingly believed in the traditional standards of the gentleman, whatever obvious defects those standards might have.

Yet all were democrats in the great democracy of sport, knowing that "on the turf and under the turf all men are equal." The bitterness of defeat had already melted under the warmth of good-fellowship, and Roakby had promised to bring the same four to America the following spring to turn defeat into victory.

Then Colonel Mayburn rose and proposed the King's health and that of the President. When they had all sat down and resumed their cigars he begged everybody's pardon for speaking at all, because he really had no place there; but he wanted them to know that, proud as he was of the American team—on which his own boy had played—he was even prouder of their opponents, who could see victory snatched from their hands by such a narrow margin and yet feel no rancor and show no disappointment.

The American team had won, to be sure; but he had yet to find out which was the better. And God bless all of them! Being an old fellow he was going to toddle off to bed and let Terry act as host in his place; but, before he went, he wanted to drink the health of some of the best sportsmen and truest gentlemen he had ever met—"Viscount Roakby and the English team!"

The great cup was on the table before him and he raised it to his lips, while the Americans, with a cheer, sprang to their feet, glasses in hand. Terry found himself on the table among the rosebushes, leading the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow!" which Brockenhurst gracefully turned into a compliment for Colonel Mayburn by rising and, with a bow, drinking the older man's health.

*For he's a jolly good fel-low!*
*For he's a jolly good fel-low!*
*For he's a jolly good fel-el-low!*
*Which nobody can de-ny!*

They roared it out in a thundering chorus, with hearts beating hard underneath their immaculate shirt-bosoms, because they were happy and young, and brown and healthy, and had been very, very tired—and had drunk a good deal of champagne after an extremely long period of abstinence.

Terry seized a rosebush, waved it dramatically in the air, and then, pulling off a couple of handfuls of blossoms, showered them gracefully on Roakby's head. Then, with great solemnity he leaped to the floor as the latter, very red and embarrassed, rose awkwardly to his feet.

"Captain Winthrop—and—Gentlemen," began Roakby haltingly, in a strange voice he had never made use of before: "I cannot thank you enough on behalf of the members of the English team and myself, who—who—whom you have so hospitably entertained ——" He glanced down the table in a horrified manner and fingered in his waistcoat pocket.

"Hear! Hear!" rose on all sides.

"Entertained ——" repeated Roakby helplessly.

"Hear! Hear!" shouted his auditors again, clapping wildly.

Suddenly Roakby's distorted face resumed its natural expression.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed in his ordinary voice. "I forgot what I was going to say. Anyway, it was a great game—anybody's game; but you outplayed us and we're glad you won! Only next year—next year ——"

A hand touched Terry's shoulder and he turned to see old Andrew, Colonel Mayburn's butler, bending behind him.

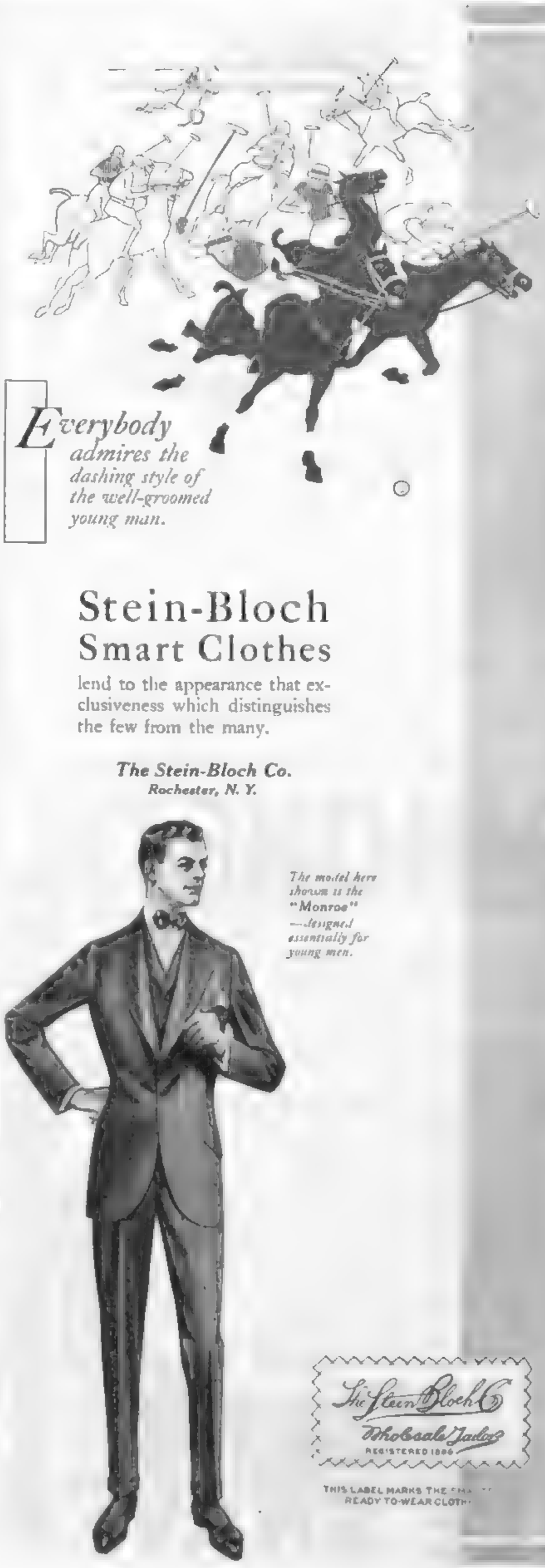
"There's a long-distance call for you on the telephone, sir," he whispered. "Something very important, Mr. Post says."

Terry swore impatiently. Why did Post always keep calling him up on the telephone? And what was Roakby going to do next year? Still—Post—— He would have to go to the telephone.

The booth was in Colonel Mayburn's den across the hall, and Terry entered it and closed the door. It was cool in there and his spirits sank as he took up the receiver.

"Hello! Hello! Is that you, Terry? Can you hear me?" Post's voice sounded pinched and unnatural and very far away.

"Yes; I can hear you," Terry answered. "Where are you?"

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# 3-IN-ONE OIL

PUT a few drops of 3-in-One oil on your strop or stropping device; also pass edge of razor blade—ordinary or safety—between thumb and finger wet with 3-in-One. Do this both before and after shaving.

A razor is, in reality, a microscopic saw, and is dulled by invisible rust which forms between its teeth from use and handling.

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softens and raises the grain of the leather strop, so that it wipes out this rust and brings the bent and broken teeth into cutting alignment again. Applied to the edge by thumb and finger, 3-in-One does much to prevent this rust and thus keeps the razor keener.

Sold in sporting goods, housefurnishing, drug, hardware and general stores. 1 oz. [illegible], 5 oz., 25c; 8 oz. [illegible] pt.) 50c. Also in Patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer does not have these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c.

**FREE.** Sample and Dictionary of Uses.

**Three-in-One Oil Company**
**42 EUR. Broadway, New York**

# HELPS THE SHAVER


"At Okersee," answered Post. "I've got bad news for you. The dam's been swept away! It's a total loss!"

For a moment Terry swam in a dark void of ultimate silence. Turned to stone, he heard, faintly competing against the buzzing of the distant wires, the faint strains of "For he's a jolly good fel-low! For he's a jolly good fel-low!" Then he shattered eternity with a gulping cough and asked:

"All gone? Nothing left?"

"Not a stone! Whole thing—lot of junk. Got to begin all over again. Total loss!"

Again silence.

"Well, thanks for letting me know, anyway," said Terry.

The wires hummed apologetically.

"I say, old man," came over them, "you stand by your agreement, of course? You said you'd take the risk, you know."

Terry's neck swelled and he clenched the fingers of his unengaged hand quickly together. Then he shrugged his shoulders and grimaced at the transmitter. What could you expect of a fellow who didn't play the Game?

"Do you think you need to ask that?" he replied sharply. "That was what I said, wasn't it? By the way, send me a photograph of the damn dam, will you?"

Mechanically he hung up the receiver and regarded in a dazed way the four walls of the den with their Japanese printa, their samurai swords, their placid Buddhas. It was nearly a full minute before he realized that he was ruined. But ruined he was! Every cent he owned in the world—beyond the twenty-five hundred shares of Atchison Preferred he had always kept because his uncle had helped to build the railroad—had been in the "damn dam." And his ranch in Wyoming, which he had bought to help a college friend who needed an open-air life—he must not forget that if he was counting scraps. Fate had given him a wallop! Well—— "For he's a jolly good fel-el-low!" came faintly through the chinks of the closed door.

"Stop grinning—you blasted heathen idol!" suddenly yelled Terry, jumping to his feet and shaking his fist at the nearest Buddha.

"Which nobody can de-ny!" answered the chorus beyond.

"Well, old socks," admonished Terry grimly to himself, "let's forget it—until to-morrow morning anyhow!" His hand shook a bit as he picked a match from a cup of jade and lit his cigarette. "Come! Buck up, you fool!" he growled. "Poor little Ellen!" he added absently.

Then he straightened his shoulders, opened the door into the dining hall, and was instantly engulfed in a bewildering tumult of hilarity, dragged tableward by half a score of young giants, shouting: "Which nobody c-a-n de-ny!" Roakby had finished his remarks and taken refuge in his chair.

"Which nobody c-a-n de-ny! Which nobody c-a-n de-ny!" chimed in the others. "For he's a jolly good fel-low! For he's a jolly good fel-low!"

With a common impulse they turned to Terry with a resounding cheer.

"Speech!" they shouted. "Speech!"

V

THE raging spring flood that had torn the Okersee Dam from its foundations left devastation and famine in its wake, and by noon the next day the Reverend Endicott McGill had organized a local relief committee and begun soliciting contributions in aid of the sufferers; but of the blow dealt by the elements to the fortunes of his own prospective son-in-law he knew nothing. Had not this been the case it is doubtful whether he would have been so cheerfully enthusiastic over the response to his appeal.

"Eleven thousand already!" he remarked to the bishop after dinner the following evening.

"Splendid, father!" cried Ellen, clapping her hands. "You're quite wonderful!"

The old bishop smiled gently.

"I wish I could raise money that way!" he sighed.

"And now I'll leave you to yourselves for a while," Ellen said, getting up; "but I won't be far away. I'm going to watch the moonlight from the piazza."

She had hardly left the room before the butler announced that Mr. Winthrop had called to see Doctor McGill.

"Ah! Show him in! Show him in!" directed the Reverend Endicott, filling another glass of Madeira. "How are you, Terry? Glad to see you! Let me present you to my friend, the Bishop of Western Idaho."

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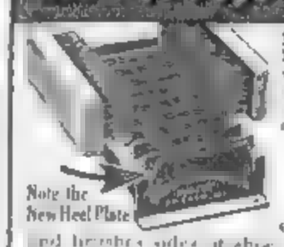


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Thousands of other boys will do the same thing—in fact they are doing it now, selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. If he'll write to us, we'll tell him all about it.

*Sales Division, Box 588*

**The Curtis Publishing Company, Phila.**

The two men—one old and warworn, the other young and with the future all before him—gripped hands; and each felt the masonic grasp of the eternal brotherhood of those who serve.

"Sit down and have a cigar!" said the Reverend Endicott. "We were just talking about the Okersee catastrophe."

Terry smiled faintly, but he did not sit down.

"That was what I came to see you about," he remarked quietly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the clergyman, turning with proud significance in the direction of the bishop. "That was exceedingly thoughtful of you; but you have been so uniformly generous in the past I might have expected ——"

"I beg pardon," interrupted Terry. "I didn't come to make a contribution. I came on business. I hope, bishop, you won't think it awfully rude of me if I ask Doctor McGill to give me a few minutes in private. It's a rather important matter—to me."

"Bless you, no!" said the bishop. "I'll go out and look at the moonlight with Ellen."

"What is it you wish to speak to me about?" inquired the clergyman. "Won't you sit down? I hope you haven't had any bad news!"

"Yes," answered the young man; "it is bad news—of a sort. I had all my money in the Okersee Dam."

The Reverend Endicott McGill started and eyed Terry sharply.

"All your money! You don't mean to tell me you put your entire fortune into such a mad venture as that!"

"Almost all," answered Terry. "Anyhow, after I've paid my debts and cleaned things up all round I shan't have a penny left. I don't care for myself, but it's pretty tough on Ellen ——"

The Reverend Endicott McGill had risen to his feet and his voice rang out in harsh staccato sentences.

"Pardon me," he snapped; "I don't understand. Your uncle left you several millions, you told me. Now am I to believe that you staked them all in this dam? I know young men are foolish, but the thing's preposterous—impossible!"

"It looked like a good gamble," answered Terry reflectively; "but I'll admit it was putting a good many eggs in one basket."

"How much have you lost?" demanded the other.

"Oh, a couple of millions, I guess. I don't know exactly."

"You had more than that! Haven't you any outside investments?" persisted the clergyman.

"Well, I've got a ranch out in Wyoming—I was going to talk to you about that; and I've got twenty-five hundred shares of Atchison that I've always had."

The Reverend Endicott McGill drummed on the table with the slender fingers of his left hand.

"Well," he calculated with evident relief, "you've got a quarter of a million left anyway."

Terry shook his head.

"That's promised," he said.

The clergyman pinioned him with his eye.

"How promised?" he inquired.

"To you."

"To me! What do you mean?" The Reverend Endicott's stupefaction was quite genuinely honest.

"For your convalescent home. I promised if we won the game I'd give enough to build it. I know the contracts call for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"My dear boy!" the clergyman expostulated. "How absurd! Of course I'd never think of holding you to anything like that."

A frown gathered on Terry's face.

"But I promised to give it," he repeated.

"Well, you didn't promise me—and if you had I wouldn't take it!" retorted Doctor McGill.

Terry's frown deepened.

"Excuse me," he said; "but I don't exactly see how you come into it."

"Oh, you don't!" flashed back the clergyman. "Well, I'll explain how I come into it! Do you think I'm going to allow my daughter to marry a pauper?" His lip trembled. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" he muttered under his breath.

Terry did not waver.

"It doesn't seem to me that you put it quite fairly. My marrying Ellen is one thing. Whether I am to keep my word is another. I simply promised to give a hospital for the sick poor if a certain event happened. There wasn't any reservation about it. And we won!"

His eye met that of his future father-in-law resolutely, albeit respectfully. The rector of St. Ursula's scented danger. Instantly, with a supreme effort, he changed his tactics.

"But," he argued, and his tone was blandly conciliatory, "you have got to look at these things sensibly, broadly. You have, in fact, as a prospective husband, no right to look at them otherwise. Your so-called promise was nothing but a foolish boast. As a bet the law does not recognize it; and if it was, as you say, a promise, it lacks any consideration to support it. Besides, I refuse to recognize it as binding in any way, shape or manner."

He leaned back in a there-little-boy-the-thing-is-settled manner; but Terry shook his head impatiently. The same look came into his face and settled round his lips that the Englishmen had seen there when, on the polo field, he had faced three of them coming at him from different directions all at once.

"It wasn't a bet on the game at all," he answered stubbornly. "I don't care anything about the law! It was a promise."

The Reverend McGill turned white with suppressed wrath. The boy was an absolute dunderhead! With a struggle he controlled himself, however.

"My young friend," he said icily, "you had better consider this matter carefully before you indulge in any quixotic foolishness. There are several things you will do well to remember: My daughter—my only child—has been brought up in comfort, almost luxury. A certain amount of money is essential to her health and well being. I have never fully approved of your engagement. She is sensitive, cultured, intellectual; while you are—well, you are a sporting man, a drinker, a gambler, who has never done anything but ride horses and play polo. You couldn't earn your living if you tried. You have no business sense. I must protect my daughter in any event; and if you insist on giving this ridiculous hospital you will have to give her up as well!"

His voice rose into an impassioned denunciation, ending in the threat. Terry lowered his head and drew in his chin.

"I've still got my ranch out in Wyoming!" he protested. "I guess I can earn my living even though all I am good for is to ride horses."

"Well," answered Doctor McGill with cold sarcasm, "you will have the chance to try; but you will have to do it alone, so far as Ellen is concerned."

"Terry!"

The moonlight flickered through the doorway, a white dress fluttered across the room, and the girl buried her face in Terry's shoulder while he threw his arm round her.

"Perhaps Ellen may have something to say about that!" he retorted, pressing his lips to her forehead.

Her father, his face pale with anger and chagrin, gave a grunt of disgust.

"Father," she implored, "I've heard everything. Don't quarrel with Terry! He's quite right about the money. I couldn't marry him if he kept it. What difference does it make? We'll go and live on the ranch, and be as happy ——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted her father. "The rough life out there would kill you in six months. I forbid you to leave my house. It is criminal to suggest your marrying under the circumstances. It is abominable for him to take advantage of your affection to induce you to consider such a thing!"

There was a step on the veranda and instinctively they turned toward the doorway. The missionary bishop was standing there, with the moonlight falling over his head and shoulders, and on his face was a smile of benediction.

"I have heard too," he said. The Reverend Endicott McGill drew himself up with dignity, but the bishop raised his hand with a gesture of entreaty. "My brother," he continued with infinite gentleness, "the lad is right; Ellen is right. He must keep his promise irrespective of consequences. Forgive me if I say that I honor and respect him for his course in this matter. And I may add that were your daughter mine I should not hesitate to give her to him. I wish all my flock were as good Christians as he!"

Silence fell on the group as the face of the old man under its crown of silver turned from the clergyman to the boy and girl.

"God bless you, my children!" he whispered.

Again the moonlit silence.

"Besides—*she's of age!*" added Terry.

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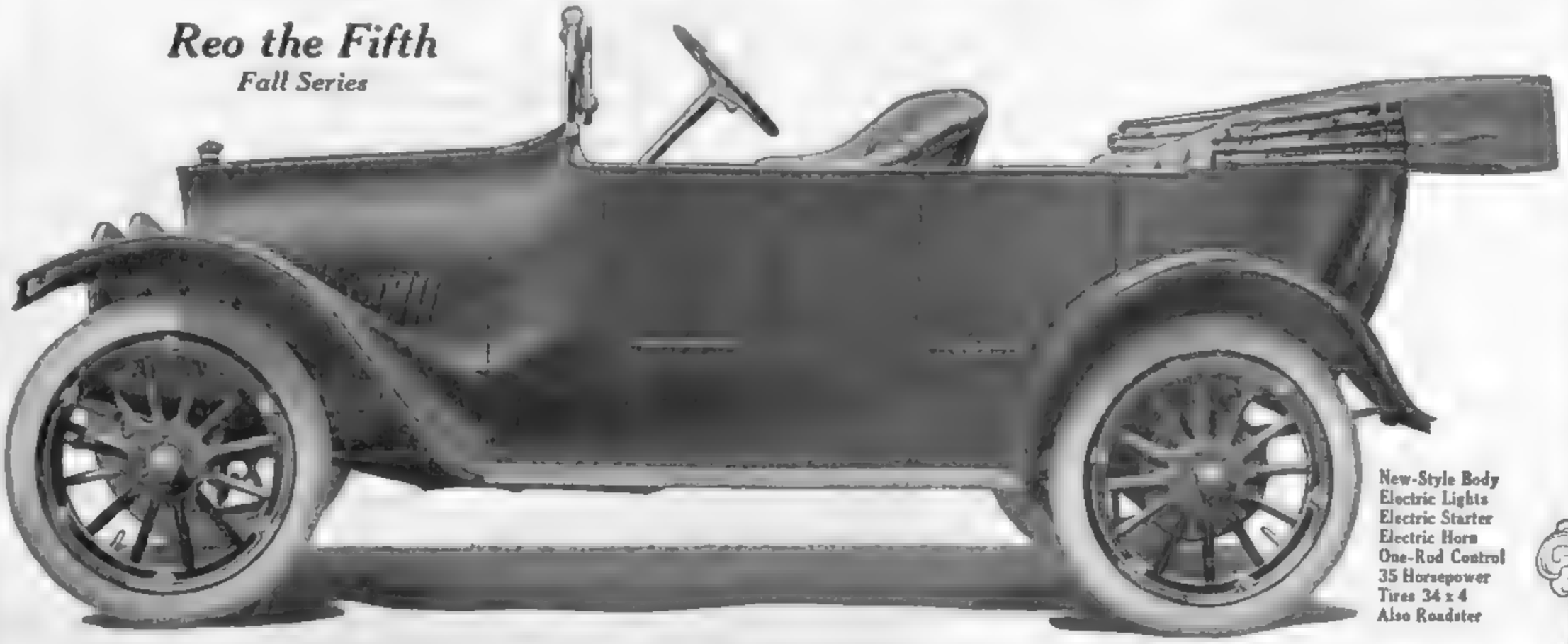

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# A MOTION TO ADJOURN

(Continued from Page 8)

loyalty an' fraternity. To-night, after a glorious past, we find ourselves descended from a membership of one thousand to the original incorporators, plus Brother Selinsky. We've charged off thousands o' dollars' worth o' dues an' begged an' pleaded, an' give the brothers an extension o' time, a-provin' our charity, but it ain't no use. We've been faithful to the lodge, a-provin' we've got loyalty, an' we've hung to you, Worthy Supreme Potentate, a-provin' we got fraternity. Toquina City's peterin' out, an' it ain't goin' to be long before me an' the Butterfly 'll be movin' on. Considerin' the nature of our profession an' the further fact that on an' after the first o' next month gamblin' in Nevada's a felony, it's right hard tellin' just where me an' the Butterfly lights."

He paused and gazed at each brother, as if seeking forgiveness for the monstrous proposition he was about to enunciate. Doc Bleeker eyed him owlishly. He knew what Faro Dan was going to say; knew at last that it was inevitable that some brother should say it, so he waited now in apathetic silence for Faro Dan to speak the damnable words.

"Worthy Supreme Potentate," continued Faro Dan, drawing a paper from his vest pocket and handing it to the Worthy Financial-Secretary-Recording-Secretary-Organist-Junior Potentate, "In accordance with the constitution an' by-laws o' Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, Ornery and Worthless Men o' the World, I hereby give notice in writing that at the next regular monthly meetin' o' the chapter I shall present this important motion: *Resolved:* That Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, Ornery and Worthless Men o' the World, disincorporate an' divide the cash to the credit o' the chapter among all members in good standin' at the time."

His speech was received in a heavy silence that presaged a chorus of "ayes" when the motion should come up for consideration, and amidst a general feeling of gloom the chapter adjourned for the next regular monthly meeting. They reconvened for a nightcap at the Stagger Inn, where Doc Bleeker reluctantly admitted that since it was obvious that the order was about to die there was nothing to be gained by permitting it to suffer; that it was best to kill it and put it out of its misery.

Affairs had come to an impasse. His practice was no more, his ready cash was gone, and he must perforce turn his back on Kelcey's Wells. Jimmy the Cricket was hourly expecting the arrival of the sheriff with an attachment against the Stagger Inn, and although Faro Dan and the Butterfly Kid never mentioned such trifles, the fact remained that a desert rat from the Ubehebes had broken Dan's faro bank; a pair of trained dice, artfully interjected into the Butterfly's affairs, had well-nigh ruined him, and the old mythological bird was about to present Lafe Darby with Number Six, which naturally complicated matters for Lafe. Therefore, since the lodge still had approximately twenty-five thousand dollars in bank, the forthcoming dividend to the faithful loomed up in all the pristine glory of paradise regained. Privately, four of the brothers wondered how long one-sixth of twenty-five thousand dollars would last Lafe Darby.

The question was settled sooner than they anticipated. Lafe Darby forsook the rattlesnake juice of the Stagger Inn and tilted against the demon that lies in Tahiti gin. From the languorous isles of the South Seas comes this drink—and a story. We vouch neither for the drink, which is a curious combination of dynamite and dynamic energy, nor for the story, which is to the general effect that a shark will not bite a native who has partaken of Tahiti gin manufactured on his own premises. Be that as it may, we venture the suggestion that a white man, primed with the heinous concoction, would bite a shark, but regret that there are no statistics available to substantiate this.

A godless adventurer, one Mr. Bud Menefee, had imported a keg of this liquid hell for the purpose of mixing it with prune juice, the resultant concoction to be secretly retailed at two dollars a bottle to a number of Piutes, of assorted sexes, who would shortly pass through Kelcey's Wells bound for the annual harvest of piñon nuts in the Painted Hills across the desert. Lafe saw the keg when Mr. Menefee rolled it into his tent house and, feeling venturesome, he had requested a modicum as a chaser after his morning's morning which had recently gone the way of such. Mr. Menefee, in a spirit of mingled charity and curiosity, had acceded to his request.

After partaking of the fiery stuff Lafe felt within him the stirrings of a vague ambition. "That's the ticket!" he declared approvingly. "The liquor this here vandal, Jimmy the Cricket, hands over his bar shore must be di-luted. I can't work up no circulation on that liquor no more, Bud. It acts on me like lubricatin' oil on a gaserine engine—smooth enough but not a speck o' power. Gimme another, Bud."

Mr. Menefee received this Oliver Twistian request with a suggestion that Lafe perform that impossible athletic stunt known as chasing oneself; whereupon Lafe sought his wife and demanded of her the sum of five dollars, which she did not possess. Upon being informed of this disastrous state of the family finances Lafe forthwith reproved the presumptuous female with the aid of a washboard. Then he searched the onyx mantel clock, relic of that distant day when Mrs. Darby had taken him for better or worse, and unearthed two dollars and fifty cents. His wife had set this sum aside for the purpose of meeting Lafe's dues in the Ornery and Worthless Men of the World. Poor creature! She had never gotten over that delirious night when Lafe, in a rented dress suit, had taken her to supper at the Palace Hotel, following the monster initiation three years agone.

Lafe returned to the Menefee deadfall and purchased ten cents' worth of Tahiti gin. After drinking it he commenced to weep, he knew not why. At the third drink he became a second Alexander, yearning for unconquered worlds, and gazing from heights of lofty disdain upon the narrow horizon which environed him. Lafe Darby, the much-maligned and misunderstood man of parts, discernment and epicurean appetite. After swallowing the fourth drink he reached some esoteric conclusion, purchased a quart bottle of his new love, and with it under his arm started down Mizpah Avenue at the foot of which stood the Darby domicile. And as he went he sang a little, lilting ballad of the dance halls so long silent in Kelcey's Wells.

When he came to the pathway leading through the sand and sparse sage to his own doorway he paused, tilted the bottle to his lips and drank a farewell toast to Mrs. Darby. Then he walked down the gulch out into the blinding glare that spread afar toward the Painted Hills and the mirage that beckoned, receding, trembling, alluring. On and on he went, the little conical twister-breezes raising the dust behind him, obliterating his trail, hiding him from the sight of men.

The dust whirled in the vagrant, fetid breeze and settled when it had done its appointed work; the lazy afternoon waned until the tinseled tapestry of the soft desert night came down and hid the Painted Hills. The stars that had looked upon a million eons of change and interchange whirled on their ordained journeyings, but to Kelcey's Wells, Lafe Darby came not again.

When morning came, with it came Mrs. Darby, sobbing as she crept up Mizpah Avenue because she knew that men would look upon her and know that Lafe had beaten her. She sought Doc Bleeker to inform him that Lafe had stayed out all night, in consequence of which she knew that something dreadful had happened. The Doc soothed her, although he did not agree with her. Any catastrophe that provided for the merciful elimination of Lafe Darby could not be very dreadful.

The doctor looked in at the Stagger Inn and saw at once that Lafe had indeed left Kelcey's Wells. Bud Menefee reported having seen Lafe walking down the gulch the day previous, so a search party was organized to comb the random trails among the sage and greasewood for ten miles round Kelcey's Wells. The following day the search party returned—thirsty, exhausted, empty-handed, consumed with a huge disgust of Lafe Darby and a firm resolve to search for him no more.

The blasting in the Big Princess, where the hopeful still searched for the lost lead, continued as before, and the stink of burned powder drifted up Mizpah Avenue. Men worked or gambled or fought or drank as usual, and no man missed Lafe Darby save Jimmy the Cricket up at the Stagger Inn.


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For the better part of a day the Cricket had difficulty in convincing himself that Lafe was really gone. He seemed to see the derelict standing at the bar, his right foot on the brass rail, his sickly white hand clasped tightly round a whisky glass. Ere long that picture faded too and was gone. It is the fate of all good drinking men to be forgotten very soon.

However, Lafe was not yet forgotten entirely. True, he had passed from the sight and ken of the remnant of the population of Kelcey's Wells, but Mrs. Darby still loved and remembered. It almost seemed as if Lafe's frailties had endeared him to her the more. Down in the drab-colored lean-to in Squatter-town she continued to live and labor and have her being, such as it was. A worn wisp of a woman with a sheep-like meekness of nature, she was a singularly pathetic creature. There was a squint in her eyes from too much sunlight; there was a permanent stoop in her thin shoulders not meant for bearing burdens—and she had borne many burdens and many children. In her hair was a sprinkling of white, as if the saline dust of the little twister-breezes had fallen upon her and she had been too tired to brush it away.

During the procession of garish days that followed the disappearance of Lafe she groped her way about her tubs in apathetic wonder, not quite understanding and hence not complaining. Her dreary round of labors was uninterrupted. Each Monday she gathered her bundles of clothing; each Saturday afternoon and evening she returned them, rejuvenated, collected the meager pittance that was the reward of her heart-breaking, back-aching toil, and crept back to her hovel in Squatter-town.

She was not aware of the extent of the finances of Lafe's lodge, Lafe having considered her intelligence too meager for the discussion of matters of business; but she did know that according to the constitution and by-laws, a copy of which Lafe had once brought home, the lodge paid the funeral expenses of all members, and in addition presented the widow with two hundred and fifty dollars.

With Doc Bleeker at the head of the order she did not feel called upon to make application, as Lafe's widow, for this honorarium. She had the utmost confidence in Doc and knew he would look after her interests, for had he not inducted four of Lafe's progeny into this world and declined to send in a bill, saying he was too busy but would get round to it some day!

When two weeks had passed, however, and the doctor had taken no action, Mrs. Darby grew a little anxious, although mingled with her anxiety was a feeling of shame at her lack of faith in the doctor. Moreover, a posthumous Darby heir was very imminent, and the knowledge that ere long she would be forced to retire from the tubs for a brief season spurred her to the point where she mustered her poor courage and spoke to the Doc about it.

The Worthy Supreme Potentate was visibly embarrassed as he explained to her that, while he had no doubt but that Lafe had been gathered to his fathers, the lodge, nevertheless, required proof of death. He was sorry, he said, but she'd have to wait until he took the matter up at the regular monthly meeting.

Doc was as good as his word. He brought the matter up at the next meeting, and forthwith Kelcey's Webs Chapter, No. 1, Ornery and Worthless Men of the World, developed something the like of which had not hitherto disgraced its charitable, loyal and fraternal deliberations—a lovely row!

It started with the Worthy Supreme Potentate explaining the predicament of the widow of the late Junior Warden, and requesting suggestions from the brothers. The Butterfly Kid obliged instantly.

"What's the odds?" he queried. "When we disincorporate we'll give her Lafe's share of the swag, anyhow, if he ain't round here to receive it. All we got to do is to wait until the lodge is killed and that kink in our by-laws ain't in operation any longer. It's as easy as fallin' downstairs."

Jimmy the Cricket and Faro Dan nodded approval. "If she's hard up in the meantime," the latter suggested, "I guess me an' the Butterfly can help her out with an advance. I understand she's a-goin' to require your services right soon, Worthy Supreme Potentate."

The Worthy Supreme Potentate nodded and raised his gavel. "Very well, then, brothers," he said, "there being no objection it is so ordered," and he struck the altar before him a rap that said: "That settles it."

But here an objection was interposed. The fly-by-night broker, the little Jew who had waited three years for the cutting of this melon, interposed it. Tersely and firmly he called the attention of the chapter to Faro Dan's resolution introduced earlier in the evening—to wit, that the assets of the lodge were to be divided among those members in good standing at the time of dissolution. He objected to the payment of any funds to the widow, under the by-laws, until proof of death should be submitted, but in the event of such proof being adduced and the payment from the funeral fund being made to Lafe's widow, he was of the opinion that there the Darby interest in the jackpot ceased. There was nothing in the by-laws to indicate that a membership in the Ornery and Worthless Men of the World continued after death, or that the benefits of such membership should accrue to heirs or assigns.

"You're outvoted, four to one, Selinsky," Faro Dan growled ominously. No vote had been taken, but Faro Dan was reasonably certain of the soundness of his contention nevertheless.

"Yes," added Jimmy the Cricket, "an' I might add, Brother Selinsky, that it seems mighty damned strange to me that, after neglectin' every meetin' of this chapter since its formation, you manage to show up at the next to the final meeting, to quote the by-laws on us an' disrupt the order o' business. Set down!"

The Worthy Supreme Potentate knew Jimmy the Cricket. None better than he realized that war was in the air. He pounded with his gavel and demanded order.

"I call for a rulin' from the chair," yelled Jimmy the Cricket.

"The chair rules that Brother Selinsky is right in his contention but wrong in his method of operation. Under the constitution and by-laws we have no legal right to distribute Brother Darby's share of the assets of this lodge to his widow. Brother Selinsky's point is well taken."

"That's what I say," Brother Selinsky retorted triumphantly. "When it comes to dividing the assets of the chapter it's split five ways and not six."

Said Faro Dan evenly: "You're too handy at jugglin' figgers to suit me, Brother Selinsky. I'll admit my course ain't legal, but it's plumb human. You're outvoted in this here assembly, the majority rules, an' if I hear another cheep out o' you we shore will be dividin' this bankroll five ways instead o' six, because you'll be missin'."

They stood glowering at each other like two belligerent dogs, and presently Faro Dan, deciding on a monumental bluff, reached under his Senior Potentate's robes, unearthed a piece of artillery and laid it before him on the altar of charity, loyalty and fraternity. He stood up.

"I make a motion," he said, "that's bound to come within the by-laws. I move that one-sixth o' the cash on hand be turned into an Imminent Distress Fund."

The Butterfly Kid caught the cue. "Second the motion," he shouted. The Worthy Supreme Potentate put the motion and three enthusiastic "Ayes" carried it as against one vigorous "No."

"I move, Worthy Supreme Potentate," Faro Dan continued, "that every dollar in the Imminent Distress Fund be donated to the widow of our beloved Junior Warden, Lafe Darby. There ain't nothin' in our by-laws agin makin' donations. This here order's founded on charity."

The motion was carried. Milton Selinsky, seeing he was defeated, rose, saluted the Worthy Supreme Potentate and retired from the hall in high dudgeon.

Faro Dan winked and shook his sinful head with a little air of triumph. "I'm a sharp on circumventin' the by-laws," he declared. "While this chapter's in full swing the majority decides what it's goin' to do with its money, but after we're disincorporated by the secretary of state this here Selinsky person's got us plumb within the law."

"He's got an ace coppered somewhere," warned Jimmy the Cricket.

They proceeded to draw up the resolution to disincorporate, and the petition to the secretary of state for permission so to do, went through the usual routine of business and adjourned. The following morning Faro Dan, treasurer, drew a check to the order of Mrs. Lafe Darby, signed it, and accompanied by the Butterfly Kid went looking for Doc Bleeker to countersign it.

When finally he found the Worthy Supreme Potentate it was in Lafe Darby's

(Continued on Page 65)

# The New Series Franklin

That the Franklin has come to be the *dominant light car* is made clear:

(1) By actual figures of weight and actual records in gasoline, tire and oil mileage. (2) By the increase of 76 per cent in Franklin sales during the past year.

And the explanation is as readily discovered.

Dominance as a light car requires light weight carried to the highest efficiency. Now, in any mechanism high efficiency comes only through long experience and concentration.

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For 13 years the skill of the Franklin engineering organization has been directed to one end—a light car that is also reliable, comfortable, durable and economical to operate. Four years ago, further to concentrate the refining process, we discontinued all types but one. Since then we have been developing exclusively that one type—the Franklin Six-Thirty. Today it reaches its highest point in the new Series 6—the most efficient automobile we have ever built.

In Series 6 there are five styles. But only one type of chassis. Modifications occur only in the bodies. Light weight and flexibility are fundamental in all five. The Berlin, Sedan and Coupé give the same comparative economy of operation as the open cars. They combine the special luxury of the enclosed car with the *basic Franklin luxury* of easy riding and easy driving.

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In a test held all over the country on May 1, 94 stock Franklin touring cars averaged 32.8 miles on one gallon of gasoline, in all kinds of weather and on all kinds of roads. Scores of runs of the same character have shown analogous results. Actual records show the oil consumption of Franklin cars to be extremely moderate—400 to 900 miles to a gallon.

Such phenomenal results are explained not only by light weight but also by the efficiency of the Franklin engine. Franklin direct cooling has proved a success because it is the simple method. There is no freezing, no overheating, even on high mountains or under the most extreme weather conditions. It can be driven on low gear all day without trouble.

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The actual experience of Franklin owners during the past four years has shown an average of more than 8000 miles per set of tires. The reasons for this remarkable mileage are:

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Take a ride with a Franklin dealer. Note how the car adapts itself to the road, whatever the conditions. Note with what ease and safety it is handled. You will then understand why it is the *dominant light car.*

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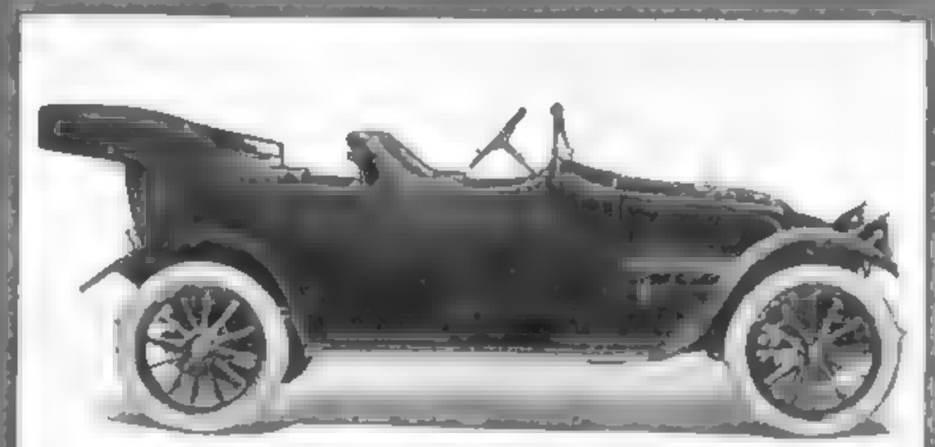
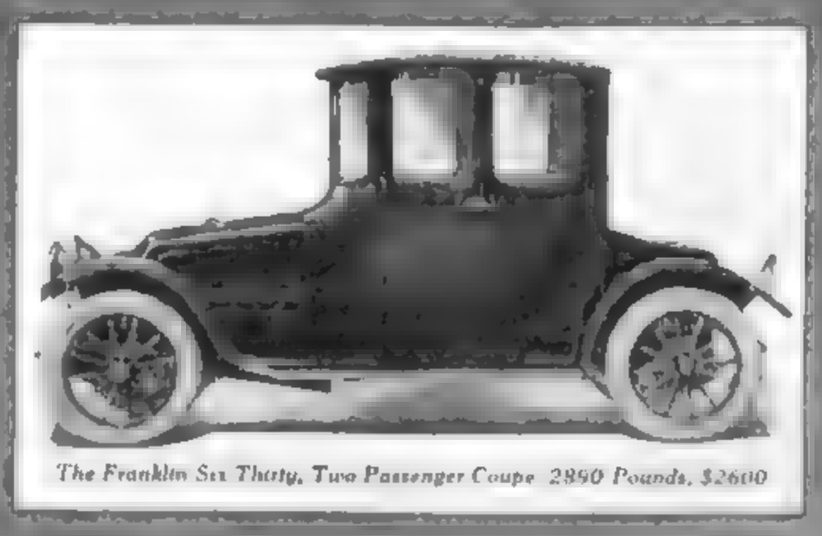
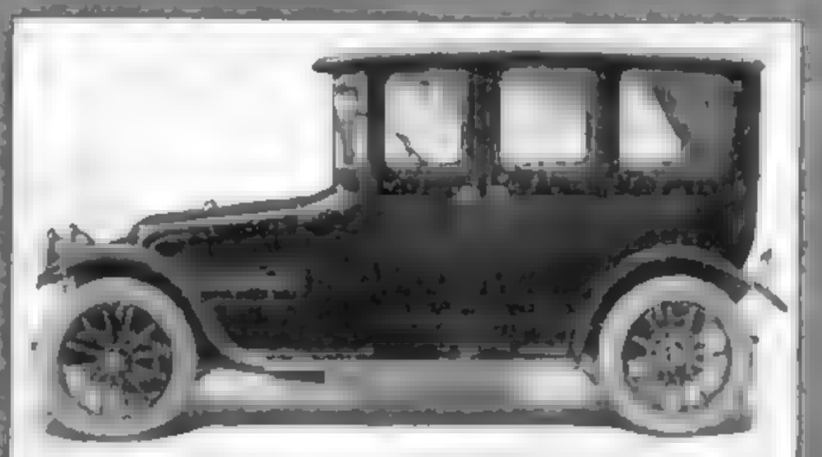


*The Franklin Six-Thirty, Five Passenger Touring Car, 2750 Pounds, $2150*

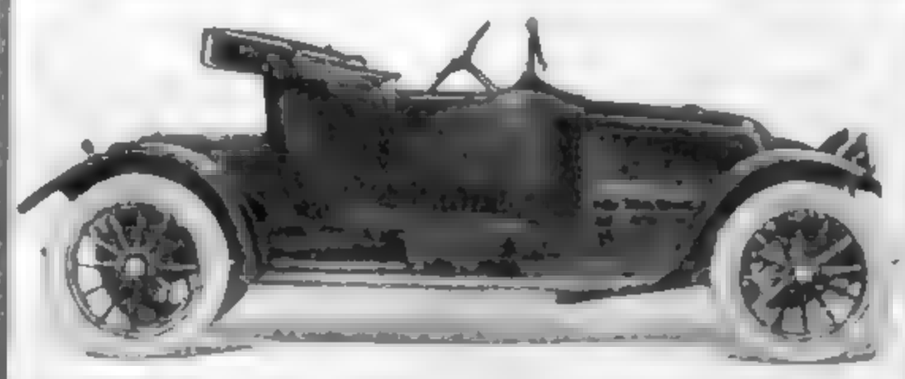
*The Franklin Six-Thirty, Five Passenger Sedan, 3045 Pounds, $3000*



*The Franklin Six Thirty, Two Passenger Coupe 2890 Pounds, $2600*



*The Franklin Six-Thirty, Six Passenger Berlin, 3242 Pounds, $3200*



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# The Scientifically Light Car

HUDSON Six-40 1915 Model $1,550 This Year F.O.B. Detroit

# Our Level-Best Six

*This new HUDSON Six-40, despite its price, marks our level best. Our 48 engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin, have devoted four years to the car. In reply to all conflicting claims—defending higher prices—that's the most that we can say.*

This car is the climax of HUDSON ambitions. We may do better sometime, but we can't today.

There is hardly a part or detail which we find a wish to better. In fine engineering, in beauty and comfort, in lightness and economy, this car comes near the apex, we believe.

We say this after thousands have been tested on the road. After 12 months' experience with our last year's Six-40. After noting all the new-year models which our rivals have brought out. And we believe that most men will agree with us.

## Its 48 Designers

There are 48 men—there have been for years—on the HUDSON corps of engineers. And Howard E. Coffin heads them.

It has never been claimed, so far as we know, that there is an abler corps in the country. And certainly there isn't.

In HUDSON models—constantly progressing—these men have fought over-tax. They have warred with all excesses—in weight and price, in upkeep and operative cost.

And this HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 marks the final result of their efforts.

## Do Opinions Differ?

There are arguments, of course, which combat ours. Each maker defends his own. But we doubt if well-informed men seriously differ about this car.

HUDSON advances have always been combated. But the records show that the general trend has followed where we led.

Sixes are almost universal now in the upper grade of cars. Lightness is now demanded. Economy has been studied. Prices have come down. And HUDSON innovations in beauty and equipment are being fast adopted.

The HUDSON Six-40 this year differs from its leading rivals merely in degree of progress. It simply leads the common trend.

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The HUDSON Six-40 leads in lightness among cars of this capacity. It reduces old-time averages about 1,000 pounds.

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It leads in beauty. In numerous ways it leads all in new styles of equipment.

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And in designing, skill, not luck, has given this car amazingly perfect balance.

## You'll Approve It

The more exacting you are, the better you'll approve this car. It will meet your conceptions in the things you want. In big ways and little ways it will show you today's best standards. We spent all last year on details and refinements.

Go see it, and bear this in mind: We build a larger car for the men who want it. But we could not, with our present knowledge, build a better car.

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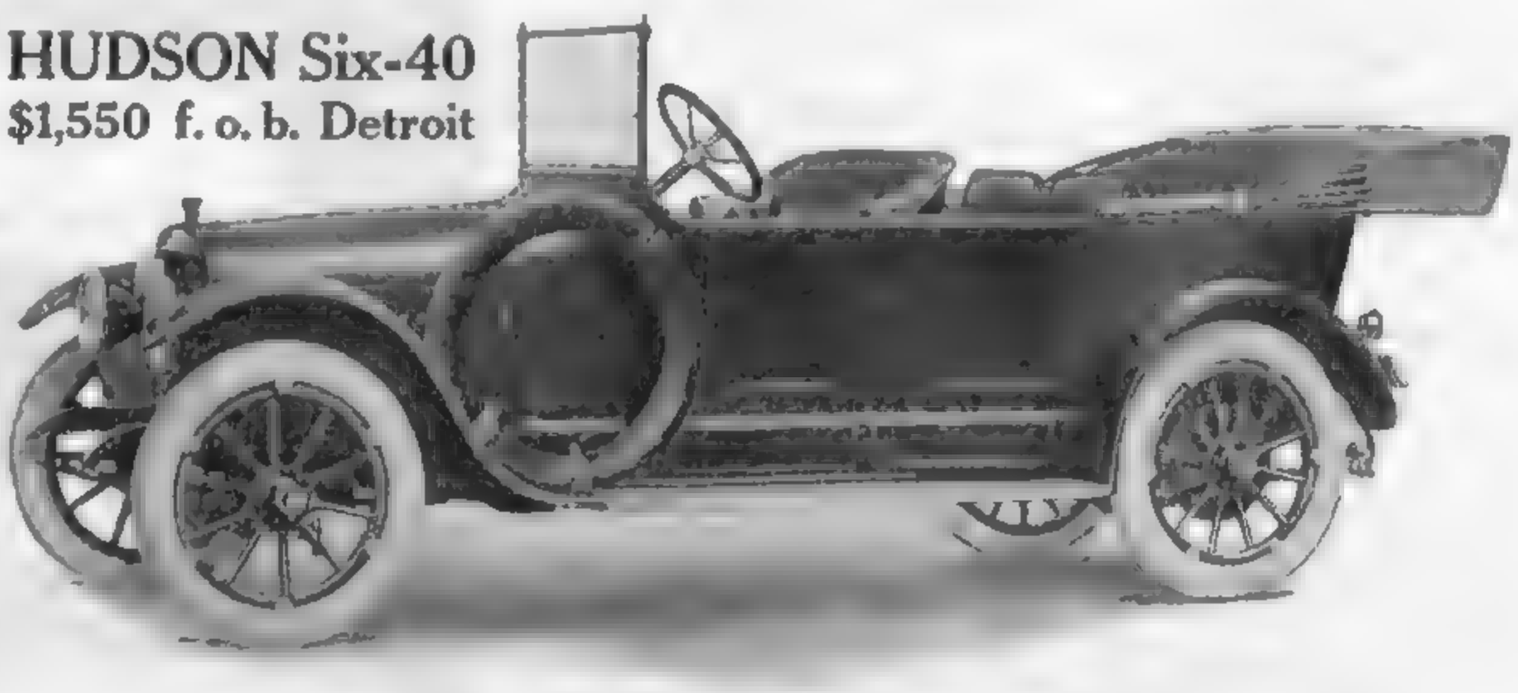
**New catalog on request.**

**HUDSON Six-40**
**$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit**



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**Phaeton seats up to seven.**
**Also an ideal Roadster.**
**Also a beautiful Coupé.**
**Also a Limousine.**

**HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8124 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**

(Continued from Page 62)

drab tent house in Squatter-town. The Doc had been up all night inducting young Mr. Darby into Kelcey's Wells. He was haggard and worn, and it occurred to Faro Dan that matters had not gone well with him.

"What luck?" the gambler demanded crisply.

"None. Come in, boys, I want you to see something."

They stepped into an inner room. On a bed fashioned from rough pine lumber Mrs. Lafe Darby lay with an old patchwork quilt drawn over her. Doc lifted it and Faro Dan and the Butterfly Kid saw a newborn baby lying at her breast.

"Dead, both of 'em," said Doc, and commenced to cry a little. He always wept whenever he lost a patient. The two gamblers gazed at Brother Darby's handiwork, and presently Faro Dan took the check from his vest pocket and slowly tore it into little bits.

"Too late," he said briefly.

Doc led them to another room, where five tousle-headed youngsters, the eldest about eight years old, lay huddled asleep on an old box mattress on the floor.

"Tough," he blubbered.

"You bet," said Faro Dan.

"Hell!" said the Butterfly Kid.

There was a long silence, broken presently by Faro Dan. "Wait here," he said; "I'm goin' uptown an' get Selinsky."

He found Milton Selinsky in the office of the justice of the peace, soliciting from that functionary an order restraining Samuel Bleeker *et al.*, members and officers of Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, O. & W. M. O. T. W., from disbursing any of the funds of the order pending the decision of a suit about to be entered into against the said order by the said Milton Selinsky.

"Come here," said Faro Dan. There was that in his voice that caused Milton Selinsky to come without asking questions, and Faro Dan led him to the Darby domicile and bade him look. Selinsky came out of that arena of want and misery and joined the trio in the kitchen.

"Any relatives?" he asked, indicating the room where the five orphans slept.

Doc Bleeker, Faro Dan and the Butterfly Kid shook their heads.

"Pretty tough," he continued. "Can't we do something?"

His three auditors nodded affirmatively. "We're going to make up a juck pot to care for them kids," said Faro Dan.

"Count me in on it, gentlemen. I haven't got much, but I guess I can match the rest of you. Whose family is this?"

"The family of Junior Warden, Lafe Darby," Doc Bleeker answered solemnly.

Selinsky pondered. He scratched his ear and presently looked at his watch. "I was going out on the auto stage at ten o'clock," he said, "but I guess I'll stay over until to-morrow. We can hold a meeting to-night."

"Pardner," said Faro Dan, "I was mistook in you. I used some words to you last night that was mighty unfraternal. I'm sorry." He held out his hand and Selinsky shook it.

"Oh," he said carelessly "that was business. This" he jerked a fat thumb toward the Darby orphans "is charity. And I didn't know — —"

"Ain't that a Jew for you!" said the Butterfly Kid, and smote Milton Selinsky affectionately across the back.

Shortly after eight o'clock that night Doc Bleeker lighted the kerosene lamps in the Opera House, got out the rituals and laid them on the altars. When Milton Selinsky, Faro Dan, the Butterfly Kid and Jimmy the Cricket arrived, he donned the black silk robe and draped round his neck the scarlet plush stole with the gold cord trimmings that was the emblem of his office of Supreme Potentate. Faro Dan, as Senior Potentate, wore a white robe with a black plush stole with silver cord trimmings, while the Butterfly Kid, as Junior Potentate, wore a red robe with a yellow plush stole with black velvet trimmings. Jimmy the Cricket, Senior Warden, took his place just inside the door, for all the world as if a horde of brothers was clamoring for admittance in the anteroom, and Milton Selinsky occupied the recording secretary's desk. When all were ready the Worthy Supreme Potentate tapped three times with his gavel and said:

"The meeting will come to order. The Worthy Chaplain will offer prayer."

Faro Dan, who combined that office with several others, owing to the depleted membership, rose, fixed his glance on a spot high up on the wall over Jimmy the Cricket's head, and prayed:

"O Lord, we are gathered here to-night in charity and brotherly love. Grant that we be given the strength to approach the task before us, as Ornery and Worthless Men of the World, in the true spirit of charity and fraternity, and when we shall have concluded the labors for the consummation of which we have here assembled this night, grant, O Lord, that we may depart in peace, with malice toward none and charity toward all. Amen."

At the word "Amen" the Butterfly Kid, who had taken his place at the organ, played the hymn of the chapter, and the chapter sang in chorus. At its conclusion the Worthy Supreme Potentate tapped three times with his gavel. "I now, by virtue of the power invested in me as Supreme Potentate of Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, Ornery and Worthless Men of the World, declare this meeting open for business. The recording secretary will call the roll," he declared solemnly.

The recording secretary thereupon read the roll, to which all present answered "Here!" When he called "Junior Warden, Lafayette Darby," the Supreme Potentate answered "Absent!"

"If there is no objection," the Supreme Potentate continued, "we will dispense with the reading of the previous minutes. Report of the financial secretary."

Faro Dan, acting as financial secretary-treasurer, read his report, showing $24,-987.03 cash on hand and in bank. He reported a bill of fifteen dollars for three months' hall rent, which was ordered paid, and the Supreme Potentate proceeded with the regular order of business as laid down in the ritual:

"Report of Membership Committee?"
"None, Worthy Supreme Potentate."
"Report on sick and disabled brethren?"
"None, Worthy Supreme Potentate."
"Report of Building Committee?"
"None, Worthy Supreme Potentate."
"Candidates for initiation?"
"None, Worthy Supreme Potentate."
"Communications?"
"None, Worthy Supreme Potentate."
"New business?"
"None, Worthy Supreme Potentate."
"Good of the order?"

Faro Dan stood up. "I move you, Worthy Supreme Potentate," he said, "that we take every blankety-blank chip in the kitty and split it five ways among the five dependent orphan kids of our beloved late Junior Warden, Lafayette Darby. I further move the appointment by the chair of a committee of five members of this chapter to handle, invest and administer the said funds for an' on behalf o' the said Darby orphans, to the end that the said orphans be educated an' raised self-respectin' men and women."

Faro Dan sat down and looked at Milton Selinsky, who had told him he would match any and all donations. Selinsky smiled at him. "I second the motion," he said, and the Worthy Supreme Potentate presented the motion.

"You have all heard the motion. All those in favor ——"

"Aye," came the resounding chorus.

"Contrary minded?"

A silence.

"The motion is carried unanimously. Of that committee," said the Worthy Supreme Potentate, "I appoint Brother Selinsky chairman, owing to the fact that he is a business man and comes of a race that can make two dollars grow where but one grew before. Brothers Jimmy the Cricket, Faro Dan, the Butterfly Kid and Samuel Bleeker will also serve on the committee, and the committee will continue to perform the functions for which it has been appointed until discharged by Almighty God. Is there any further business?"

"I move we adjourn," said Brother Selinsky.

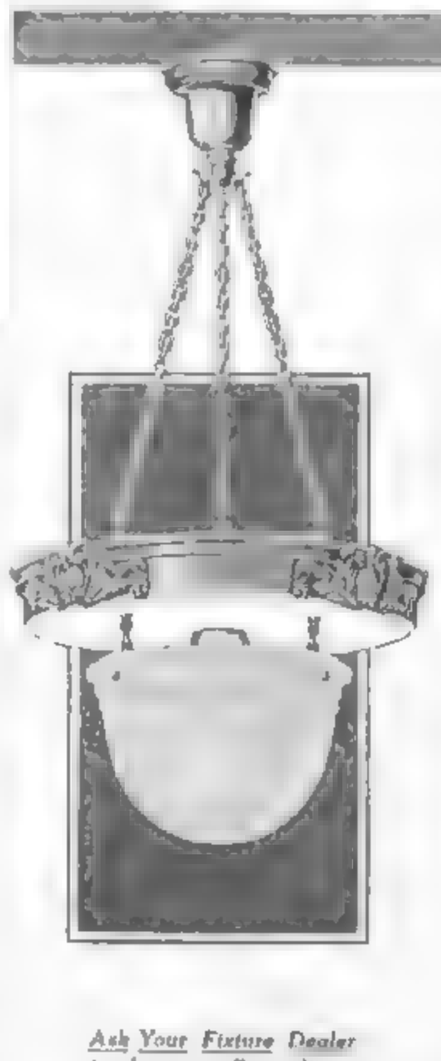
"A motion to adjourn is always in order." The Worthy Supreme Potentate turned to the Butterfly Kid.

"The Worthy Organist," he said, "will play the closing ode."

When the mellow notes of the organ had died away the Supreme Potentate tapped three times with his gavel, and the chapter stood up.

"The Worthy Chaplain," he said, "will offer prayer."

"O Lord," said Faro Dan, "we give Thee thanks that Thou hast permitted us to assemble once more in council to promulgate the spirit of charity, loyalty and fraternity. And as we go hence we beseech

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DIFFUSION PLUS REFLECTION

*Not a new bulb — but a LIGHTING fixture*

*Not just a fixture — a new PRINCIPLE in lighting*

*Here's the principle*

[illegible] the bare lamp [illegible] bowl [illegible] and reflecting the entrance up to the flat reflector, in turn, refracts them outward and downward. The [illegible] diffused illumination thrown evenly over the working [illegible] all glare [illegible] ish into the reflector, so that no light rays are lost upward. (See diagram.)

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*—in the classroom or home*

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EVER had to stop taking notes in class and miss some of the good things the "Prof" was saying in his lecture, while you shook your pen and fussed with it to make it start writing? Then, you'll enjoy using a Moore.

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And then, you remember, Moore's is the original "won't leak" pen. Upside down, any way you carry it, Moore's won't leak. For when you close a Moore, the cap screws down and shuts up the ink chamber bottle-tight. Not a drop of ink can ooze thro'.

You'll find it a big help both in class and at [illegible] because it writes the way you want it to and [illegible] look [illegible] Or write for [illegible] catalog showing 127 styles and sizes.

**—to the man who'd like to sell *more* pens—**

Moore's offers an unusual opportunity, and if you'd like to increase [illegible] sales [illegible] some [illegible] of the Moore proposition to dealers.

[illegible] is the kind of pen that everybody likes. The kind of pen that you can sell even to the people who have given the old-style kind up in disgust.

[illegible] a chance to let go by. [illegible] Moore's can help you sell [illegible]

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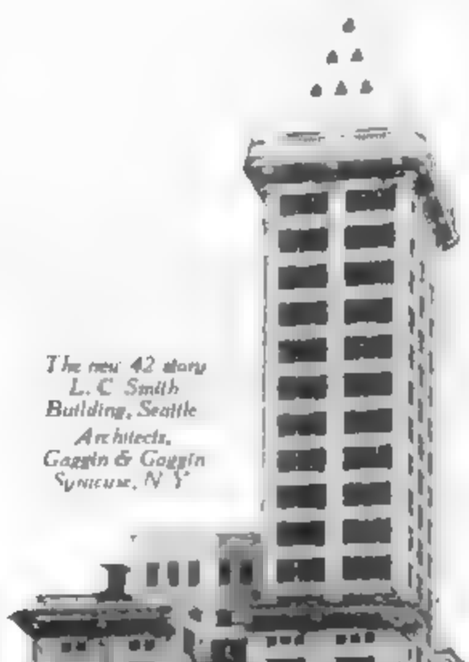
# —with an EDISON MAZDA in every socket



*The new 42 story L. C. Smith Building, Seattle Architects, Gaggin & Gaggin Syracuse, N. Y.*

Like scores of other sky-scrapers, big stores and public buildings, this magnificent, cloud-piercing structure, of which the great Northwest is justly so proud, is lighted from top to bottom with EDISON MAZDA Lamps.

These lamps are chosen to the exclusion of all others for their sturdy endurance, the satisfying quality of their brilliant white light, and best of all because they produce good light at the lowest possible cost—from 3 to 6 times as cheaply as old-style carbon lamps.

The shrewd men who manage these giant buildings take full advantage of every wise economy. That is why they discard carbon lamps and use EDISON MAZDAS *in every socket.*

Apply this same shrewdness to your own home. Use EDISON MAZDAS, not only in important rooms, but *in every room* from cellar to garret. Only thus can you get the full benefit of EDISON MAZDA economy, backed by the world-wide research of MAZDA Service.

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OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
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**EDISON MAZDA LAMPS**


Thee, O Lord, to guide our erring footsteps in the paths of righteousness. Grant us, O Lord, in the end a haven of rest in green fields, where, lulled to sleep by running water and the drowsy drone of bees, we shall await, in the heavenly chapter on high, reunion with our brethren of Kelcey's Wells Chapter, No. 1, Order of Ornery and Worthless Men of the World. Amen."

The Worthy Supreme Potentate raised his head. On his simple, kindly face a twisted, painful little smile was struggling for expression, but his eyes were blurred with tears, for he was closing his lodge for the last time, and oh, he was so proud of it! For the last time his glance had rested upon the mummery the great underlying sympathy in his nature craved; for the last time he had listened to the humbug that must have reached to the ears of the Supreme Potentate in the heavenly chapter on high, making Him, to whom this godless gambler prayed his parrot prayer, just a little proud of the fact that He had made five Ornery and Worthless Men of the World in His own image and likeness.

"The—the Wor-Worthy Senior Warden will col-collect the rituals," he said huskily.

The Worthy Senior Warden performed his simple office for the last time; for the last time the Worthy Supreme Potentate rapped for order; for the last time he said with homely dignity:

"In charity, loyalty and fraternity I declare this meeting adjourned—forever."

## Trolley Safety

NOW that almost every person beyond infancy in America has learned that one bell means to stop and two bells to go ahead, an ingenious device is coming into use which threatens to throw the two-bells knowledge into the scrapheap.

In the latest type of center-door trolley cars, which are rapidly coming into wide service, no signal to go ahead is needed. A passenger sitting in a front seat is mystified as to how the motorman knows when to start the car after a street-corner stop. It is all due to coupling up the doors with the current that moves the car.

When a passenger wishes to leave the car the conductor cannot open the doors so long as the motor of the car is running. When the car stops and the conductor opens the doors the motorman turns the handle of his controller on one notch; but the fact that the doors are open prevents any current from reaching the motor. As soon as the conductor closes the doors the current becomes available for the motors and the car slowly starts.

The motorman can never start the car while the doors are open; consequently it is always safe for him to try to start at any time without waiting for a signal from the conductor.

## Automatic Helmsmen

AN AUTOMATIC helmsman, which will steer a ship like a man at the wheel on the ship's bridge, is now being seriously proposed. The captain would set it to steer northeast, for instance, and the machine would then keep the vessel headed northeast until it was given further orders. None has yet been built, but a mechanism that will do the work has been fully planned by a marine engineer.

It is made possible because of the success of the gyroscopic compass, now in daily use on several American naval vessels. This compass does not depend at all on the magnetic North Pole, but uses the determination of the gyroscope to stay pointed in one direction regardless of the movements of its surroundings.

To make the automatic helmsman, a tiny mirror would be placed on the compass card and set to the proper course—to the northeast for instance. A beam of light on this mirror would reflect back between two selenium cells when the ship was exactly on the right course. If the ship turned a little off the course the beam would strike one of the selenium cells, and the cell would detect it sufficiently to start a motor to turning the ship's rudder the proper way. If the beam struck the other cell another motor would pull the helm round in the other direction.

It would seem that the effect would be to steer the ship on a snaky course in a general northeasterly direction. It appears likely that very delicate adjustments would be feasible.


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Mr. Purchasing Agent

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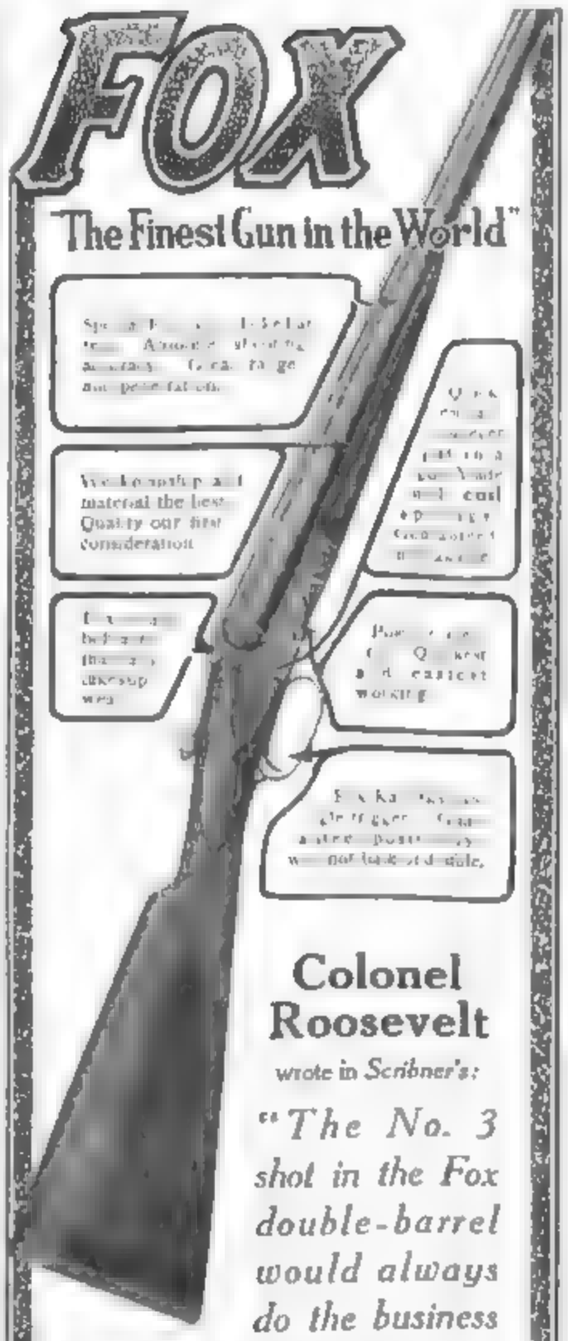

**Colonel Roosevelt**

wrote in *Scribner's:*

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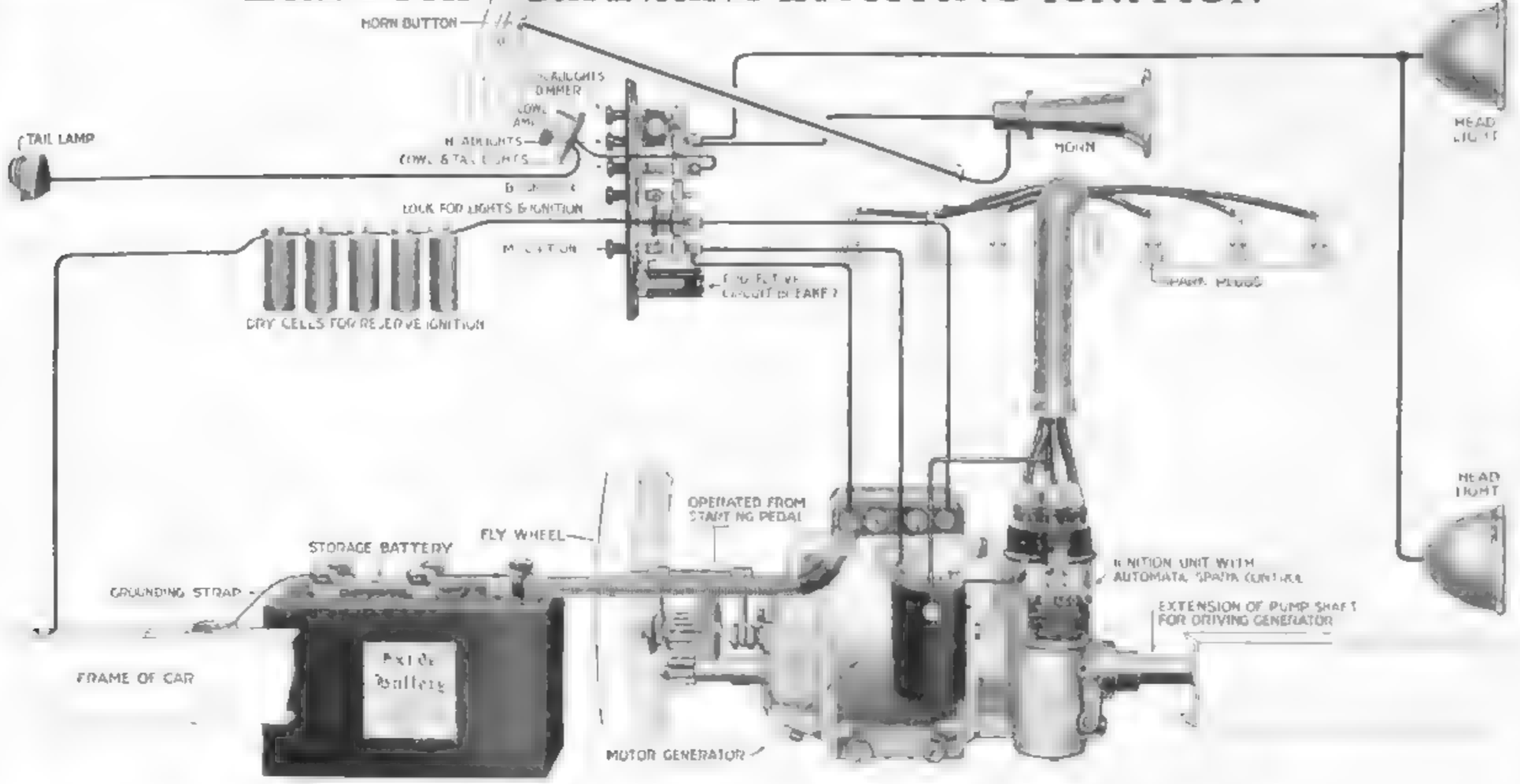
# DELCO

## ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION




# Simplicity is the Keynote of the Delco System

Study the wiring diagram illustrated above.

It shows all the wires there are in a Delco equipped automobile.

Note the simplicity of it—the apparent strength and character indicated.

You will find slight deviations from this diagram to meet the engineering and manufacturing requirements of the various motor car companies. But, in all essential details the diagram is standard.

The Delco system is a complete electric cranking, lighting and ignition system.

It includes also—

A reserve ignition—

A connection for horn and extra lights when desired—

A dimming feature for headlights—

A protective circuit breaker to prevent possible damage from short circuits—

A locking device for both ignition and lights.

The automatically controlled generator provides a high charging rate at low car speed and lower charging rate at high speed, thus insuring a well charged battery under ordinary operating conditions, and preventing over-charging at the hands of a fast driver.

The automatically controlled ignition insures a properly timed spark at all engine speeds.

And with all these features the Delco System is remarkably free from complications.

It has less wiring, in fact, than was once used for ignition alone.

This combination of efficiency and simplicity is made possible by the single unit, single wired, grounded system.

The Delco System was the pioneer in the electric cranking field.

Three years ago the first electrically cranked car appeared.

It was Delco equipped—and it revolutionized the automobile industry.

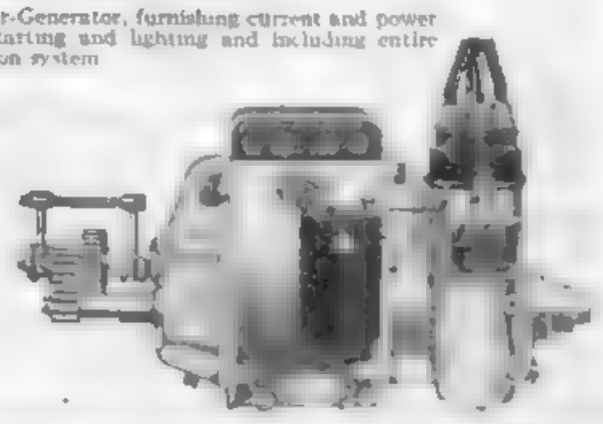
Today 154,000 owners are driving Delco equipped cars.

## The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio

1—Delco-Exide battery made to withstand rough usage and give constant, efficient service.

2—Combination Switch—controls entire electrical system. Strong, simple and very compact

3—Motor-Generator, furnishing current and power for starting and lighting and including entire ignition system



**These three units comprise the entire Delco System—cranking, lighting and ignition**

Cadillac
Standard of the World

*This date will mark the dividing line between motoring as it has been known and motoring as the future will know it.*

The climax in motor car progress
The utmost in motor car efficiency
The maximum in motor car service
The extreme in motor car luxury
The practical things and the things worth while.

For these, and for all of the elements which contribute in the highest degree to the charms of motoring, the public has learned to look each year to the Cadillac.

Cadillac ideals, Cadillac engineering genius, Cadillac resources and Cadillac methods, are reinforced by the experience gleaned in the successful production of more than eighty thousand cars—the greatest number of the high grade type produced by any one maker in the industry.

The public, guided by a recognition of the Cadillac policy to avoid exaggeration and overdrawn statements and guided by its policy to under-claim rather than to over-claim, has always felt secure in accepting Cadillac representations at their full worth.

***Therefore, when the Cadillac Company says that it is about to offer a motor car which marks developments and advancements so great, so vast, so widespread in their scope, that past achievements pale almost into insignificance, you are justified in looking forward to something which even the word "extraordinary" fails adequately to describe.***

New pleasures and new comforts are in store.

Luxuries of which you may have dreamed, but for which you had hardly dared hope, are to become a reality.

Motoring will possess new charms. The word will have a new meaning and a new significance.

You may draw a mental picture of your ideal car—of what it should be capable of accomplishing, of how it should perform.

You may place your expectations as high as you please.

We do not believe you will be disappointed.

Our formal announcement will be a revelation.

It will mark the dividing line between motoring as it has been known and motoring as the future will know it.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

# A WILD-GOOSE CHASE

(Continued from Page 25)

between the islands opposite Greenland to the goal on the shores of the west polar sea.

Day after day the Arctic fog shut out the sun and the sea and blanketed the icebergs ahead and alongside. The weather was not cold as thermometers show temperatures, but its penetrating dampness chilled men through and through. McNeal, tough Arctic sailor though he was, shivered at the wheel. The men on watch—and now lookouts were needed on watch everywhere, besides a man constantly to cast the lead—were near perishing with the cold, and stamped their feet and beat their hands in the endeavor to keep warm. The fog settled down and drenched everything it touched. When it lightened, heavy rains—cold, black, dreary rains—poured down and made sheer misery even for the dogs, who would not lie on the soaking decks but stood about day after day surly and dejected, too spiritless even to fight, and took their sleep on their feet. Disease broke out among them; and each morning for a week a rifle rang out, to put dying beasts out of pain and prevent spread of their infection to others.

Slowly, painfully, with infinite risks and dangers the Viborg forced its way on through the fog.

Days came again with the fog cleared. The gray plateaus and wild, rugged heights slipped by; at one spot crosses indicating graves appeared on the shore—crosses well known to Arctic men and that need not be examined. They marked the first of the graves of the six score of Franklin's men who starved to the last man on those shores fifty years before.

There the little crosses stood, alone in that dreary land. Ten years had had to pass, Margaret remembered, and a dozen expeditions were made into the Arctic, before the fate of Franklin's two great ships and his hundred and thirty men could be learned. Might the little Viborg with its crew find two men alone in all that northern wilderness?

Lost men, in passing down a shore, would build cairns on headlands to tell their line of travel to any other party. Now and again, as piles that might be cairns appeared, the Viborg halted and a boat took men ashore to search the heaps for messages. But only one might have been a cairn built by man; and that was too old and not of the Aurora cairn type. It gave no message if it ever bore one. The fog closed over the channels and the ship forced on. The shortening days and the sinking of the sun now warned of the nearing of winter; there was no time to waste while ice conditions in the channels favored the vessel.

"Stop! Full speed ahead! Reverse; full speed astern! Full speed ahead!" The signals, with the bumping and scraping and battering against the ice in the closing channels, marked the mile after mile that the Viborg achieved. Once, in a spot where the chart of the only ship that had previously traversed that channel showed deep water, a ledge suddenly shot up from the bottom and the Viborg was forced on to it at full speed. The wind and sea drove it harder on. It cost the deck load and too many hundred pounds from the boxes in the hold before the Viborg, with engine full astern and all hands pulling on the anchor, got clear. For fifty hours no one slept. But now the goal was nearing. The sea and wind went down; watches again could be divided. Geoff, in his turn, went to his bunk. Toward morning, Latham opened the cabin door and threw himself on his bed.

"McNeal's given it up," he announced. "We're somewhere off the south end of Mason Island, with ice between us and the shore."

### VIII

GEOFF jumped up and went on deck. The morning was clearer and the sun was breaking through the mist, showing a sea choked with ice. For mile after mile ahead and on both sides ice shrouded the water. A few streaks of green showed here and there a narrow crack between the floes; but they were closing constantly and changing.

"'Tis that we were aiming to get through all yesterday." McNeal indicated the ice grimly. "Yet if the fog hadn't cleared I'd not have given up trying. Yon is Mason Isle."

To the left of the bow, in the direction the Scotchman pointed, a shadow of an outline of a rocky shore rose. The mist thinned a little more and now showed it plainly—a black, bold, barren ridge of rock, stretching far back and rising to a height of some fifteen hundred feet and running as far to the north and west as the eye could follow it.

"The South Cape!" Koehler confirmed the identification. Brunton and Linn, the other two who had been on the Aurora, stood also staring toward the shore.

Geoff watched these men closely. What recollections was the sight of that shore bringing back to them? A part of their hardships, their dangers, there had been told. But Geoff knew that they had told only a part of the experiences which that land must recall.

Geoff looked beyond the men to his sister. Margaret stood at the rail a little away from the others. She was wearing the heavy blouse and the trousers and coat that she had worn almost constantly since she had been aboard the Viborg. But this morning she seemed dressed with more particular care, as for an occasion. And as her brother looked toward her he wondered with a deeper feeling of sympathy what the occasion for her would be.

Her eyes were bright and her lips closed firmly together, and her little hand clenched at her side as she gazed toward the shores that must tell her whether her lover might yet be alive. Would this land by its silence say that Eric Hedon and his companion had been lost long before and lay with their dogs and sledge at the bottom of the Arctic sea? Or might it tell, instead, that they had gained that desolate place only to die there? For a moment, as she looked at the black barrens ahead, fear of what might be found seized her. Her blue eyes dimmed, her lips trembled, her hands unclenched. Then quickly she banished her dread and her doubt and turned about, hopeful, confident again and smiling. Latham had come up beside her and stood looking from her to the beach.

Geoff watched them, understanding but vaguely the bargain between them. Latham, he knew, was paying for the expedition to prove that Hedon was dead; and up to the time that they went aboard the Viborg Geoff had looked upon the proof of Hedon's death as the best outcome for his sister. He had been a boy away at school during most of the time that Hedon had been in Chicago. Hedon had been to him, therefore, only a vague, stubborn obstacle between his sister and Latham—an obstacle that every one had deplored. When the change had come with Geoff he himself could not tell; but, as he looked at Latham standing with Margaret, Geoff was aware for the first time that he wanted to find Hedon.

"The cabin is on the other side of the island," Margaret was saying quietly to Price.

"So I understand—about fifty miles away."

"We can't bring the vessel in closer with any safety." McNeal joined them and reported impersonally to both.

"But a boat can make it?"

"Well handled," McNeal qualified. "Who goes?"

"I, of course," said Latham.

Geoff intruded. "And I."

Koehler and Brunton were chosen also.

"It's no Arctic work," McNeal deprecated. "A row of a mile or so with plenty of stout ice to step on to if you're clumsy. And then a tramp of a day or so on shore. You'll take dogs, doctor?"

Koehler shook his head. Of the twenty-six beasts that had been on board on leaving Greenland seven remained, and only five of these were in good condition. There was no snow for a sledge journey at that season, but in the manner of the Eskimos' summer travel the dogs might carry packs.

"There'll be only one camp between here and the cabin each way; we can pack our own supply," Koehler decided.

The four for the shore party went about their preparations—blankets, a light silk tent, food and fuel for four days, rifles and cartridges. As they loosened their boat in its davits, Margaret kept close to them.

"I'm not going to ask you to take me," she assured over and over again. "I'd slow you and make it harder. But you'll try to signal me as soon as you can about—what you find?"

"How?" asked Geoff.

"We'll be watching all the time from the ship. You four will probably all come

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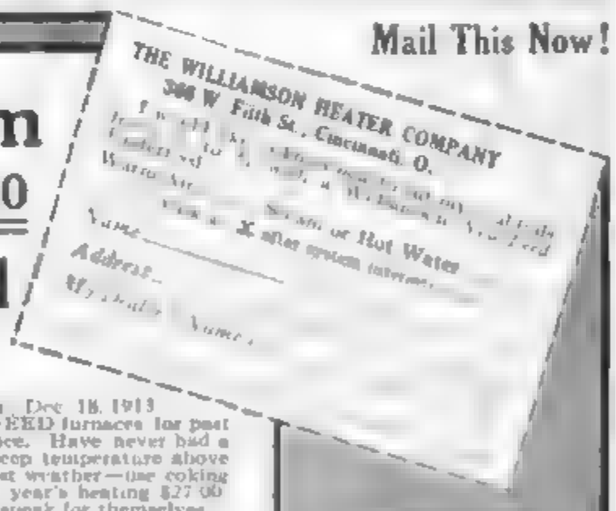


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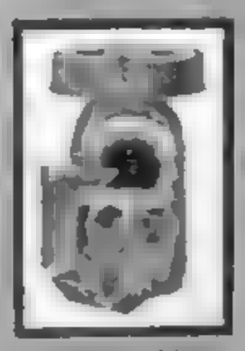

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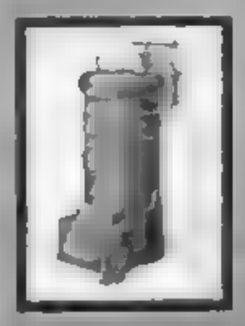

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back together. If you've good news, walk abreast about five paces apart; walk two and two together if it's bad. If one comes ahead alone to give us news or—or ask for help or anything else, let him run to the right and then back to his path if it's good news; to the left if it's bad."

"You've thought out every thing, haven't you?" Geoff grasped her and kissed her.

Price, with pack strapped for the march, halted beside her. The others, busying themselves, turned away.

"Do I have a kiss too?" he asked.

She looked up at him startled. At that moment full realization of one result of their search seemed to come to her. She had fought it off before, not letting herself believe that they might not find Eric Hedon alive. But now, with the final arbitrament so close, she drew back from him; yet, according to her given word, if they found that which must show her that Eric was dead this man must be her husband. And they might find that within the day.

She drew toward Latham trembling.

"For good luck?" She raised her lips.

"For good luck." He kissed her and went back to his place with the others. The boat dropped to the water and the four men sprang in. All rowing, they made good speed down the little channels between the ice. Koehler steered for a bit of sloping beach and brought them to the foreshore upon which they could drag the boat above the tide. They climbed up and, waving good-by to the Viborg, they set off on their tramp to the old Aurora depot.

As they followed the shore about the cape and the ship sank out of sight, there was no place Geoff had ever seen with which to compare in barrenness and desolation this piece of Arctic land. Off shore as far as the eye could see there was ice, and the black rock upon which they marched was as barren. Naked of soil, no bush or twig or shoot of tree or shrub found any root there; nor was there grass or herb. In cracks in the rock shreds of gray moss and lichens grew; nothing else. Mile after mile was marked with no change but the shifting of the lines of the rugged rocks rising in the interior and a different indentation of the shore.

Yet this was the land toward which, after the Aurora was lost, the four men who returned had struggled on and on and the gaining of which at last had saved their lives. Here Thomas and Eric Hedon must have come if they now were alive.

"There is where we took to the sea ice again to sledge south." Koehler pointed out another cape.

They came to it and kicked upon the ground the rusted cans emptied there and left by the four men three years before.

"We came down that shore with sledges," Brunton told in greater detail, motioning with his arms. As he glanced far ahead suddenly he stared and stooped.

"What is it?" Geoff asked, and then looked at Latham who had halted and already had his glasses to his eyes. Far up the bare shore a speck of white showed; and the others now saw it also.

"A skeleton!" Latham decided.

"What?"

Latham handed his glasses to Koehler. The doctor too made out the whitened bones.

"A man's?" asked Geoff.

"Can't tell. Animal's probably."

"Of course."

But as they went on now the four doubled their pace. Two hundred yards away Geoff broke into a run.

"An animal!" he called back, as he came close enough to see the claws of the feet and the shape of the skull.

"Animal?" It was Latham close behind him.

"A bear!"

"Yes, that's all."

The two slowed and walked, panting. A change from the tenseness of the first sight of the bones had come over both. Geoff watched Latham and drew a little from him. When Price had seen the skeleton first, had he hoped it was a man's, with one chance in two that it was Eric Hedon's?

Geoff himself once had been ready to believe that Eric was dead—that is, when at home he had been told that Hedon probably had been drowned five thousand miles away, he had chosen to accept that probability. But up here, seeing a skeleton on the shore and wishing that it was Eric's—well, that was different.

Koehler overtook them as they walked more slowly. He stooped beside the bones.

"A bear," he confirmed; "killed by a bullet through the head."

"Bullet?"

The doctor pointed; there was no doubt of it. Two small holes were opposite each other in the skull. "He was shot by a rifle bullet—last year, I should say. We know this was not here when we went away. Did we kill a bear here, Brunton?"

"Not a bear," the Canadian confirmed. "A seal on the ice, that was all."

"Couldn't you forget?" Latham asked him. "You must have killed it here."

The skeleton had changed from proof that one of the men sought was dead to evidence that one of them at least had reached this land.

Brunton shook his head positively. "None of us will ever forget where we got our fresh meat on that march south," he said. His keen eyes were scanning the outline of the hill farther on. "Besides, we built no cairn here. What do you see there?"

Two piles of stone stood on the promontory farther along the shore. In their concentration upon the animal's skeleton the others had missed them till now. The piles stood north and south, the northern heap plainly the larger. They were separated, apparently, by about five paces.

"An Aurora type of cairn!" Koehler also recognized. "Two, fifteen feet apart, the larger to the north."

The four hastened, Geoff as before leading, and this time Latham came with the other two.

"The larger would contain the message," the doctor called as Geoff reached them.

"I know." He was tearing the stones away; now the others helped him.

"Look for anything which could be sealed; a little bottle, can, thermometer tube or anything that would keep out water."

Geoff picked up the fragments of a small glass tube.

"Here's something that might have kept out water, but hasn't."

The doctor, taking it, recognized it as a section of barometer tube which had been sealed at both ends, and, judging from the pulp upon the glass, once had contained papers. But the tumbling of the stones in the cairn had broken it; the melting snow and rain long before had made a mush of the paper. Nothing could be read from that.

"But we now know that Hedon or Thomas must have got here," Koehler said, as he put down the pulp at last.

"That's not certain," denied Latham.

"Not certain; no." The doctor looked at him. "But we'll find out at the cabin who was here."

That some one had been on the island was more evident every hour. Scraps of gear and cans told the passage of a man—or men—by a route different from that traveled by Koehler, Brunton, McNeal and Linn on their retreat three years before. They slept that night where apparently another camp had been. Starting off early the next morning, by noon they reached a slope which looked down on the northern shore of the island, and showed far off on the edge of a little bay the dark dot of the Aurora depot shack facing the endless white wastes of the polar sea.

There was no movement about it, and as nearer and nearer they came, still they saw no sign of any habitation of the little cabin more recent than that of three years before. Externally it showed to Koehler and to Brunton no difference or disturbance; but now, as they looked up on the hill behind the cabin, there was something new, something that of itself spoke as clearly to the strangers to the little cabin as to the men who had sought it before in refuge and left it again in their retreat to the south.

A rude, wooden cross—a single, lonely cross marking a grave—stood on the slope behind the cabin looking out over it to the sea. Koehler and Brunton had no need to tell each other that it had been raised there since they had left. As far as one might see the lonely cross its message was plain. Two men—Ian Thomas and Eric Hedon—had reached that cabin. One had died there; the other had raised the cross over him.

Which man lay under the cross? And when the other had buried him and raised the little battered cross above the grave, how long had he survived? The hut ahead surely would tell that at least. Geoff again ran ahead of the others, gained the door of the hut and, hammering back a bolt, opened the door and went in.

TO BE CONTINUED

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# THE PARADISE TRAIL

*(Continued from Page 19)*

"Oh-ah!" said Mr. Lux, breathing outward again and blinking his deep-set eyes. "Life is lonely—lonely, ain't it?—for those like you and me."

"Lonely!" she repeated timidly. He patted her little black handbag that lay on the seat beside her like a man touching a snapping turtle. "You poor, lonely little missy—and, if you don't mind my sayin' it, so pretty and all!"

"My nose is red!" she said, dabbing at it with her handkerchief and observing herself in the strip of mirror.

"Like I care! I've seen a good many funerals in my day—and give me a healthy red-nose cry every time! I've had dry funerals and wet ones; and of the two it's the wet ones that go off easiest. Gimme a wet funeral and I'll run it off on schedule time and have the horses back in the stable to the minute! It's at the dry funerals that the wimmin go off in swoons and hold up things in every other drug store. I'm the last one to complain of a red nose, little missy."

"Oh," she said, catching her breath on the end of a sob, "I know I'm a sight! Poor Angie—she used to say a lot of women get credit for bein' tender-hearted when their red noses wasn't from cryin' at all, but from a small size and tight-lacin'. Poor Angie—to think that only day before yesterday we were goin' down to work together! She always liked to walk next to the curb, 'cause she said that's where the oldest ought to walk."

"'In the midst of life we are in death,'" said Mr. Lux. The wind stiffened and blew more sharply still. "Lemme raise that window, little missy. It's gettin' real Novembery—and you in that thin jacket and all. Hadn't we better stop off and get you a cup of coffee?"

"When I get home I'll fix it," she said. "When—I—get—home!" She lowered her faintly purple lids and shivered.

"Poor little missy!"

Toward the close of their long drive a heavy dusk came early and shut out the dim afternoon; the lights of the city began to show whimsically through the haze.

"We're almost—home," she said.

"Almost; and if you don't mind I ain't goin' to leave you all alone up there. I'll go up with you and kinda stay a few minutes till—till the newness wears off. I know what them returns home mean. I'd kinda like to stay with you a while if you'll let me, Miss Prokes."

"Oh, Mr. Lux, you're so kind and all; but some of the girls from the store'll be over this evenin'—and Mame and George."

"I'll come up just a minute, then," said Mr. Lux, "and see if the boys got all the things out of the flat. Only last week they forgot and left a ebony coffin-stand at a place."

The din of the city closed in about them—the streets, already lashed dry by the wind, spread like a maze as they rolled off the bridge; then the halting and the jerking, the dodging of street cars, and finally her own apartment building.

Mr. Lux unlocked the door and held her arm gently as they entered. The sweet, damp smell of carnations came out to meet them and Tillie swayed a bit as she stood.

"Oh!—oh!—oh!"

"Easy there, little one! It'll be all right. It's pretty bleak at first, but it'll come round all right." He groped for a match and lit the gas. "There—you set a bit and take it easy."

A little blue-glass vase with three fresh, white carnations decorated the center of the small table.

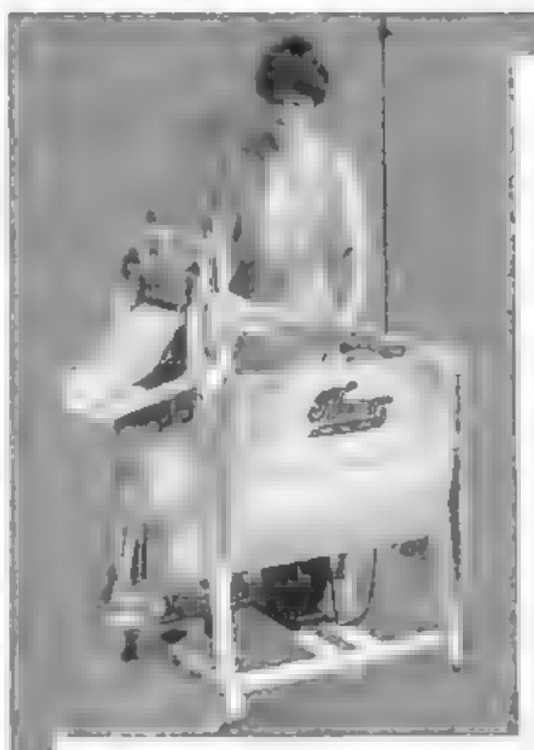
"See!" said Mr. Lux, bent on diverting. "Ain't they pretty? A gentleman friend, I guess, sent them to cheer you up—not? My, ain't they pretty though!"

"Just think—Mame doin' all that for me! Straightenin' up and goin' out and getting me them flowers before she went to work! And—and Angie not here!"

"Little missy, you need to drink somethin' hot—ain't there some coffee round, or somethin'?"

"Yes," she said; "but I—I got to get used to bein' here—bein' here without Angie—oh!"

"Come now—the carriage is downstairs yet and there's a little bakeshop, with a table in the back, over on Twentieth Street. If you'll let me take you over there it'll

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## Improved Thor Electric Home Laundry Machine

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# BEAVER BOARD
## Walls & Ceilings

## "Sorry we didn't put it in every room"

"I'm sorry we didn't put it in every room," said Mrs. Harry Male of Buffalo, after she was persuaded by her husband to try BEAVER BOARD downstairs instead of lath and plaster. Many others have said the same thing.

The contrast between the beautiful paneled and painted BEAVER BOARD walls and ceilings and ordinary plastered walls is always a reminder that BEAVER BOARD ought to be used throughout the house.

The fine interior of Mr. Male's home made the contractor, Julius La Croix, just as enthusiastic as the owners over the merits of BEAVER BOARD. It was his first experience with BEAVER BOARD and he naturally hesitated to use it. Now he says:

"I am thoroughly convinced of its durability and adaptability for use in the finest buildings. Another client of mine who saw this job has already decided to have BEAVER BOARD in his new home."

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You'll find BEAVER BOARD walls and ceilings in the beautiful Verandah Cafés of the steamships Mauretania and Lusitania, in magnificent hotels, big office buildings, in exclusive clubs and fine residences.

And yet it is convenient and practical for a single room or all the rooms in a modest home, a seaside cottage or a mountain bungalow.

### The First Thing to Do

Whether you intend to build or remodel, look into BEAVER BOARD first of all. Fill out the coupon at the right and get the booklet "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses" and free, painted sample.

Learn what BEAVER BOARD will do to brighten your own home. After you've read the booklet, send us the dimensions of your rooms with location of doors and windows. Our Department of Design and Decoration will then prepare a special portfolio for you at once.

It will give you suggestions for paneling the walls and ceilings in each room, ideas for color schemes and stencil designs, tell you how much BEAVER BOARD you need and exactly how it is put up. Actual photographs of similar rooms will be included so you can see how yours will look. This service is freely offered and puts you under no obligation whatever.

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# Chalmers-1915 "Light Six"

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Chalmers "Light Six" 6-passenger Touring Car, $1900
Fully Equipped f. o. b. Detroit

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**Stand on the main thoroughfare of any city. Watch the many makes of cars as they flash by. Most of them pass without notice from the people in the street.**

**Then comes some thoroughbred of motordom. People turn to look. You hear them say, "What car is that?" or "Isn't that car a beauty?"**

You probably have paid that tribute to the motor car thoroughbreds yourself.

And if you happen to be the owner of such a car, you have felt a glow of pride—the just pride every one feels in possessing a superior and distinctive thing.

A motor car advertises your judgment. If people don't admire it, you soon tire of even the highest priced car. But if people in the street stop to praise its grace and beauty; if your friends tell stories of its fine performances; if your wife's friends laud its comfort, then you are glad to say, "That is *my* car."

And such a car is the 1915 Chalmers "Light Six."

Here is a car that has striking smartness and beauty. Owners of other cars praise the sweep of its molded oval fenders. Passersby stop to enjoy the grace of its perfectly blended lines. Experts delight in its silent, vibrationless power—its rare "lightness of foot."

**And now we offer you the 1915 "Light Six" with a new and distinctive body—the 6-passenger touring car.**

The distinctive Chalmers-design body—amply roomy for six people—is fitted with unusually wide doors. The tonneau is equipped with Pullman disappearing seats. The upholstery is deep and luxurious.

Mechanically, the larger "Light Six" Touring Car is the same as the 5-passenger model of which over 4000 have been delivered to owners since May.

The "Light Six" has been proved in more than 3,000,000 miles of service. It is the one 1915 car with an aggregate mileage great enough to prove beyond doubt that it has strength for every emergency, power to spare, and the easy riding qualities of cars costing much more.

**We offer the 6-passenger Touring Car—as we do all Chalmers cars—as a real quality car, comparable with cars of much greater cost. This new "Light Six" is not sold on price alone; but on quality—unusual value at an extremely low price.**

You *can* buy a car of this passenger-capacity for less money. But the difference you pay to get a Chalmers will be returned to you in the added pleasure and satisfaction of owning a car of whose looks and performance you can always be proud.

**If you pay less than Chalmers prices, you must be satisfied with less than Chalmers quality.**

You will better appreciate that fact after you have seen and ridden in the 1915 Chalmers cars. Your local Chalmers Dealer will give you the Chalmers Test Ride at your own convenience. He is now showing the 1915 "Light Six" and 1915 "Master Six" in several styles. Don't fail to see the new Chalmers models.

1915 "Light Six"—5-passenger Touring Car, $1850; 1915 "Light Six"—6-passenger Touring Car, $1900; 1915 "Light Six"—2-passenger Coupelet, $2100; 1915 "Light Six"—5-passenger Sedan, $2850; 1915 "Light Six"—7-passenger Limousine, $3300; 1915 "Master Six"—5-passenger Torpedo, $2400; 1915 "Master Six"—7-passenger Touring Car, $2400. Fully equipped f. o. b. Detroit.

## Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

**1915 "Light Six" 5-passenger Touring Car—$1850**

Of this model, over 4000 cars have been sold since it was announced in May. On quality alone the 1915 "Light Six" won its position as the fastest selling "Six" at the price on the market. In actual service, it has justified our belief that the 1915 "Light Six" is the greatest all-around automobile for the money since motor cars were first built. See this wonderful "Light Six" at your local Chalmers Dealer's. He will afford you every facility for a thorough inspection of Chalmers quality.

**1915 "Light Six" Limousine—$3300**

Chalmers enclosed cars for 1915 offer a rare degree of beauty and exclusiveness at medium prices. The 7-passenger "Light Six" Limousine is the equal, we believe, in looks and comfort of any car on the market. Mounted on a special "Light Six" chassis of 132-inch wheel base, it is amply large for 7 people—5 in the rear compartment. The interior is fitted with Pullman disappearing seats and finished in handsome imported whipcord.

The Chalmers "Light Six" is also built in 5-passenger inside drive Sedan at $2850, and 2-passenger Coupelet at $2100.

**1915 Chalmers "Master Six" 5-passenger Torpedo—$2400**

The larger Chalmers "Six" for 1915 is offered in two new body types—both unusually beautiful and distinctive.

The 5-passenger Torpedo is of the foreign "boat" design—unusually smart and racy. This beautiful new body has a single door in either side. Front seats are divided to afford easy passage. The whole car is built lower than usual, giving it unusual and exclusive style.

On the "Master Six" chassis is also built a 7-passenger Touring Car—a big, roomy car, for those who desire an automobile of maximum carrying capacity. The lines of the 7-passenger car are the same as those of the Torpedo. It also is priced at $2400.

*A Clay Model Bird's-Eye View of the Panama Canal*

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